THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

State Library 30jun1901

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 36. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1901. NO. 43.

16 PAGES.

Christmas Turkeys For Widows.

The PRESS is pleased to inform the widowed ladies of Emporium Borough that the same courtesy will be extended to them this year, as has been the custom the past two years. We desire the name of every widow residing in Emporium, giving name and street, at once, so that all may be served alike, rich or poor, with a good turkey in ample time for Christmas.

Leave your names at the PRESS office or mail same to

H. H. MULLIN,
Editor Press.

Baptist Church Notes.

Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Morning subject "Peace;" evening "Wonderful." Special music by the choir at the evening service. Bible school at the close of morning worship, C. E. Crandell, Superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30 o'clock. Hebrews, 3, 1-19. Bring your bibles. All welcome.

Elect Offcers.

At the regular review of the L. O. T. M's, held Dec. 13, the members of Silver Star Hive elected the following officers:

Commander, Marry Summerson; Lieut. Commander, Stella Whiting; Record and Finance Keeper, Sarah Summerson; Mistress at Arms, Martha Smith; Sergeant, Catherine Marsh; Sentinel, Julia Strawbridge; Picket, Maude Moore; Chaplain, Jane Devling.

At the regular meeting of Sterling Run Tent No. 55, K. O. T. M. held Saturday night, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander, O. B. Tanner; Lieut. Commander, Wellington Summerson; Record and Finance Keeper, T. F. Moore; Chaplain, E. E. Whiting; Sergeant, C. J. Miller; M. at A., Ed. Whiting; 1st, M. of G., John C. Devling; 2nd, M. of G., Alpheus Wylie; Picket, A.W. Mason; Sentinel, Herman Wylie.

Wages Garnisheed at Harrisburg.

The wages of thirty Harrisburg employes of the Philadelphia and Middle division of the Pennsylvania Railroad company were garnisheed Tuesday, Dec 10th by a West Virginia collection agency. The men were employed in the freight department and some were notified that they would not receive the full amount of their wages until the claims against them are settled. The claims vary from $3 to $40 and aggregate about $600.—Renovo Record.

It is reported a representative of the Company has been spending some days in Emporium lately. He can find a few here.

Birthday Surprise.

Tuesday evening, Mrs. J. D. Logan arranged a surprise for her husband, the occasion being his 48th anniversary. A few friends quietly gathered at his commodious residence about 5:30 p. m., awaiting the arrival of his august majesty. To make the surprise more complete. Mrs. Geo. W. Corwin, his sister, came up from Williamsport and assisted in making the surprise more complete. The occasion was well planned and greatly enjoyed by all present. An elegant repast was prepared and served by Mrs. Logan and her daughter—one of their best efforts, and our citizens know that was fine—in honor of their good husband and father. After the delightful feast and a few hours at King Pedro the guests departed wishing the pleasant neighbors and good citizens many long years of happiness.

Postmaster General Smith Resigns.

Chas. Emory Smith has resigned as Postmaster General. Hon. Henry Payne, of Wisconsin, has been tendered and it is understood will accept the position. Mr. Payne is a regular Republican.

Revival.

The revival at Keating Summit under the supervision of the pastor, Rev. R. S. Oyler has assumed extensive proportions; fifty four have been at altar, many of whom have been converted. The religious spirit sweeps on with unabated zeal.

Regular preaching services at Sizerville next Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

R. S. OYLER, Pastor.

Bridge Goes Down.

Part of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge crossing Lycoming Creek between Williamsport and Newberry collapsed at 6:30 o'clock last Sunday morning, and a locomotive and nine cars were plunged into the stream, which was swollen to unusual proporions by the heavy rains of Saturday. Three of the train crew went down with the engine and cars and met death in the waters. The dead are:—

JOHN MARTZ, engineer, of Sunbury.

FREDERICK GLASS, fireman, of Sunbury.

GEORGE HARLEY, brakeman, of Sunbury.

The train was fast freight No. 83, known as the "Oyster Express," westbound, from Baltimore. It consisted of twenty cars, all heavily loaded. It was speeding along at about twenty-five miles an hour when the accident occurred. As the engine glided over the rails onto the bridge there was a sudden, sharp crash, a downward plunge and the locomotive was buried in twenty feet of water. Nine cars followed the engine into the stream and then the airbrakes set, bringing the remainder of the cars to a stop and saving the lives of the other three members of the crew, who were in the caboose.

The wrecked bridge was a four-span, iron girder structure, constructed only a few years ago and considered one of the strongest on the road. The accident is supposed to have been caused by the water in the swollen stream undermining one of the piers on which rested the two eastern spans of the bridge.

At 6 o'clock Sunday morning William Berger, a 16-year-old boy living in the western part of the city, took a lantern and walked up the railroad track toward the creek to ascertain the height of the water. Nearing the bridge he thought he saw water covering the tracks and started to return. On his way back he heard the fast freight approaching and waved his lantern in an effort to flag the train. The warning was unnoticed, and a second later there came a crash as two spans of the bridge went down.

The engineer, fireman and Brakeman Harley were in the cab of the engine which lies hidden from sight under twenty feet of water.

Emmanuel Church Christmas Notice.

Christmas Day, 10 a. m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion. The offering will be for the Diocesan Christmas Fund for aged and infirm clergy.

The Sunday School Christmas Festival will be held on Christmas evening, Tuesday, December 24th, at 7 p. m. Owing to the fact that the new Reading Room will not be ready in time, it has been decided to hold the festival in the church.

"We do hope that our clergy and teachers will set a good example, and "turn down" with emphasis the very prolific suggestions of Christmas festivals wherein the mythical Santa Claus is given a very prominent place from beginning to end, while the Nativity of our Lord is not only studiously avoided, but absolutely crowded out."—Bishop Whitehead in *The Church News*.

The Banquet.

The Masonic Chapter Banquet at the City Hall last evening was one of the best given in many a day. The toasts by Hon. C. A. Mayer, Hon. Geo. A Walker, E. C. Davison, Esq., A. C. Blum, Esq., District Deputy High Priest Jos. J. Lingle and others were highly entertaining. The ladies of the Presbyterian Church, who prepared the spread deserve especial praise. The retiring High Priest, Hon. I. K. Hockley, who presided as Toast Master and to whom the members are indebted for the call, deserves the thanks for the able and considerate manner in which he presided, in fact he is an adapt at this difficult task. Dr. A. W. Baker, the new High Priest, will receive the cordial support of all and bids fair to be a popular officer.

McKinley Memorial Souvenir.

The First National Bank will receive contributions in large or small amounts for the McKinley National Memorial Association, for the purpose of erecting suitable memorials in Canton and Washington in commemoration of the life and deeds of our martyred President. In due time the trustees of the association will present each individual contributor a souvenir certificate.

Lost.

On Tuesday, between Chas Brock's residence and M. C. Tulis' store, a pocket book, containing one $20.00 note, some change and valuable paper. The finder will be rewarded be leaving same at D. W. Donavan's.

MRS. HARVEY KEPHART.

Don't Forget It.

While enjoying yourself during the Holidays please bear in mind the annual ball of Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, at opera house, Dec. 31st. Excellent music by Sutton's Orchestra.

Those Turkeys.

The number of turkeys to be given to widows this year will exceed in numbers any previous year. We hope to have the names of ALL not later than next Saturday, thus giving us time to make arrangements to fill all requests. Please be prompt.

The Farland Recital.

The entertainment given at Emporium last Saturday evening by Mr. Alfred A. Farland, the celebrated branjoist, was quite well attended, in spite of the inclement weather. Mr. Farland is a wonder and such sweet notes from a banjo is more wonderful. Our citizens greatly appreciated the entertainment.

Mr. Hawley's recitations were well received and brought down the house.

A Wonderful Stock.

Miss H. L. Raymond's establishment has grown to such popularity with the people of this county, that it is now considered in the same light as Wanamaker used to be in Philadelphia. Her stock of goods this year are far larger than any previous year, more varied and beautiful than ever before. In every department there are hundreds of handsome and useful articles that will make your friends happy. Call and see the handsomest line of goods in this county.

Delightful Visit.

Last Friday evening a number of Emporium Masons visited their Driftwood brethren and were right royally entertained until a late hour. After participating in the lodge work, all repaired to the Commercial Hotel, where all were feasted and fed to the fullness thereof. There is no use in talking the Driftwoodites know how to reach the hearts of the average Emporiumite. The supper which was grand, was prepared by the ladies of the M. E. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Riley cheerfully giving them the use of the house. They are hard to beat.

The Rummage Sale.

A list of the articles to be seen at the Rummage Sale would exceed the limits of the space allotted to us. Not all, nor even a majority of the things to be seen will be second-hand. There will be an array of bran new articles of every description and of the greatest variety and at prices almost absurdly low.

Foot wear, under wear, mens and childrens clothing, bedding, towels, handkerchiefs, dolls, novelties, candies, cakes, bread, groceries, etc., etc. Oyster supper Thursday evening. All are invited—25 cents.

The Warner House, Emporium.

One of the leading hostelries of the northwestern section of the state is the Warner house at Emporium, H. R. Manett proprietor. Since taking charge of this well known hotel Mr. Manett has expended a large sum in making improvements. The house has been painted and papered throughout and presents a very handsome appearance. It is located in the heart of the business section and is modern in every particular. Mr. Manett employs a competent corps of assistants who take an interest in looking at the welfare of the guests. The cuisine is unsurpassed and this, in itself is a worthy recommendation.—Williamsport Bulletin.

Death of Mrs. Irvin.

Many Cameron county citizens will be pained to hear of the death of this estimable lady, she having made many friends in Emporium at the meeting of the Bucktails. The following account we clip from Philadelphia Times:

Mrs. Edwin A. Irvin, of Curwensville, who has been in the city watching at the bedside of Colonel Irvin, seriously ill in a sanitarium, died Wednesday from typhoid fever in a Chestnut street hotel. Colonel Irvin's recovery is doubtful. He returned from the Philippines a year ago, and since that time has been under medical treatment.

His wife and sister, Nancy, some time later came to this city and shared in nursing the stricken soldier. Miss Irvin was later overcome and is now also a patient at the same sanitarium with her brother. A week ago Mrs. Irvin became a victim to typhoid, and gradually grew worse, dying without seeing her husband since her illness and without his knowing her condition. The body was taken to Curwensville.

Fountain pens, purses, money books at Dodson's Pharmacy.

BRIEF MENTION.

1902 diaries at H. S. Lloyd's.

Nina Bryan entertained the Young Ladies Thimble Club on Saturday evening.

William McDonald, of Novelty Restaurant has a special announcement in this issue. Read it and bear it in mind.

C. B. Howard Company's mill will close on Saturday for the season, after a very successful year's business.

The Methodist Church will have an old fashioned Christmas tree for their Sunday school on Christmas night at 6:30.

Rogers--Grilley Recital Saturday night next. Confortable seats for all who come. Choice music. Refined impersonations.

Prof. N. Burlingham, of Olean, N.Y., the popular dancing master, will give lessons in all the latest round dances at Emporium opera house, Dec. 26th, 1901. All cordially invited.

The budget of expenses of the government for the next fiscal year is estimated by Secretary Gage at $610,000,000. It is a very robust figure, but it pertains to a very robust country.—Pittsburg Times.

An exchange gives the following preventive for small-pox: For children, give the child fifteen grains of pure cream of tartar at night and morning; for an adult, dissolve an ounce of cream of tartar to sixteen ounces of water; take a tablespoon quantity three times a day.

If parents would exercise the proper care and attention as to the manner in which they rear their families there would be no need of passing a curfew law. It is unfortunate that there is no ordinance that would punish the criminal negligence of some parents.—Bradford Era.

Don't foget to look at our extensive line of china, crockery, glassware, lamp goods, jardinieres, fern dishes, house furnishing goods. You need not go outside of our store to make purchases, that will surely please. Do it while leaving your order for Xmas. groceries. J. H. DAY.

Western Kansas editors have a unique way of prodding up delinquent subscrilers, as this will indicate: "If you have frequent headaches, dizziness fainting spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilipsy and jaundice, as a sign you are not well, but are liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription a year in advance, and thus make yourself solid for a good obitury notice."—Kansas City Journal.

A Washington special, dated Monday says: When the name of Representative Sibley was drawn from the lottery wheel this afternoon in the drawing for seats he was standing behind the rail on the Republican side. Instead of losing valuable time by going around the aisle he clambered over the railing. The house roared. To-night the wags are telling that it was his anxiety to get over on the Republican side that impelled him to climb the fence."

The "rebate stamp" fad has gobbled up our busineis men, and now, in less than a month, they regret ever having heard of such a scheme. Of course, it was a "dead cinch" for the first few that went into it?—Austin Autograph. Emporium merchants, as usual, bit at the bait. It seems that our merchants are "dead easy" and any scheme that comes along catch them. Legitimate advertising reaches the people the better.

The Baptist minister of Emporium took for his text last Sunday evening, "Roads to Hell out of Emporium." We don't know how many of the roads leading out of Emporium the Reverend gentleman considers leads to hell, but in our opinion it's only the main line that runs to Harrisburg.—Austin Autograph. Brother Caskey evidently forgets that there are some roads in Potter that have many "rocky" places. We should imagine from reading the last issue of the Autograph hell was located mighty close to Austin.

Mrs. Howard C. Benham, the widow of the late notorious character of that name, who married him in Shelbyville, Ind., has been living in Olean, incognito, since his death, says the Bradford Era. She assumed a false name to avoid answering questions and becoming notorious, but her true identity become known and the man who employed her as a typewriter girl, discharged her when her secret was discovered. The name she assumed was Mariam Williams. She has departed from Olean, according to the latest information, and her present address is unknown.

Court Proceedings.

Court convened here last Monday, Hon. C. A. Mayer, and Associates John McDonald and Geo. A. Walker presiding. The following attorneys were in attendance: Wm. W. Webb, Rochester, N. Y.; T. S. Hickok, Canton, Pa.; B. Gordon Brumley, Phila.; S. W. Smith, Port Allegany; C. H. McCauley and John G. Whitmore, Ridgway; E. J. Jones, St. Marys; M. J. Colcord, Coudersport.

All licenses were granted except that of Norris & Hussey, First Fork which is held up for future decision.

Court adjourned this morning. The following cases were disposed of:

CIVIL LIST.

No. 16, January Term, 1901.
Cora Stewart, W. A. McClellan and B. E. Smith, Administrators of the estate of Charles H. Stewart, deceased, vs The Sinnamahoning Iron and Coal Company.
Green & Shaffer, for Pliffs.
Johnson & McNarney for Defts.
Settled.

No. 6, February Term, 1898.
Hattie H. Vail, Executrix and J. W. Vail and W. F. Dunning, Executors of Charles M. Vail, deceased, to use of Elk Tanning Company, a corporation, vs S. S. Hacket.
Green & Shaffer, for Pliff.
S. W. Smith,
Johnson & McNarney, for Deft.
Verdict for Pliff. $4,762.70.

No. 33, October Term, 1899.
Connick and Folley, vs Thomas and Whiting.
Geo. W. Huntley, Jr., for Pliff.
Settled.

No. 6, January Term, 1900.
Solomon W. Nyce vs John M. Hicks, Geo. E. Hicks, Henry A. Hicks.
Johnson & McNarney, for Pliff.
Green & Shaffer, for Defts.
Continued.

No. 27, July Term, 1900.
Western Newspaper Union, vs S. S. Hacket.
Johnson & McNarney, for Pliff.
Continued.

No. 10½, October Term, 1900.
Josiah Howard, vs Phoebe Granger.
Green & Shaffer for Pliff.
Settled.

No. 6, January Term, 1901.
Eugene Kelly, Executor of the estate of A. G. Kelly, deceased, vs S. S. Hacket.
F. D. Leet, for Pliff.
Green & Shaffer, for Deft.
Verdict for Pliff. in sum of $655.29. Rule to show cause why new trial should not be granted.

No. 13, January Term, 1901.
American Pig Iron Storage Warrant Company, vs Sinnamahoning Iron and Coal Company and F. W. Yentzer.
C. H. McCauley, for Pliff.
Johnson & McNarney, for Deft.
Continued at cost of Pliff.

No. 20, January Term, 1901.
The Weidman Co., vs Richard J. Loyd.
Johnson & McNarney, for Pliff.
Green & Shaffer, for Deft.
Continued at cost of Deft.

No. 5, April Term, 1901.
American Harrow Company, vs L. G. Cook.
Johnson & McNarney, for Pliffs.
Green & Shaffer for Deft.
Settled.

No. 6, April Term, 1901.
McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, vs L. G. Cook.
Johnson & McNarney, for Pliffs.
Green & Shafler, for Deft.
Settled,

No. 19, April Term, 1901.
G. W. Spangler, vs Frank Craven.
Green & Shaffer, for Deft.
Settled.

No. 44, April Term, 1901.
B. Nefcy, vs A. A. Moody.
Green & Shaffer, for Pliff.
Johnson & McNarney, for Deft.
Verdict for Pliff. $133.66.

No. 45, April Term, 1901.
A.M. Haupt and J. S. Hauber, doing business as Haupt and Hauber, vs R. P. Bingeman.
Green & Shaffer, for Pliff.
F. D. Leet, for Deft.
Verdict for Pliff. in sum of $115.

No. 46, April Term, 1901.
J. S. Hauber, vs R. P. Bingeman.
Green & Shaffer, for Pliff.
F. D. Leet, for Deft.
Verdict for Pliff. sum of $54.

No, 20, July Term, 1901.
Edward B. Watson, Charles Watson, Kate G. Watson and J. Montgomery Baldy, trading as Watson and Co., vs Thos. J. Riley.
F. D. Leet, for Pliff.
Johnson & McNarney, for Deft.
Verdict for Deft. Rule to show cause why new trial should not be granted.

No. 25, July Term, 1901.
Stephen Rouse, vs Frank Craven.
Johnson & McNarney, for Pliff.
Green & Shaffer, for Deft.
Settled.

No. 28, July Term, 1901.
John Kelly, vs Frank Swesey.
F. D. Leet for Deft.
Continued.

No. 37, October Term 1901.
Joseph Kaye, vs Frank Lockwood.
Green & Shaffer, for Pliff.
F. D. Leet, for Deft.
Continued and to be settled.

COMMONWEALTH CASES.

The most important of the Commonwealth cases disposed were:

E J. Cotter, who was arrested for tapping the Warner House money drawer, was sentenced to Western Penitentiary for two years and six months.

Henry Rogers, larceny of a watch, sentenced to Huntingdon Reformatory.

Quite a Night for Banquets.

Last evening was quite a night for Banquets. In addition to the Masonic gathering and spread, the ladies, who served the elegant spread, held quite a breezy session, with Mrs. C. H. Felt as Toast Master. Appropriate responses were made by Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Hockley, the Misses Leet and Miss Wiley. The previous guests of the evening were handled without gloves, to the Queen's taste.

About mid-nieht, Henry G. Seger, of Chicago, who was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Seger, entertained a few of his friends at the Warner House, in true Chicago style. We should like to give a full account of the elaborate but are unable to see the toast master.

Toys for the boys, toys for the girls. A full assortment of games, blocks and mechanical toys to suit everybody at H. S. Lloyd's.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
FRIDAY, Snow.
SATURDAY, Snow.
SUNDAY, Fair.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Taggart's stock of China novelties is immense.

Toilet brushes of all kinds at Dodson's Pharmacy.

Fine line of pure candies at H. S. Lloyd's.

Xmas boxes cigars. All the leading brands, $1.00 per box at H. S. Lloyd's.

Comb and Brush sets at Taggart's is way ahead of anything he has ever had.

Cigars in small holiday packages at Dodson's Pharmacy.

A full assortment of elegant odors and toilet waters at Dodson's Pharmacy.

Call and examine our 1902 calendars from 10c to 25c.

H. S. LLOYD.

Amber, briar, and murschaum pipes, cigar and cigarette holders for holiday presents at Dodson's Pharmacy.

We have been too busy unpacking and selling goods to write a big blowout. Our fine goods and low prices is doing the business. Call and see us.

GEO. J. LABAR.

Our stock of books for the holiday season is the best and most complete we have ever shown. Call and examine the stock. H. S. LLOYD.

How yould you like to make a Christmas present of a fine crayon? W. G. Bair makes them and we suggest you leave your order at once as he gets busier as the Holidays approach.

Santa Claus left the most of his doll stock at our store this year. We cannot fail to suit you in style and prices. Call and see them.

H. S. LLOYD.

Over eighteen years in business gives us a good idea what the people want and we have it, with prices away down. Call and see us.

GEO. J. LABAR.

Don't you remember how sorry you were last Christmas time that you did not examine and get the prices of Taggart's books before buying; don't get caught that way this year.

There is no use in trying to give kinds and prices of the goods I keep. It is too big a job, as the store is crammed full of everything in the furniture line. Call in.

GEO. J. LABAR.

Pictures for the wall, mantle and table, silver and pearl novelties and all kinds of fancy goods at the lowest prices at H. S. Lloyd's

POULTRY FOR SALE.—Throughbred light Brahama and Buff Wyandottes, as good as any in the state. Also dealer in crushed oyster shells for poultry, 90c per 100. Agent for Lambert's Death-to Lice. ALFRED NELSON.
Emporium, Pa. 41tf.

CHRISTMAS SALE OF MILLINERY.—We are offering our entire stock of trimmed hats at greatly reduced prices, in order to close out this season's styles.

MRS. CAVEY,
MISS GUINN.
Fourth Street, Opposite City Hotel.

Such a fine line of Iron Beds and Bedroom Suites, Chiffoniers, Sideboards, Combination Desks and Couches, Rocking chairs without number, has never been seen in Emporium before Call and see them before the pick is taken.

GEO. J. LABAR.

As the Holidays are fast approaching and "what to get for Christmas presents" is the present thought I would suggest to the undesided to have your photographs taken. They make fine Christmas tokens. The artists proofs are all the go this season and a dozen will do for twelve presents. There is nothing more acceptable. Call and see them at W. G. Bair's studio, opposite Bank.

Christmas Toast.

"Here's to those whom we love and to those who love us, and to those who love those whom we love, and to those who love those who love," is an old toast revived by Mr. Clyde Fitch and introduced in the famous dinner scene of "The Climbers." Miss Amelia Bingham has received so many requests for a copy of the toast that she has been compelled to reproduce it in printed form.

MARRIED.

BARKER—DANFORTH—At the Baptist parsonage, Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, by the Rev. W. A. Pugsley, E. G. Barker and Clara K. Danforth both of Emporium, were united in holy wedlock.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Jules Verne, the author, has become blind.

Parisian cabmen are prevented from smoking when driving.

The Glasgow exposition has closed with a profit of $400,000.

Thirty-seven thousand girls attend cooking schools in London.

The date for the coronation of King Edward has been set for June 25.

A penitent has just sent $18,699 to the government "conscience fund."

Greenland is one of the very few countries where infectious diseases are unknown.

In Arkansas vast belts of forest lands still lie untouched by the ax of the woodman.

France's annual consumption of wheat (including seed wheat) is 346,236,000 bushels.

About 173,000 persons are employed in the postal department of Great Britain and Ireland.

Charleston will let the colored folks attend her exposition on the same terms as the whites.

A Philadelphia bank teller contracted smallpox by handling money that passed over the counter.

Vienna has a school for waiters with a three years' course. Among the subjects taught is French.

About 600,000 trees are planted each year by the school children of Sweden, under the guidance of their teachers.

At Salta in Argentina, a list of boys and girls who have failed to attend school is published in the newspapers.

The annual report of the controller of the currency shows a big increase in the authorized capital of national banks.

Scotch whisky is now being manufactured in New York and exported in large quantities to South and Central America.

The total sales at the art galleries of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo amounted to less than $15,000, for 27 pictures.

Since 1871 Japan has built nearly 30,000 elementary schools, providing room for 4,000,000 pupils, one-fourth of whom are girls.

The checks which pass through the London clearing house in six weeks are more than equal in amount to all the coin of the world.

Dr. Daniel Freeman, of Beatrice, Neb., owns and occupies the first farm given away by the United States government under the homestead act.

The camel path which for centuries has formed the only connection between Jerusalem and Nablus (Sychem) has at last been made into a carriage road nearly 20 feet wide.

Among the pets of the sultan of Morocco are seven lions. These he permits to range the courtyards of the palace at night, to act as guards to the royal harem.

The Charlestonians are calling their exposition grounds and buildings the Ivory City on the banks of the Ashley. The work of preparation is rapidly nearing completion.

An automobile is being built in New York that will make 70 miles an hour on a level road. The next and most difficult task will be to find a level road 70 miles in length.

Indian caste rules necessitate the employment of extensive retinues. During the recent official tour of the viceroy, Lord Curzon, he had to carry with him a train of 150 native servants.

Abraham Slimmer, of Waverly, Ia., has given his handsome home and surrounding grounds of ten acres to the Sisters of Mercy of Dubuque, to be used for the establishment of a hospital.

Rev. Dr. Daniel J. Hauer, who died in Hanover, Pa., recently, was believed to be the oldest clergyman in the United States. He was 96 years old, and had been a Lutheran minister for 75 years.

So valuable is coal in the Ponchamp coal fields of France that it pays to mine coal at a depth of 3,313 feet. A steel cable, weighing seven tons and nearly a mile long is used. The coal is brought up in trains of six cars.

It takes 5,000 unloaded bees to make a pound, that is, when the bee leaves its hive in search of honey it weighs only the 5,000th part of a pound. When it returns, however from the fields and flowers, it is three times that heavy.

Dr. Labordi has communicated to the French academy information about a new writing instrument for the blind, which will enable them to read correctly what is written and will probably supersede the Braille system altogether.

CONGRESS IN SESSION.

Economic Problems Both Serious and Perplexing Are to Be Solved.

The Fifty-seventh congress has convened. The long session with its six months of legislative labor lies before it. The time is all too short to dispose of more than a few of all the grave questions which await consideration and which it is the popular desire should be considered maturely and disposed of sagaciously.

The Fifty-fifth congress had a war on its hands soon after it met. The skies are clear now. In all human probability this congress will have no military problems to demand its attention, but there are economic problems which are both serious and perplexing. They are problems which cannot be disposed of satisfactorily by men governed by their emotions or their prejudices. Their solution calls for the services of intelligent and dispassionate men who are not swayed by personal feelings or interests, says the Chicago Tribune.

The number of persons who believe that the great industrial combinations which have been organized of late years and which are portent of still greater combinations to come should be subject to some extent to federal supervision and control is increasing. Congress is expected to determine whether such control is lawful, and, if so, to provide for the exercise of it. The transportation question has not been disposed of by the interstate commerce law, and the pressure for its amendment so that it shall be more effective has not abated. The latest phases of railroad combination will attract the attention of congress even if they do not induce it to take action concerning them.

The subject of the enlargement of foreign markets for American products is one which all farmers, and cattle raisers, and a steadily increasing number of manufacturers are deeply interested in. When President McKinley said at Buffalo that "what we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad," and that "reciprocity, the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development," should provide that vent, he gave them a sentiment they heartily approved of. They look to the Fifty-seventh congress for action in this direction.

That congress finds upon the statute books taxes which are producing revenue far in excess of the legitimate needs of the government. It finds there taxes which were imposed to meet the expenses of a war which ended three years ago. These taxes, all of them needless and some most vexatious, cannot be wiped out too soon.

The murder of President McKinley has brought to the front a new and difficult question. How shall anarchy be dealt with? What can be done to protect the man at the head of the American government from assassination because he is at its head? The wisdom of congress will be taxed to find an adequate answer.

Congress has on its hands the isthmian canal question. The ratification of the new Hay-Pauncefote treaty will remove the last obstacle in the way of the construction of a great work. It has also to deal with the Chinese exclusion question. It is expected to meet the wishes of the people by reenacting the existing law. The important subject of freer trade relations with Cuba will have to be met. The increase of the navy will demand attention.

Congress has more than enough subjects to occupy all its attention, and to put to the test its ability to legislate wisely. The republican party is in the majority in the senate and in the house. It will be held responsible if anything is done wrongly or if anything which ought to be done is left undone. Therefore, the old hands who "run things" will have to avoid hasty and imperfect legislation on the one hand, and to avoid incurring popular displeasure by ignoring the demand for legislation on certain subjects on the other hand. Much hard work confronts them.

Mistake of the Democrats.

The free traders who are shouting for reciprocity under the impression that it means the overthrow of the protective tariff and claiming the late President McKinley as their champion seem not to have read his last speech carefully. In that speech he did not favor an indiscriminate extension of favors to other nations, but "sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production," and a "system which provides a natural exchange of commodities." Those free traders who are extolling the late president for his advanced views cannot have read the following from the speech they so loudly extol:

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage or protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

These qualifications are very important parts of the views expressed by the late president at Buffalo. Reciprocity must be mutual exchange, and it must not lead to unsafe arrangements which will deprive American industries of protection.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞Mr. Richardson, the minority leader in the house of representatives, has announced what he thinks should be the democratic programme during the coming session of congress. Summed up, it is simply this: Oppose everything the republicans favor. There is a discouraging lack of force or originality in this. When has the democratic party done anything else?—Troy Times.

THE SAME OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

Democracy Will Continue Its Old Tactics of Blocking Measures for Public Weal.

The resolutions introduced in the house democratic caucus at Washington a few days ago prove that the democratic congressmen will continue to be obstructionists against every measure that will be helpful to the labor and business of the people of the United States, says the Iowa State Register. The present general prosperity of the American people prevented the democratic caucus from emitting the usual wail that "the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer," but the resolutions introduced oppose the tariff; declare in favor of such "reciprocity treaties as will reduce, even if they do not altogether remove the unfair and oppressive burden of the present system;" favor free trade with Porto Rico and Cuba, notwithstanding no American citizen should ask for free trade for Cuba so long as the people of that island decide to remain an independent country; oppose the proposed ship subsidy, in the interest of the free trade that may be brought to the United States by the subsidized ships of Europe; oppose the incorporation of other lands or the assumption of sovereignty over them, "except as their inhabitants may be fitted for self-government," and that at the earliest practicable moment they be given "the same right of self-government we now claim for ourselves."

There is no indication of any thought of the responsibility of the government for the welfare and safety of the people of the islands whose inhabitants have come under our protection and care by the fortunes of war, which is the chief problem connected with those islands. The demand for "the consent of the governed" was omitted, possibly because of the fact that nearly every democratic state has disfranchised or is preparing to disfranchise the negro voters. The free silver idiocy was not included, but Congressman Ball, of Texas, gave notice that he will offer the Kansas City platform as a substitute when the committee to which the resolutions were referred makes its report, and it is probable that there will be another division in the obstruction party when that committee reports at the next meeting of the house democratic caucus, with a probability that the majority of the caucus will adopt the Kansas City platform as the basis of democratic action during the present congress and in the congressional election campaign of 1902. Fortunately, such action will insure the election of another republican congress.

TARIFF TINKERING OPPOSED.

Main Resolution of the Reciprocity Congress Favors a Protective Tariff.

At the first glance it may seem that the reciprocity convention which met a few days ago in the city of Washington accomplished nothing worth mentioning, since it made two specific recommendations—that the congress create a department of commerce and industries, and that a reciprocity commission be established, to be charged with the duty to investigate the condition of any industry that may be likely to be affected by any proposed reciprocity treaty, and to report the result of its investigation to the congress; but a little closer study of its doings will show that it declared itself to be firmly opposed to any modification of the principle of protection. That declaration, coming from representative manufacturers, is important, says the Albany Journal.

One of the resolutions adopted by the convention declared, in effect, that the assembled delegates were opposed to any reciprocity not compatible with the true conception of a protective tariff. The wording of the resolution was that "this convention recommends to congress the maintenance of the principle of protection for the home market and to open up by reciprocity opportunities for increased foreign trade by special modification of the tariff in special cases, but only where it can be done without injury to any of our home interests of manufacturing commerce or farming."

In other words, the convention declares that while there should be no modification of the principle, modifications of the manner of its application would be unobjectionable provided that the result would be beneficial to American trade. In what specific manner it may be possible to carry out the general recommendation made in the resolution the convention wisely left to the study of the congress.

The essential feature of the convention's recomendations is the declaration that there should be no tinkering with the tariff.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

☞"Reciprocity must be treated as the handmaiden of protection."—President Roosevelt's Message.

☞The Reed rules will stand. In other words, the house will transact business. — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

☞The last thing a democratic correspondent has found the president doing is the building up of a machine of his own.—Indianapolis Journal.

☞The democrats in congress promise to be so divided that they cannot even obstruct unless they obstruct one another.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

☞There are no signs that David B. Hill has as yet been impressed by the advantages which the present political situation has to offer him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEES.

Speaker Henderson's Announcement—The List of Chairmen.

Washington, Dec. 11.—Speaker Henderson yesterday announced the house committees. The chairmen are as follows:

Insular Affairs—Cooper, of Wisconsin.

Judiciary—Ray, of New York.

Banking and Currency—Fowler, of New Jersey.

Merchant Marine and Fisheries—Grosvenor, of Ohio.

Rivers and Harbors—Burton, of Ohio.

Military Affairs—Hull, of Iowa.

Naval Affairs—Foss, of Illinois.

Immigration and Naturalization—Shattuc, of Ohio.

Agriculture—Wadsworth, of New York.

Foreign Affairs—Hitt, of Illinois.

Post Offices and Post Roads—Loud, of California.

Public Lands—Lacey, of Iowa.

Indian Affairs—Sherman, of New York.

Territories—Knox, of Massachusetts.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Mercer, of Nebraska.

Irrigation of Arid Lands—Tongue, of Oregon.

Census—Hopkins, of Illinois.

Coinage, Weights and Measures—Southard, of Ohio.

Invalid Pensions—Sulloway, of New Hampshire.

Pensions—Loudenslager, of New Jersey.

Education—Grow, of Pennsylvania.

Labor—Gardner, of New Jersey.

Militia—Dick, of Ohio.

Patents—Reeves, of Illinois.

Election of President, Vice President and Representatives in Congress—Corliss, of Michigan.

Eleccions Committee No. 1—Tayler, of Ohio.

Elections Committee No. 2—Olmsted, of Pennsylvania.

Elections Committee No. 3—Weeks, of Michigan.

Pacific Railroads—W. A. Smith, of Michigan.

Railways and Canals—Davidson, of Wisconsin.

SEVEN LIVES LOST.

A British Ship Is Driven Ashore on the Coast of Washington State.

Aberdeen, Wash., Dec. 11.—Wednesday night the British bark Pinmore, owned by Clink Bros., of Greenock, Scotland, bound from Santa Rosalia, Mexico, to Portland, in ballast, went into the surf at the mouth of Raft river, north of Gray's Harbor. The crew of 30 abandoned the ship and took to the boats, one of which was capsized shortly after leaving the vessel, and six men were drowned. The other boat reached shore safely after being out 36 hours. One man died from exposure.

The crew made their way by land to Oyehut, where the tug Ranger brought them to Hoquiam. One of the seamen, P. Pearson, is nearly dead from exposure, and is in the hospital at Hoquiam. The crew report that the vessel disappeared, but it is believed she has been towed off by a tug from Astoria.

Capt. James says he was off the Columbia river November 22, but the gale blew him north. He worked back to the Columbia on December 2, and was close enough for a tug or pilot boat to reach him, when another gale blew him north and he was powerless.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Nine Men Injured and Much Property Wrecked at South Sharon, Pa.

Sharon, Pa., Dec. 11.—An explosion that shook the earth for miles around, shattered windows in hundreds of houses at South Sharon, moved adjacent buildings from their foundations and caused the injury of nine men, two perhaps fatally, occurred at the Sharon Steel Co.'s plant Tuesday.

The explosion occurred in the casting department of the "pig mill." The metal was being poured from the ladle into the casting machine, when it came in contact with some water, which caused a blast which was felt a great distance. The casting house was completely wrecked. Large strips of heavy corrugated iron beams and other material were hurled hundreds of yards by the explosion. The casting machine and conveyor were damaged almost beyond repair. A part of the conveyor was blown several hundred feet, while not a vestige of the iron roof of the mill remains. Windows in the office of the steel company, several hundred yards away from the explosion, were broken and in Sharon and South Sharon the shock was felt like an earthquake.

Will Construct a New Tunnel.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11.—The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. awarded contracts yesterday for improvements involving an expenditure of more than $1,000,000. The contracts include the construction of a new single track tunnel through the crest of the Anegheny mountains at Gallitzin. The tunnel will be 3,600 feet long and will contain a single track, the object being to relieve the present tunnel of one of the tracks now running through it.

Schaefer Is Champion.

New York, Dec. 11.—Jacob Schaefer, of Chicago, and George F. Slosson, of this city, met in the deciding game of the international 18-inch balk line billiard championship tournament at Madison Square Garden concert hall last night, and the Chicago man won by a score of 400 to 355.

Four Sailors are Drowned.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 11.—Four seamen belonging to the Norwegian steamer Ella, lost their lives Monday in an attempt to reach shore for assistance for their ship. The Ella was bound to Sydney and when off Scatterie island lost her propeller. The captain called for volunteers to man a boat to go to Louisburg for assistance and five of the crew responded. The boat was provisioned and put off. A high sea was running and the men could make but little progress. A sea filled the boat and one by one they sank until but one remained. He reached the shore.

BUYS COSTLY PAINTING.

Boston Museum of Fine Arts Secures Frans Hals' "Portrait of a Woman."

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has just purchased for $30,000, from Mr. T. J. Blakeslee, of the Blakeslee galleries, New York City, the important Frans Hals' "Portrait of a Woman." It is undoubtedly one of the best of the few genuine examples of Frans Hals' in this country. The sale was completed the other day, and was made after the unanimous vote of the board of the trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to purchase it. The dimensions of the "Portrait of a Woman" are 40 inches by 50 inches. It was probably painted about 1650. Originally, it was one of the treasures of the duke of Buckingham's collection. Some years ago it became the property of Mrs. Whatman, of Maidstone, England, and then passed into the hands of Messrs. Lawrie & Company, of Bond street, London, from whom Mr. Blakeslee purchased it. The portrait will hang in the main gallery of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Hubby Yielded a Point.

Gilbert—I believe in a man being the master of the house. He should have the say in everything.

Mason—How about the naming of that baby of yours?

Gilbert—My wife gave way to me in a very proper and wifely manner. She said she didn't care what name I gave the little fellow so long as it was Henry. So that's the name I gave him. You know, I felt, after the hearty manner in which she deferred to me, I ought to yield a point out of appreciation of her humility.—Tit-Bits.

In the millennium, of course, a woman will be only as old as she thinks she looks.—Town Topics.

He who rules must humor full as much as he commands.—George Eliot.

Some smiles look as though they had been soaked in vinegar.—Chicago Daily News.

Most of us waste most of our time standing around talking about nothing.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

All of us think that we show a great deal more consideration for other people than they do for us.—Indianapolis News.

Desirable Furniture.—"But these chairs," she said, "however fashionable they may be, are very uncomfortable." "Ah!" replied the salesman, "that's the beauty of these chairs, madam. When a caller sits in one of these chairs, madam, she doesn't stay long."—Philadelphia Press.

Loanedit—"Borrowit, didn't you get my lawn mower last summer?" Borrowit—"Yes, I'm the man." Loanedit—"Are you thinking of bringing it home this winter?" Borrowit—"Hadn't thought of it. I'm going to lower the knives in that machine and use it to shave the ice off my sidewalk."—Indianapolis News.

The Best He Could Do.

There was a clergyman (in Tangipahoe, La., let us say) who was much annoyed by the mischievous boy of a neighbor. He reasoned with the brat, but with no effect. He laid the case before the boy's parents and they showed him the door. One day he told his brother—a rough and vigorous man of worldly habits—all about this persecution. The brother bolted out of the door and presently returned with the cheering word that the boy would make no further trouble. "I told his —— father," said the wicked brother, "that I would come blankety near kicking the blankety stuffing out of him and his blankety-blank-blankety boy if he ever bothered you again."

"But I hope you did not let even that wretched creature hear such language as you have repeated. Brother, you did not really swear at him, did you?"

"Oh, not at all," said the wicked one, "but I gave him such a close imitation of swearing that the whitewash on the walls looked like blue calcimine before I was half through."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PRINCESS VIROQUA, M. D.

Endorses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound After Following Its Record For Years.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Health is the greatest boon bestowed on humanity and therefore anything that can restore lost health is a blessing. I consider **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** as a blessing to State and Nation. It cures her mothers and daughters and makes them well and strong.

PRINCESS VIROQUA.
Practicing Physician and Lecturer.

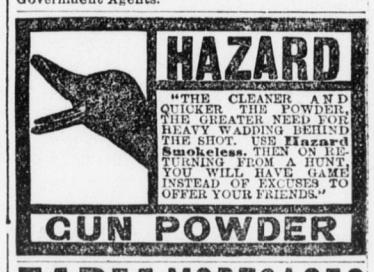
"For fifteen years I have noted the effect of your Vegetable Compound in curing special diseases of women.

"I know of nothing superior for ovarian trouble, barrenness, and it has prevented hundreds of dangerous operations where physicians claimed it was the only chance to get well. Ulceration and inflammation of the womb has been cured in two or three weeks through its use, and as I find it purely an herbal remedy, I unhesitatingly give it my highest endorsement. —Fraternally yours, DR. P. VIROQUA, Lansing, Mich."—*$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.*

If you are ill do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for special advice; it is entirely free.

The Contented Farmer

Is the man who never has a failure in crops, gets splendid returns for his labors, and has best social and religious advantages, together with splendid climate and excellent health. These we give to the settlers on the lands of Western Canada, which comprises the great grain and ranching lands of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Exceptional advantages and low rates of fare are given to those desirous of inspecting the fall grain lands. The handsome forty-page **Atlas of Western Canada** sent free to all applicants. Apply to F. PEDLEY, Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to JOSEPH YOUNG, 315½ State St., East, Columbus, Ohio; N. M. WILLIAMS, Toledo, O.; Canadian Government Agents.



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W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 SHOES $3.00

UNION MADE

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 Gilt Edge Line Cannot Be Equaled at Any Price.

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W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes are made of the same high-grade leathers used in $5.00 and $6.00 shoes and are just as good in every way.

Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes sent anywhere on receipt of price and 25 cents additional for carriage. Take measurements of foot as shown; state style desired; size and width usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light soles. **CATALOG FREE.**

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GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS

I'VE scarcely done a stitch of work
The whole delightful day;
I'm just too proud to settle down
Into the old time way.
'Tis grandma's Christmas from the boys;
It makes me young again,
With all the little ones at play,
And ne'er an ache or pain.

First came Dan's Nell, with precious gifts
From all the neighbors near;
Each sent a note with wishes sweet,
'Twould do you good to hear.
This easy-chair's from Brother Tom;
Jack sent this fur-lined hood;
And here's Bob's check from Michigan,
For winter's coal and wood.

And let me see—gold spectacles!
From Dorothy, Dick's lass;
They say she's famous as a belle—
To think it's come to pass
That Dick, my boy, my youngest one,
Forever swapping things,
Should be a magnate in the land,
One o' them railroad kings.

This box is labeled "from the kids"—
They live in Idaho—
A pair of silver candlesticks!
I wonder if they know
How often by the hickory fire
I've spun both wool and thread,
And only lighted candles, when
We went upstairs to bed.

They never in their modern home
Worked as their grandpa did,
Who wore the sheep's rough skin and wool,
And dined upon the kid;
They want me, too, but bless their hearts,
I couldn't live their way;
I'm used to this old fireplace,
And here I mean to stay.

I'm used to every homely thing
Hallowed by smile and tear;
I couldn't leave to stranger hands
What love has made so dear;
I'm fond of my old rocking-chair,
Though brother's gift is fine.
For there once laid the silver hair,
That changed as fast as mine.

And down the road a little way,
Then up the hillside steep,
I almost see the granite cross
Where "father" lies asleep;
So here I rest and haply, when
Old Santa comes this way,
He brings a whole year's happiness,
Wrapped in a single day.
—Mary A. Denison, in Ladies' World, New York.

A Belated Christmas.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

"NO, I AIN'T goin' to make any Christmas," said Mrs. Bennett, decisively, as she poured out her husband's second cup of tea. "The Lord ain't good to us, and I don't feel called upon to act as if I thought He was."

"Why, Hannah, how you talk," and Samuel Bennett set his cup down so suddenly that some of the tea spilled over upon the table. "It sounds kind o' sacrilegious."

"I can't help it if it does. There! you've slopped your tea on the tablecloth. Why ain't you careful?"

"You kind o' s'prised me, sayin' that, and—"

"Surprised you, did I?" and Mrs. Bennett wiped up the spilled tea with a cloth taken from the sink near at hand. "I don't know's I said anything so very terrible. I guess it ain't no worse than actin' out a lie, tryin' to have a Christmas when you don't feel it."

"But the Lord is good to us, Hannah. They's a lot of folks worse off'n we be."

"Then I'm sorry for 'em, Sam Bennett. Look at us. We ain't had nothing but bad luck this whole year Don't talk to me. It's settled."

Samuel Bennett knew his wife too well to argue the question, so he left her and went out to do the "chores," while she went glumly about the task of washing the supper dishes. But in the old man's heart, as he went out to feed the cow and fix the mare's stall for the night, was the lonely feeling of a disappointed child. He liked Christmas. He had always looked forward to it with pleasurable anticipation, although for many years the day had not meant so very much to him. But he had taken delight in trimming up the plain rooms of the little farmhouse with evergreens, and he always had managed to give Hannah a little present, while she had never failed to remember him with some useful product of her own handiwork. But these humble gifts were real treasures to him, for he measured them in love's own balance, and their brightness was a reflection of the effulgent Christmas glory. He and Hannah were alone in the world, their only child having died in infancy. But they had been happy together and fairly prosperous, until within the past year.

During this time, Samuel, as he expressed it, had "lost his holt." One thing after another had happened to discourage him and set him back. First, his horse died, leaving only the rather decrepit old mare to help him in his field work; then crops had failed. Never before had his few acres of ground yielded so sparingly, and the fruit trees were never so barren. Along about harvest time, as if to complete his misfortune, he was taken ill and for weeks was unable to work, while a doctor's bill accumulated. He was obliged to hire a man to do the work, and the farm produced hardly enough to pay for these services. This had all put him behind, and now, in the latter part of December, he seemed to have every reason to be discouraged. But it was Hannah who had given up. He would still have been hopeful and looked on the bright side, but for her. She grumbled.

"I feel awful kind o' bad not to have any Christmas," confided Samuel to the mare, as he laid the straw for her bed. "I know things ain't so bright, but Hannah hadn't ought to feel so. It might be worse. I guess we can pull through. But then, it'll have to be as Hannah says. If she won't have no Christmas, I can't." He felt like crying in his disappointment. Samuel Bennett was old enough to be getting a bit childish.

In the house, Mrs. Bennett was putting away the supper dishes in no amiable frame of mind. "I don't care," she muttered, "what he thinks. I ain't said a word but the truth. How we'll ever get along this winter, I don't know. Starve, mebby. The idea o' making a fuss about Christmas when you ain't got a thing cheerful to look ahead to! No, I ain't agoing to do it. Sam can make the best of it. I mean what I say."

That evening there was nothing further said about Christmas between the farmer and his wife. By nine o'clock they were in bed. It was Tuesday night and Thursday would be the holiday. As he lay there, Mr. Bennett wondered what he should do with the 50 cents which he had saved up to buy his wife a present. With no Christmas, of course there could be no present. He fell asleep, saddened by the thought.

The day before Christmas was bright and clear. There had been a generous fall of snow during the night and everything out of doors was covered with the pure white mantle. Samuel Bennett was out shoveling paths when the expressman drove along, with a well-filled sleigh.

"Hello, there!" shouted the driver, cheerily. "Merry Christmas, Sam! It's a little ahead of time, I know, but I may not see you again."

"Thanks. The same to you," answered Samuel, leaning on his snow shovel. "Got lots of bundles, ain't you?"

"Yes; everybody's got something."

"That so? Ain't come to ours yet, have you?" The poor old man chuckled at his own pitiable little attempt at a joke.

"No, not yet," was the merry answer from the sleigh. "I'll bring that around to-morrow, most likely. Well, good-by. G'lang!" and on sped the sleigh with its jingling bells.

"I guess he won't, though," mused the other, as he fell to work shoveling again. "'Tain't likely we'll get anything. There ain't nobody to send it to us, that I know of."

And Hannah, looking out of the window, echoed his thought with one still more doleful.

"Everybody'll get something but us," she mused. "I guess Christmas was intended for rich folks. Nobody gets that ain't got."

That afternoon about three o'clock, a muffled-up little form trudged through the snow and up the road to the Bennetts' farmhouse.

"Why, Amy Darrow, what you doing here in all this snow?" exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, as she opened the door and saw the little girl standing on the steps. "Come right in before you freeze."

"Oh, Mis' Bennett," said the shivering child, in a voice choked with tears, "won't you come right over to our house? Ma's awful sick."

"Is that so? What's the matter? Yes, I'll go right over."

"It's one of her bad spells, only worse," wailed Amy. "She says she don't know but she'll die."

"Oh, I guess it ain't as bad as that," said Mrs. Bennett, kindly. "Don't you be scart. Sam!" She was at the woodshed door now. "Hitch up the mare right off. I've got to go over to Mis' Darrow's. She's sick."

Samuel dropped an armful of wood and hastened toward the barn. In less than 15 minutes the old-fashioned cutter was at the door, Amy was tucked in between the farmer and his wife, and they were off as fast as the wheezy mare could conveniently carry them. Mrs. Bennett had her medicine bottles under her shawl. She was said by her neighbors to be "about as good as a doctor."

The Darrows lived half a mile or more from the Bennetts, farther on away from the village, which was nearly two miles from the Bennett farm. Mrs. Darrow was suffering from a chill when her neighbor entered, and there was no fire in the house. Two children, smaller than ten-year-old Amy, were shivering on the bed with their mother.

"Ain't there no fire?" exclaimed Mrs. Bennett. "My sakes! This weather, too."

"I couldn't cut the wood," said Amy. "It's all big sticks."

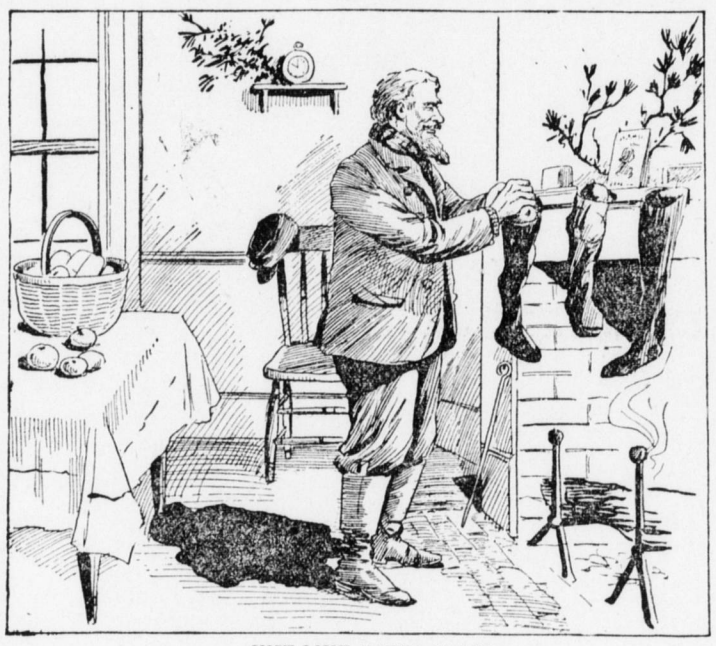
Mrs. Bennett lost no time in giving the sick woman some of her homemade cordial, and Samuel soon had a fire blazing in the kitchen stove. The heat gradually crept into the adjoining bedroom.

"You're so good," sighed the poor woman on the bed. "I felt so bad I had to do something, and there wasn't a thing but to send for you, Mis' Bennett. It was so far to go for the doctor, and—"

"Which wasn't necessary," interrupted Mrs. Bennett. "I guess you feel some better now, don't you?"

"Yes; that medicine seemed to start my heart again. I thought it would just stop beating, one spell."

"I guess you'll be all right now," said Mrs. Bennett, comfortingly. Her naturally kind heart had been touched by the sight of some one else in distress, and she forgot herself in ministering to another.



JUST LIKE SANTA CLAUS.

"It was good of you to come over," continued Mrs. Darrow. "I'm afraid it will spoil your Christmas. You must have been getting ready for it, seeing it's Christmas eve."

"Don't you worry. It ain't bothering me a bit," responded Mrs. Bennett.

But something was bothering her. It was something in her heart that almost sent a moisture to her eyes. But she choked it down.

"You need something to eat," she said, "some tea and toast. And these children must be half starved."

"I'm afraid there ain't much to get," said Mrs. Darrow, feebly. "I don't know as there's anything but a little bread."

"Well, that'll make toast."

Mrs. Bennett knew that Widow Darrow was poor, but she never had known that the family were so destitute as she found them to be, this day before Christmas. "It's dreadful," she thought, as she searched the bare cupboard. "They're jest starvin'." A moment later she was saying privately to her husband: "Sam, you go home and get a loaf of bread and some of that tea. Then you get a pat of butter and a little ham and hurry right back with it. They're all starvin', sure's I'm born. I guess that's what ails Mis' Darrow. Now you hurry."

"Yes, Hannah."

The old mare seemed to realize that she was on an errand of mercy, and actually quickened her pace.

It was not long before Mrs. Darrow had her toast and tea, and the children were enjoying what to them was a bountiful feast. It was dark when Mr. and Mrs. Bennett left for home. As they were riding along, Mrs. Bennett said:

"Sam!"

"Yes, Hannah."

"Them children have hung up their stockin's."

"Have they? Poor little things!"

"But, Sam, there won't be anything in 'em. They think there's a Santy Claus."

"I wish there was," sighed her husband.

"But there ain't," answered practical Mrs. Bennett, "and there won't be one thing in them stockin's, unless it's holes. Mis' Darrow cried about it. It's too bad."

There was silence for a moment, then Mrs. Bennett continued:

"Sam, there must be something put in 'em."

"How can they, Hannah?"

"Well, I guess there can. You go down to the store and get something. I guess we can spare a little."

"I've got—" Samuel interrupted, and then he paused, almost afraid to tell the rest. He had always been a bit afraid of his wife.

"Well, what have you got?"

"Fifty cents, Hannah. I kind o' saved it up, along, to buy you a—a Christmas present, but—"

"I don't want no present. That'll buy some candy and a few trinkets for them children. Then, while you're gone to the store, I'll pop some corn, and there's some red apples. You can go over and fill them stockings."

"Jest like Santy Claus," said the old man, delighted. The thought warmed his kind old heart anew, and the Christmas spirit within him began to revive. That evening, tremulous with joy, he filled the little stockings that hung in a row in the bare kitchen of the Darrow house, left a whole pumpkin pie in the cupboard, and went home, leaving a promise to come again in the morning and see how the mother and children were getting along. Mrs. Darrow was much better. She said she thought she would be able to get up in the morning.

Christmas morning, as soon as they had had their breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett again drove over to the Darrows'. They found the mother sitting up, happy with her children over their humble gifts. They had been sure that Santa Claus would bring them something, and he had not betrayed their childish confidence.

"I declare," said Samuel Bennett, when he and his wife were again in the cutter, on their way home, "it seems kind o' Christmasy, after all."

"I don't know but it does," admitted Hannah. "I've kind o' made up my mind we ain't the worst off ever was, after all."

She was learning the true lesson of Christmas time—that it is doing for "the least of these" that gives the deepest joy. But she was still to find the fuller happiness of that Christmas day.

"Land!" she exclaimed, as they neared the house. "There's the expressman in front of our gate. What can he want?"

"I don't know," replied Samuel. "It can't be anything for us."

But it was.

"I brought your package," called the expressman, "only it's a box."

The mysterious box was soon carried into the house and opened. It was generous in size, and as the cover came off it was found to be well filled.

"Here's a letter, Sam. Open it."

Samuel Bennett opened the letter, which bore his name, and read it wonderingly. It said: "Dear Uncle: I guess you have forgotten me, but I am still alive and prosperous. As Christmas approached, I thought of you and Aunt Hannah, as the only living relatives I have, and I send you something to make you think of me." There was further explanation, and then the letter ended with: "Now, Uncle Samuel, if you need any assistance, let me know. I shall be glad to help you. I have plenty and to spare, and if I can do anything for you it will be a blessing to me. Write to me soon. Your affectionate nephew, John Bennett."

"My brother Henry's boy," said Samuel. "I never knew what had become of him. Ain't it queer?"

"Queer?" said Hannah, feelingly. "I call it a Godsend. And to think I grumbled and found fault with the Lord. Wasn't I wicked?"

And then she sat down and began to weep.

"Don't, Hanna! 'Tain't nothin' to cry over. You didn't mean it, and the Lord'll forgive you. Let's take the things out of the box."

There were many beautiful gifts for both of them, John Bennett had shown his liberality when he packed the Christmas box.

"Sam," remarked Mrs. Bennett, when they had examined and wondered at the last article, and the box had been removed to the woodshed, "I wonder if you couldn't go and get a few evergreens. We might trim up a little."

"Of course, I could," answered Samuel, radiantly. "It ain't far to the woods, and the snow ain't deep there. I could get some in no time."

"Then you get some. And while you're gone, I'll go to work and get the best dinner I can. We'll have a Christmas, if it is a kind of a late one."

"Oh, Hannah," cried the delighted old man, with a suspicious shake in his voice, "you make me so happy."

"I feel that way myself, Sam," she replied.

Then she did something which she had not done before in many years. She went up to her husband and kissed him. He, surprised into silent ecstacy, blushed like a boy, as he went out after the evergreens.

That kiss was the sweetest Christmas gift he had ever received.—N. Y. Observer.

NOT FAVORABLY IMPRESSED.

Simmons—Do you know his wife?

Kimmons—Only through some cigars she gave him Christmas.—Town Topics.

Christmas with the Danes.

In many countries the Christmas feast formerly lasted from two to three weeks, and it was believed that the angels partook of the earthly food. Denmark, even at this time, considers it obligatory to have breakfast, dinner and supper of distinctive dishes on Christmas. Beefsteak and reindeer cutlets form part of the menu for breakfast. The dinner consists of grod (a soup of oatmeal and rice), roast goose stuffed with apples and roast pork with beet roots and gherkin pickles.

IN A RECEIVER'S HANDS.

The Omaha Loan and Trust Co. Fails—Stockholders Will Lose Half a Million.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12.—On application of William Wallace, Judge Fawcett in the district court yesterday appointed William K. Potter receiver for the Omaha Loan and Trust Co., and fixed his bond at $100,000. As soon as the appointment was made the receiver qualified on the bond and took possession. The application was made by Mr. Wallace as a director in the company.

No official statement was filed with the application for a receiver, but Mr. Wallace's attorneys state that the company has outstanding debenture bonds of $350,000; it has guaranteed about $4,500,000 of its loans, and it has a paid-up capital stock of $500,000. The assets are somewhat indefinite. The larger part of them is represented by $1,100,000 of real estate taken on foreclosure, which is the book value of the property. About $700,000 of this amount is covered by what are known as "straw mortgages," which are included in the list of guaranteed loans. These "straw" mortgages do not represent anything irregular, but are mortgages used by large trust companies to avoid carrying a large amount of dead property that ties up working capital.

This leaves about $400,000 of real estate, in book value, to cover the debenture bonds and any actual liability which exists on the guaranteed loans.

It is not believed by the directors that the stockholders will realize anything out of the capital stock. One of the directors said that the stock had been offered within the past two months at from one to five cents on the dollar.

The greater part of $4,500,000 of guaranteed loans is also protected by realty mortgages. The loans were made on Missouri and Nebraska farms and on Omaha realty. The Missouri loans are said to be fair, those on Nebraska lands are of high grade, and those on Omaha property are considered worth about par.

WERE LOADED WITH GEMS.

Two Negroes are Arrested for the Alleged Theft of $15,000 Worth of Diamonds.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 12.—W. H. Woods and a woman companion, giving the name of True Johnson, both colored, were arrested here yesterday, charged with having robbed Alfred B. Lowenthal, a traveling salesman for a New York jewelry firm, in a Portland, Ore., hotel, of $15,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. The jewelry was traced by a local pawnbroker, who had received a circular describing the stolen property, to Wood and his companion. When arrested there was found in their possession $3,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry, railroad transportation to Portland and a check for $200 which had been given by the pawnbroker in exchange for a diamond brooch.

Leavenworth, Kan., Dec. 12.—W. H. Wood and Maggie L. Johnson, the negroes arrested at Omaha as being implicated in the jewelry robbery at Portland, Ore., were in this city on Thanksgiving evening, leaving the next morning for Omaha.

Maggie Johnson's mother, Mrs. Hillard, runs a negro boarding house here, and gave a party in honor of her daughter's arrival. Both negroes were literally loaded down with gems, their fingers being so encircled with diamond rings that they could not close their hands. While here the pair disposed of $2,000 worth of jewelry.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 12.—Detectives have been watching a negro here who is suspected of having robbed A. F. Lowenthal of $10,000 worth of diamonds at the Portland hotel, November 21, and it is understood that he will soon be arrested. The police assert that he committed the robbery and then turned the booty over to Wood and several companions, who went east.

A DUEL ON THE STREET.

Two Policemen and a Bunco Steerer are Killed at Houston, Tex.

Houston, Tex., Dec. 12.—When Officers J. C. James and Herman Youngst attempted to arrest an alleged bunco steerer, Sid Preacher, Wednesday afternoon, the latter opened fire with a shotgun. At the first fire he mortally wounded James, who fell. He then fired at Youngst, knocking him down, and was on top of him beating the officer, when James raised himself from the gutter and fired three times, killing Preacher. James and Youngst died within the same moment. There is great excitement over the matter.

Preacher was well known to the police and had been arrested frequently. The police had been watching him closely during carnival week. With a shotgun he went to the police yesterday and complained that they were interfering in his business. The police attempted to arrest him, when he opened fire on them. Several hundred people saw the duel.

A warrant was sworn out last night for J. B. Brockman, Preacher's attorney, charging him with murder, and he has been landed in jail. It is charged by the police that the attorney advised Preacher to use a shotgun in case any attempt should be made to arrest him. Late in the afternoon a boy with two shotguns and a large number of buckshot cartridges, which he said he was carrying to Brockman's office, was arrested and the arms confiscated.

Democrat Senators Caucus.

Washington, Dec. 12.—The democratic senators yesterday held their first caucus of the present session. All the senators elected as democrats, with the exception of Senator McLaurin, of South Carolina, were present, as were all the senators who were elected as silver republicans or populists. All the independents except Senator Teller, of Colorado, had entered the democratic caucus held last March, but Senator Teller then remained away. He was present, however, at yesterday's conference and participated in the proceedings.

UNDER TWO RIVERS

Tunnels for Railroads are to be Run Into New York.

President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. Tells of the Plans Laid by that Corporation for Securing a New York Terminus for Its Lines.

New York, Dec. 12.—A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., yesterday made public his plan for securing a New York terminus for his company. He made the following statement:

"The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. is now prepared to carry out its policy, long since adopted, of extending its railroad into New York City, thereby establishing a suitable passenger terminus for the accommodation of the public. To accomplish this on a comprehensive plan the Long Island Extension Railroad Co. will withdraw its application for power to construct its terminal railroad, and in lieu of such independent construction it is now proposed to build, under the charter of the Pennsylvania-New York Extension Railroad Co., just organized, and a New Jersey railroad company about to be organized, a through underground connection between the Long Island railroad and the Pennsylvania lines in New Jersey, and to construct a commodious joint underground terminal station in New York City for the Pennsylvania and Long Island route.

"After years of study the conclusion has been reached that a tunnel line, operated by electricity, is in every way the most practical, economical and the best, both for the interests of the railroad company and of the city. The line as adopted, will traverse the city of New York from the Hudson river to the East river and be under ground throughout and at such depth as not to interfere with future construction of subways by the city on all its avenues.

"As the railroad will be wholly underground and operated electrically, in the same manner as the recently constructed Orleans railway extension in Paris, it will not be objectionable in any way. There will not be any smoke, dirt or noise, and as all the surface property may be built upon after being utilized underneath for railroad purposes, the neighborhood of the station will be improved instead of marred, as is so often the case when railroad lines are constructed on the surface or elevated. The company has acquired the bulk of its property for its principle station, and means to go forward in the acquisition of such additional properties as will be required."

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 12.—A railroad company, which includes among its directors officials of the Pennsylvania and Long Island railroad companies was incorporated yesterday to operate a railroad through an underground tunnel connecting New Jersey with Long Island. The name of the company is the Pennsylvania-New York Extension Railroad Co., and its capital stock is $1,000,000. The proposed road, which is to connect with a road of a company to be organized under the laws of New Jersey, will extend from a point on the line dividing the states of New York and New Jersey, through a tunnel under the North river, borough of Manhattan and the East river to the borough of Queens, and is to terminate at a point near the property of the Long Island Railroad Co. in that borough.

WRECKED BY DYNAMITE.

Another Street Car at Scranton, Pa., Strikes an Explosive.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 12.—Another trolley car was dynamited on Capouse avenue last night. The wheel that ran over the explosive was broken, the windows smashed and the machinery beneath the car deranged. The few persons aboard were severely shaken up, but no one was injured. This makes the third time that the crew aboard this car has encountered an explosion.

Ten strikers have returned to work this week, making 24 in all, who are back on the cars. The company has now succeeded in opening up all its lines from Pittston to Carbondale, a distance of 22 miles, excepting small branches of two different city lines.

The strikers' executive committee had a conference last night with National President Mahan, of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employes. To-night they will conduct a mass meeting at which speeches will be made by some of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor convention.

The Anti-Boycott league, composed of 3,000 citizens, will issue a statement to-day declaring against the boycott of the cars and calling upon the public to resume its patronage and revive business.

A $250,000 Blaze.

New York, Dec. 12.—Fire broke out in the Dennison Paper Manufacturing Co.'s store building at 198 Broadway this morning. In a very short time it spread through this narrow six-story building and attacked Hegeman's drug store at 196 Broadway. Within half an hour the Dennison Co.'s plant was a wreck. The building was filled with a stock of paper. The fire attacked the rear of Hegeman's drug store, but was kept from the principal stock. The loss it is thought will reach $250,000.

A Coal Car Famine.

Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 12.—The coal car shortage, together with a notice from the Southern railway that it will confiscate coal for its use, threatens grave danger to industries of four states which depend on Coal Creek and Jellico, Tenn., mines for their supply. So serious is the coal shortage becoming that textile industries in Tennessee, Georgia and North and South Carolina may be compelled to shut down. Coal operators of this section are losing thousands of dollars through their inability to get cars to move their output.

Cameron County Press

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid is advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less, $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

On Monday the Senate Committee on Judiciary decided not to be trifled with any longer by the so-called Anti-Trust League in its opposition to the confirmation of the nomination of Attorney General Knox. By a unanimous vote of the committee it was agreed that to report the nomination to the Senate for a second time with a recommendation that it be confirmed, and the nomination was so reported later in the day and confirmed by a vote of 49 to 7.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaeffer made an address before the York County Teachers' Institute lately, in which he declared that no Legislature was abused so much as the last, but none did so much for education. This Legislature made normal school tuition free for those who want to prepare for teaching, made reciprocity in permanent state certificates with other states possible, and appropriated $5,000 to aid in the establishment and maintenance of township high schools.

A Tribute to Quay.

There appeared recently in the Atlantic Monthly, published in Boston, Mass., a scurrilous, anonymous attack upon Pennsylvania, alleged to have been written by a Lancaster county man, entitled, "What is the Matter With Pennsylvania." It fell into the hands of Judge Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, one of the ablest men of the State, and it made him so indignant that he wrote a reply in defense of his State, sent it to the Boston publication, which refused to publish it, showing the narrowness, as well as the meanness of the magazine. At the close of the article Judge Pennypacker pays the following tribute to Senator Quay:

"Mr. Quay is a plain, simple, modest and kindly man with a taste for books and literature, with no propensity for the acquisition of riches, and with a genius for the organization and control of men in masses, such as, like the gift of Shakespeare, comes but once in centuries. Without prating about honesty, he has this essential of the highest integrity that he meets every obligation and keeps his every word. He has the courage which never flinches whether in war or politics. He fails in no duty and he is never beaten. He has permanently influenced the destinies of the American people, since it was due to his individual capacity and effort that Mr. Harrison was elected to the Presidency and the Republican party restored to control, that the Force bill was prevented from becoming a law, and in a large measure, that the McKinley tariff bill was enacted. During the last twenty years no Republican President could have been elected without his consent, and no national policy successful without his support. Helpful, sagacious and strong, a knightly and picturesque figure, whether riding in the van at Fredericksburg, thwarting the wiles of Tammany, or routing the combination of corporations in Pennsylvania, his fame is assured as a statesman who deserves well of his country, and in whose achievements even Massachusetts may properly take a pride."

If your would have an appetite like a bear and a relish for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They correct disorders of the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. Price, 25 cents. Samples free, at L. Taggart's drug store.

Think Twice.

A house is worth fifty times the cost of the paint and the labor of putting it on.

Devoe lead and zinc lasts twice as long as usual paint—lead and oil.

Let It Alone.

The best way to treat the Tariff is to let it alone. The most amazing thing in the world is this persistent attempt to have it tinkered. There is no more sense in it than there would be in a movement to revive the free silver issue on the ground that the country, having prospered under the gold standard, ought to have a change. The two things go together. It was the Dingley act, in conjunction with the monetary legislation of the Republican party, that brought the country out of depression and established its fortunes anew. These two are the twin pillars of the temple of prosperity. Why should either of them be shaken?

We hope and we believe that loyalty to country as well as to party will be strong enough to cause this view to prevail. Wait until some harm comes from the Tariff, instead of untold blessings, before we think of changing it. There is danger to the people and the threat of ruin to the Republican party in every assault upon the Tariff.—Red Wing (Minn.) Republican.

THE HANDSOMEST CALENDAR

of the season (in ten colors) six beautiful heads (on six sheets, 10x12 inches), reproductions of paintings by Moran, issued by General Passenger Department, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. 42-3t

Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life.

Saved His Life.

"I wish to say that I feel I owe my life to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure," writes H. C. Chrestenson, of Hayfield, Minn. "For three years I was troubled with dyspepsia so that I could hold nothing on my stomach. Many times I would be unable to retain a morsal of food. Finally I was confined to my bed. Doctors said I could not live. I read one of your advertisements on Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and thought it fit my case and commenced its use. I began to improve from the first bottle. Now I am cured and recommend it to all." Digests your food. Cures all stomach troubles. R. C. Dodson.

Love and poverty are hard to hide.

Health and Beauty.

A poor complexion is usually the result of a torpid liver or irregular action of the bowels. Unless nature's refuse is corried off it will surely cause impure blood. Pimples, boils and other eruptions follow. This is nature's method of throwing off the poisons which the bowels failed to remove. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are world famous for remedying this condition. They stimulate the liver and promote regular and healthy action of the bowels but never cause griping, cramps or distress. Safe pills. R. C. Dodson.

Love and a cough cannot be concealed

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. For sale by L. Taggart.

Every man is a king in his own backyard.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Every cock is a lord on his own dunghill.

Krause's Headache Capsules

are unlike anything prepared in America. They were first prescribed by Dr. Krause, Germany's famous court physician, long before antipyrine was discovered, and are almost marvelous, so speedily do they cure the most distressing cases. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart.

For Sale.

The Emporium Opera House is for sale at a reasonable price for spot cash, or negotiable paper. The only play house in the county, with a seating capacity of 1,000, size of room 50x100; stage, 50x22, stage opening, 24x22. fully equipped. Natural gas light and Fuel. Will be sold at once to close an estate. Apply to

J. W. CLARK, E,
23tf Emporium Pa.

Half a house is half a hell.

The hen that stays at home picks up the crumbs.

Established Business For Sale.

On account of the death of one of the firm the well-known hardware business of Walker, Howard & Company, at Emporium, Pa., is offered for sale, including stock and building or to suit purchaser. Apply to

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.,
8tf. Emporium, Pa.

Cameron.

Harry Hicks was in town Sunday.

E. F. Comley wears a broad smile lately.

We are having winter weather here at present.

Mrs. R. C. Potter visited in Sterling Run Sunday.

W. L. Dixon, the coal dealer, was in town Sunday.

D. C. Lininger has been on the sick list for some time.

D. A. Brooks, of Emporium, called on his many friends over Sunday.

E. B. Pine, operator at this place, has gone to the hospital for treatment.

Geo, Courtright, of Driftwood, visited Sy. Lupro and family over Sunday.

Geo. Cooley has returned home from Brookville to spend Christmas at home.

R. A. Lord and H. D. Stewart, made a business trip to Emporium Saturday.

We hear the boys don't go over the bridge very often lately. Wonder why?

Mrs. Wm. Fox, of Driftwood, is visiting her parents, W. H. Morse and family at this place.

Warren McConnell was in Emporium on Monday last on business in connection with the post office.

Robert Boyd, who has been receiving treatment in the Williamsport hospital has returned home.

Wonder what became of Ed. Saturday night? After the war whoop was given he disappeared from the eyes of man.

Mine inspector Stewart, with the officials of the coal company, made a tour of the mountains last week, looking after their coal interests in this vicinity. The rumor is the coal chutes will soon start full blast.

The Cameron Liar's Club held a meeting in McConnell's store, Saturday night. There was a rush for the chair when a clash occured between the members. C. W. P. wanted to hold the chair by reason of having the champion belt, when Wm. Wykoff, John Clark, and George Kenworthy each claimed ownership. Then the combine forces of England, Germany, and France made an attack and dumped the ex-chairman overboard, and Ed. Goodman took the chair. Fred Comley was suspended for not attending meeting.

A fruit peddler passed through town last week. PAT.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a special meeting of Washington Camp, No. 136, P. O. S. of A., held Dec. 10th, 1901, Sinnemahoning, Pa., a committee was appointed to draft the following Resolutions.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His allwise Providence to remove from our midst our esteemed Brother Charles W. Beldin, therefore be it,

Resolved, that we as members of the Camp sincerely sympathize with the bereaved friends in this their sad affliction.

Resolved, that we bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God knowing that He doeth all things well.

Resolved, that our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days in respect to the memory of our worthy Brother and a copy be presented the family of the deceased Brother.

LAWRENCE SMITH.
T. H. PIPER,
GEO. C. GORE,
C. E. SHAFER,
Committee.

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily; rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by L. Taggart.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN

Recommendations of a Well Known Chicago Physician.

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, constricted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial afflictions. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal penacea for all mankind.—Mrs. Mary R. Melendy, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by L. Taggart.

Love in old bachelors, like fire in old wood, once started, is hard to put out.

Of Benefit to You.

D. S. Mitchell, Fulford, Md., "During a long illness I was troubled with bed sores, was advised to try DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and did so with wonderful results. I was perfectly cured. It is the best salve on the market." Sure cure for piles, sores, burns. Beware of counterfeits. R. C. Dodson.

A Good Cough Medicine.

[From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Austrlia.]

I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great plaasure in recommending it—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefitted, as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold by L. Taggart.

Love is a shroud in which the faults of our loved one lie buried.

A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by L. Taggart.

This world belongs to the energetic.

An Evangelist's Story.

"I suffered for years with a bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure," writes Rev. James Kirkman, evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind." One Minute Cough Cure affords immediate relief for coughs, colds and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For croup it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and is really a favorite with the children. They like it. R. C. Dodson.

They love least that let men knowt it

Zinc and Grinding Make Devoe Lead and Zinc Paint wear twice sa long as lead and oil mixed by hand. tf

NO. 3255.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

First National Bank

at Emporium, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, Dec. 10, 1901.

Resources.

Loans and discounts		$198,955 12
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		965 90
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		50,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand		660 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		2,064 38
Stocks, securities, etc.		51,310 60
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		7,587 80
Other real estate owned		6,538 49
Due from National Banks not Reserve Agents		1,989 26
Due from approved reserve agents,		42,868 06
Internal-Revenue Stamps,		74 24
Checks and other cash items		11 60
Notes of other National Banks		760 00
Fractional paper, currency, nickels and cents		225 72
Specie	$15,540 95	
Legal-tender notes	1,960 00	17,500 95
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		2,520 00
TOTAL		$383,944 12

Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in	$50,000 00
Surplus fund	37,500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	6,779 08
National Bank Notes outstanding	46,300 00
Due to other National Banks	2,603 88
Dividends unpaid	150 00
Individual deposits subject to check	234,153 95
Certified checks	37 20
Cashier's checks outstanding	6,420 61
TOTAL	$383,944 12

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
County of Cameron, }

I, T. B. Lloyd, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of Dec. 1901.

M. M. LARRABEE, J. P.

CORRECT—Attest:

GEO. A. WALKER,
N. SEGER,
B. W. GREEN, } Directors.

If You Could Look into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Write to S. C. WELLS & CO., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

KIDNEY DISEASES are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the *best* for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and $1.00.

L. Taggart, Emporium, Pa. 36-28.

Headquarters for SEA FOOD

Every day in the week at

The Novelty Restaurant,

WM. McDONALD, Prop'r.

Families supplied. Choice line of glass and canned novelties. Hot lunches served at all hours.

OUR

Holiday Announcement

As the holiday season approaches and the many shoppers are looking for useful presents, we wish to inform the people of this town and county that we have one of the most handsome and stylish lines of Clothing that has ever been exhibited in this town. We handle nothing but union-made goods. For a Christmas present, what would be more appropriate than a nice Suit or Overcoat; the price is moderate and the quality of the goods and workmanship equal to the best.

Strong clothes to stand the wear and tear, as illustration, is what is needed for the boys.

Stylish Suits and Overcoats

We pride ourselves on our handsome Suits and Overcoats Call and see them. They are beauties.

We have a most elegant line of Ladies' Furs and invite all the ladies to inspect this stock.

We wish to thank the people of Emporium and vicinity for their generous patronage in the past and hope our dealing has been satisfactory to all.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am

Respectfully yours,

Jasper Harris,

The People's Popular Clothier.

Holiday Goods.

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE.

CHINA WARE at REDUCED PRICES

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS! Don't buy until you have priced them.

DOLLS FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Comb and Brush Sets from one dollar up to four dollars.

Sterling Silver Novelties. A great variety.

If you fail to call and examine Taggart's Christmas stock before buying you will be the looser.

L. TAGGART.

Fall and Winter Stock

OUR Fall and Winter stock of ew goods has arrived, and our store is full of bargains. - - - The public is invited to call and examine goods and get prices. - - -

J. E. SMITH,
Sterling Run, Pa.

Dress Well! Look Well! How?

To dress well and look well is the aim of the average man. You cannot do better so purchase one of those neat-fitting, stylish suits at

FRANK F. SEGER'S.

OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Will please you and the prices will make them go, make you happy, make us feel good and we will all feel good. We never boast, but will just say that, as every one knows, our stock is large and just what you want to see.

Every department is fully up to date.

FRANK F. SEGER.

East Allegheny Ave.

HARPER WHISKY

Pure and Mellow; Rich and Delicate.

For sale by

WM. McGEE.

THE PRESS IS THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS IN THIS SECTION. LOW PRICE

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 10, 1901.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 15
Graham, "	60
Rye "	60
Buckwheat, "	70
Patent Meal, "	55
Coarse Meal, per 100,	1 60
Chop Feed, "	1 60
Middlings, Fancy "	1 60
Bran, "	1 50
Corn, per bushel,	89
White Oats, per bushel,	62
Choice Clover Seed,	At Market Prices.
Choice Timothy Seed,	
Choice Millet Seed,	
Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

Drugs for Christmas.

You don't expect to give drugs as Christmas gifts. But you need drugs at that season anyway. Need drugs in preparing for the day and need drugs in overcoming the effects of the day! Our drugs will help your health and please your system.

Dodson's Syrup of White Pine and Honey will stop that cough. Try it and be convinced.

R. C. DODSON.
Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Postmaster Chas. Seger and Alex MacDonell visited St. Marys last Sunday.

C. H. McCauley and J. G. Whitmore, prominent Elk county attorneys, were attending court here this week.

Mr. Martin Lawler, superintendent PortAllegany tannery, Port Alleganey, Pa., was visiting his brother W. M. Lawler in town on Tuesday.

C. Wesley Barr, of Gibson, was attending court as juryman this week and incidentally looking after his political fences.

Edgar Newton writes the PRESS from Buffalo, where he is attending the University of Buffalo, that he expects to return to Emporium to-morrow to spend three weeks with his parents.

Geo. W. Childs, President, and Capt. Persy R. Smith, Vice President, of Elk Tannery Company have been in attendance at court this week, having important litigation.

Geo. W. Vernes, of Williamsport, chief of P. & E. detective force, is stopping in town a few days this week, being interested in court cases.

Mr. W. M. Lawler and daughter, Stasia visited Martin Lawler, Supt. of Port Allegany tannery, also made T. J. Lawler, Supt of Coudersport tannery, a visit one day last week.

W. H. Dwyer one of Driftwood's energetic business men is attending court this week as juryman. Being in the mercantile business and having a large trade he evidently don't like the job.

Wm. L. Hamilton, of Campbell, N. Y., formerly one of the proprietors of Emporium tannery, was in attendance at court, being interested in the case between Elk Tanning Co. vs S. S. Hacket.

Hon. John McDonald, while in attendance at court, as one of the Associates this week, took time to pay his respects to the PRESS and carried away with him a receipt for 1902 PRESS. Judge McDonald is one of the most popular Associates the county has ever elected.

E. C. Davy, of Four Mile, dropped in to see us on Wednesday.

J. M. Walker, Esq., of Scranton, Pa., is visiting his parents at this place.

Hon. S. Woods Caldwell, of Lock Haven was attending court this week.

Hon. J. C. Bonham, of Franklin, attended court on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Guy Bonham and sons, of Franklin, are visiting the former's parents.

Mrs. Samuel Stoddard, of Emporium, was the guest of Mrs. J. M. Johnston over Sunday.—Austin Republican.

Harry Jordan came home from Chicago to visit his parents and transact some business.

Mrs. C. W. Beldin, of Sinnamahoning, transacted legal business in Emporium on Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Proudfoot, of Milesburg, Pa. is guest of her son, Mr. Orville Proudfoot, and family.

E. M. Parrott, President of Sinnamahoning Iron and Coal Co., was in town from Monday to Wednesday.

Mrs. S. Stoddard is visiting friends at Buffalo and other points, expecting to return to Emporium to-morrow.

W. H. Cramer and wife, accompanied by their daughter Miss Lena Evans, departed yesterday for De Land, Fla., to spend the winter.

Miss Eva Yates, who formerly resided in Emporium, has returned and is now in the Keystone Powder Company's office as bookkeeper.

C. D. Osterhout, of Ridgway, who has just recovered from serious illness was in attendance at court this week, returning home on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. H. H. Cloyes and children, leave for Jamestown, N. Y., next Saturday to remain for Christmas. H. H. hopes to follow in time to eat Christmas dinner.

The marriage of Miss Nellie Sweeney and Mr. Heck Norris, two of Kane's well known young people, has just been made public.—Kane Republican. Shake, Hector.

H. H. Cloyes, general manager for W. D. Johnson, and by far one of the most industrious and hard working gentlemen in this county, is certainly a valuable man to Mr. Johnson.

Henry A. Parsons, of St. Marys, is an Emporium visitor to-day, in the interest of Mutual Life Insurance Company. Mr. Parsons is an old-time printer and worked in the PRESS office more than thirty years ago. We were pleased to meet him.

J. V. Hanscom and A. DeShetler, of Sinnamahoning were PRESS visitors on Monday. Mr. Hanscom was honored by the appointment as foreman of grand jury, and we hear he regretted he could not indict every member of Sinnamahoning Liars' Club.

E. E. Watterman and wife, *nee* Hollis Taggart, are guests of Mrs. H. T. Taggart and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McNarney, on West Fourth street. Mr. and Mrs. Watterman leave here after Christmas for St. Louis, Mo., where Mr. W. has been appointed chief electrician of St. Louis Exposition.

Miss Nellie Kissell, of Sterling Run, was in town on Saturday. . . . Chas. L. Butler, of Emporium, has been spending several days here guest of his brother, J. M. Butler of the Hotel Connolly. . . . James Mnndy, of Austin, has leased the bowling alley building on Pearl street, recently purchased by James Creighton of Emporium, of Joseph Sillman and he will open a pool and billiard room there.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Mrs. Sarah Coleman, mother of Mr. E. G. Coleman, Secretary of Climax Powder Company, met with an accident last Sunday morning that might have proven fatal. The good lady, who is 83 years old, went to call the house help and becoming a little bewildered, got into the bath room. Discovering her error she turned about and walked through a side door, falling down the back stairs. Dr. Bardwell was hastilly summoned and, aside from a few cuts, bruises and general shaking up, was surprised to find that no bones were broken. Mrs. Coleman's friends will be pleased to learn she escaped more serious injuries.

M. J. Colcord, of Coudersport, wa attending court here last Monday and Tuesday, shaking hands with old friends of his boyhood days. The Austin Republican, his Cameron county friends will be pleased to note, urge the Republican party of Potter county to present Mr. Colcord as their choice for Congressman. We know nothing of the political situation in that district but in case the one-term idea shall continue, which is mighty poor politics and unfair to any congressional candidate, we hope Potter will insist upon Mr. Colcord's name being presented. He deserves better treatment at the hands of the Republicans of Potter county.

Funeral of Chas. W. Beldin.

In our last issue we gave an account of the death of Ex-County Commissioner Chas. W. Beldin, but owing to the fact that we went to press before the funeral we, of course, could not give the full particulars.

The funeral took place from the M. E. church, Sinnamahoning, Thursday afternoon, and the neat little edifice was crowded with relatives and friends of deceased. Beautiful florial tributes were placed on either side of the casket.

The services were conducted by Rev. Faus, the pastor, who delivered a very able discourse, appropriate to the occasion. The regular church choir, by the way one of the best in the county, sang very sweetly.

After services at the church the remains were taken to the cemetery, where rests so many of our former good citizens. The services at the grave were conducted by the Masonic fraternity, of which the deceased was an honored member, having held many offices from the highest to the lowest.

Sinnamahoning Camp, No. 136, P. O. S. of A., of which the deceased was honorary member attended in a body.

Thanks.

To the Editor Cameron County Press:

The Ladies of the Children's Aid Society wish to thank the different church congregations for the cantribution so kindly made us at the Union Thanksgiving service.

Respectfully,
MRS. J. D. LOGAN, Sec'y.

Card of Thanks.

EDITOR PRESS:—Kindly extend to all friends who so thoughtfully assisted us during our sad bereavement, in the death of our husband and father.

MRS. M. B. BELDIN.
E. C. BELDIN.
D. B. BELDIN.

Sinnamahoning, Pa., Dec. 16th, 1901.

Extract of the Game Laws of Pennsylvania.

The fines attached to the violation of the several sections of the act of June 4, 1897, must by paid with costs of prosecution or the convicted party serve one day in jail for each dollar of penalty imposed.

There shall be no hunting or shooting on Sunday. Penalty $25.

Section 1 of the act of May 14, 1889, says, "That no person in any of the counties of this Commonwealh, shall kill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch with bird lime, or with any similar substance, poison or drug, any bird of song or linnet," here follows quite a lengthy list of the birds of Pennsylvania (including the yellow hammer or flicker) and closes with the words "or any wild bird other than a game bird." Penalty not less than ten or more than fifty dollars. This act is unrepealed and is still the law of the State.

Section 2 of the act of June 4, 1897, after quoting a lengthy list of the birds of Pennsylvania says, "Nor shall any person purchase or have in possession, or expose for sale, any of the aforesaid song or wild birds or the game mammals killed or taken in this State, except as hereinafter provided (for scientific purposes only, under a certificate of the Game Commission) Penalty ten dollars. This is stilll the law and should be used by those interested in bird protecion, to prevent the killing of our wild birds for decoratize or any other purpose.

The destruction of the nests or eggs of wild birds is forbidden except "for strictly scientific purposes under the certificate of the Game Commission." Bond $100; fee $5; penalty $10.

The killing of game birds and game mammals prohibited, except with a gun held to the shoulder. Penalty $50.

But two deer can be killed in one season by one person and then only during the month of November. Penalty $100. Deer must not be killed or captured on the waters of the State, and the running of deer with dogs is prohibited Penalty $100. Dogs found running deer can be killed by any person and the owner thereof shall have no recourse whatever.

It is unlawful for any person to kill in any one day more than ten Pheasants, or more than ten Quail, or more than ten woodcock, or more than two Wild Turkeys, Quail and Woodcock can be killed only from October 15th to the 15th of December, inclusive. Penalty $25 for each bird, except that Woodcock can be killed during the month of July.

All manner of Trapping of Game is prohibited, except that Quail can be trapped from January 1, to February 15, for the purpose of keeping them alive during the winter and all Quail so taken must be released in the same neighborhood as soon as the weather, will permit in the spring.

All manner of devises for the deception of game is prohibited, penalty $50, except that decoys may be used in the hunting of webb-footed fowl.

Rabbits can be killed from November 1, to December 15, inclusive. Penalty $10. The use of ferrits in hunting is prohibited. Penalty $25, and the possession of a ferrit is prima facia evidence of intent to use the same.

Grey, Black and Fox Squirrels can be killed from October 15, to December 15, inclusive, Penalty $10. Red or Pine Squirrels are not protected.

The purchase or sale of Pheasant, Quail, Woodcock, Wild Turkey and Deer is prohibited. Penalty $25. All other game of the State can be sold within the State except Wild Pigeons, the capture or sale of which is forbidden in the County of Tioga.

Does it Pay?

Does it pay to paint?

Depends on the paint; $1-worth of paint preserves $500-worth of house. Devoe is the paint; zinc and lead ground together.

Information Wanted.

The manufacturers of Banner Salve having always believed that no doctor or medicine can cure in every case, but never having heard where Banner Salve failed to cure ulcers, sores, tetter, eczema, or piles, as a matter of curiosity would like to know if there are such cases. If so they will gladly refund the money. L. Taggart.

Honor Roll.

The following is the Honor Roll of Emporium schools for month ending December 1st.

2nd Div. B. Prim.

Freddy Metzger, John Lawler, Clark Metzger, Claud Manette, Harry Shadman, Sammy Cline, Lloyd Johnston William Howard, Leo Richie, Harold Robinson, Harry Spence, Francis Walsh, Edna Walker, Gertrude Pepperman, Amy Smith, Flora Gross, Eva Burns, Mary McGrain, Margaret Crandell, Lucy Patterson, Myrtle Sassman, Clara Zwald, Gladys Lloyd, Helen Orr. Grace Ensign, Margaret Streich, Lill Smith.

A. Primary, W. W. Nettie More, teacher.

Kate Vogt, Vina Murry, Clara Weisenfluh, Nadine Morgan, May Mulcahy, Rena Jordan, Katie Murray, Lizzie Zwald, Samuel Shadman, Thos Cline, Claude Campbell, Leon Walker, Carl Lingle, Joe Kaye, Francis Robinson, Frank Farrell, Dawson Wright, Howard Pepperman, Melvin Logan, Henry Streich, Chas. Cloyes, Frank Huffman.

B. Intermediate. Cora Barker, teacher.

Ermin Rentz, Earl McDougall, Frank McCaslin, Leo Nangle, Wayne Barner, Katie Kraft, Frances Hacket, Louis Leitze, Harry Shearer, Sophy Ruberto, Erick Nystrom, Cora Hackett, May McCullough, Margaret Dodson, Harold Jewell, Fred Nangle, Alfretta Hacket, Boyd Snyder, Pearl McGrain.

B. Primary, E. W. Rose Bair, teacher.

Edwin Olson, Leo Edleman, Edgar Garvin, John Hertig, Lester Hacket, Lawerence Schoop, Wilber McCaslin, Emmery O'Dell, Clyde Britton, Glenn Farley, Charles Viner, John Hathaway, James Hathaway, John Glenn, Katheryn Welsh, Marian Barnes, Fannie Dickenson, Agnes Anderson, Mary Nangle, Louise Jewell, Evelyn Donovan, Grace Halderman.

Kindergarten, Nina Bryan, teacher.

Avis Dodson, Mary Dodson, Charlotte Rentz, Mabel McSwan, Frederick McClure, Charles Cummings, Olive Jewel, Hazel Shearer, Ward Sherer, Mary O'Mally, Martha Swarts, Karl Sweikart.

E. W., A Primary. Claudia Roberts, Teacher.

Maggie Kelley, Phebie Hacket, Anna Nystrom, Julia Bair, Katie O'Malley, Mary Mulliner, Emma Steavens, Ruth Seifried, Edward Viner, Neil Coppersmith, Harry Kraft, Charles Commoford, Ronald Rieck, Jordan McAulay.

5th Grade. Mary Robinson, Teacher.

Mary Farrell, Ida Seger, Rachel Day, Lena Ritchie, Louise Seger, Dorthy Nelson, Mary Garvin, Tom Cummings, John Margathon, Olyde Fisher, Lee Swartz, Harry Kellar, Floyde Faucett, Peter Rentz, Dan Geary, Arthur Catlin, David Mulcaha.

Grammar School.

Ethel Day, William Gantz, Jane Kaye, Raymond Klees, Elizabeth Lechner, Margaret Murray, Edna Palmer, Claude Rentz, Lulu Schnyder, Linn Strayer, Anna Welsh, Della Bingeman, Roy Beattie, Edith DeArmit, Frank Dodson, Stasia Lawler, Josephine Newton, Jennie Nystrom, Will Schweikart, Anna Wiesenfluh, Mary Welsh.

High School.

Eva Lewis, Nora Ostrum, Caroline Lechner.

1st, B. Primary, Teacher, Blanche Ludlam.

Budd Lloyd, Roland Horning, Godfrey Latoona. Elmer Carlson, Floyd Summerson, Harry Mannett, Vere Frans, Roy Tebo, Clyde Swariz, Walter Robinson, Charley Streich, Nora Smith, Hattie Fountain, Ruth Pearsall, Stella Tebo, Carolyn Moore, Dorothy Gross, Florence Lingle, Helen Welsh, Susie Smith, Catherine Lawler.

B. Intermediate, Teacher, Mame Cleary.

Ellen Auchu, Edna Clark, Anna Edwards, Marian Judd, Mollie Spence, Mildred McQuay, Hazel Smith, Ethel Lloyd, Elizabeth Crandell, Martha Burns, Emma Tebo, Mabel Butler, Mary Bailey, Mamie Farrell, Mabel Morrison, Clara Edwards, Anna Devensick, Frank Housler, Gordon Vogt, Burton Edwards, Clinton Newton, Thos. Bailey, Warner Judd, Joe McNarney, Matthew Lawler, Herbert Vogt, Melvin Crowman, John Robinson, Willie Welsh, Louis Peabody.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1901.

THE annual meeting of the stock-holders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 14th, 1902, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Administratrix's Notice.

Estate of CHARLES W. BELDIN, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the estate of Charles W. Beldin, deceased, late of Grove township, Cameron county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same for settlement.

MARTHA B. BELDIN,
Administratrix.

Sinnamahoning, Pa., Dec. 16th, 1901.—4t.

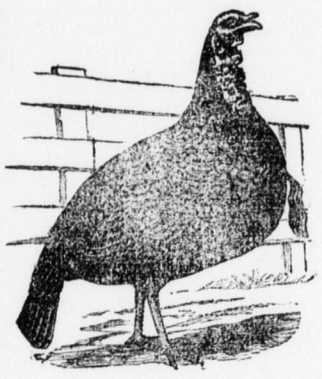
SPECIAL
Reduction
Sale
IN—
LADIES' COATS,
CAPES,
RAINY-DAY SKIRTS,
MERCERIZED
SATIN PETTICOATS,
LADIES FLANNEL WAISTS, DRESS
GOODS AND BELTS.
To close out the line at
KELLEY'S
VARIETY STORE,
(Formerly W. H. Cramer's)
MANY SUITABLE CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS.
Proportionate bargains in every department.

Christmas 1902
DAY'S,
THE SATISFACTORY STORE

NUTS, CURRANTS,
FIGS, PRUNES,
DATES, CRACKERS,
RAISINS, IMPORTED
CITRON, GROCERIES

Our store is packed from floor to ceiling with good things, brought from far and near, for Christmas trade.

The great variety of goods found here makes Xmas shopping in groceries, etc., easy. No trouble at all. One can see at a glance, just what is needed and rest assured it will be as represented.



Turkeys,
Ducks,
Geese,
Chickens.

The choicest the market affords, at prices that are right. Our past record in the handling of poultry, will be sufficient evidence to those who buy of us from year to year.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS NOW
and thus lesson the possibility of any dissatisfaction.

GRAPE FRUIT,
ORANGES,
APPLES,
GRAPES,
CRANBERRIES,
BANANAS.

LETTUCE,
CELERY,
SWEET
POTATOES,
SQUASH,
PURE SPICES,
HERBS.

All these are necessary to help you in your selection of good things for the Xmas feast, and will be found here in abundance.

GROCERIES

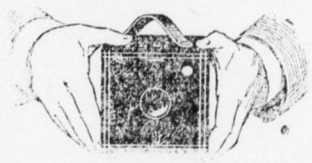
Of course you will need many little articles in this line. You can hardly mention an article you need, that we cannot furnish. No need to go elsewhere. Just leave your order for all, and save time and trouble. It will have careful attention at our hands, whether large or small.

Don't forget to order a pound or two of
"ROYAL" JAVA AND MOCHA.
The Queen of blended Coffee. Your Christmas will not be complete without it. It is the kind that will help to bring good cheer.

SPECIAL sale of nuts and candies, from now until Xmas, English Walnuts, 16c lb.; Almonds—hard shell, 18c lb.; soft shell, 23c lb., Filberts, 15c lb.; Mixed Nuts, 16c lb.
CANDIES. Large variety, 10c to 25c lb. Don't pay more.

'Phone 6. J. H. DAY.

EASTMAN'S KODAK



You can carry it in your hands, on your shoulder, in your pocket or on your bicycle. You press the button and the Kodak will the rest.

"A Dollar Saved, is a Dollar Earned."

We can save you lots of dollars by buying your Wall Paper, Curtains and Paints of us.

H. S. LLOYD.

OLD AND NEW.

I.

O for the old times! We stretch across the distance
Eager, yearning hands, hot with the heart's fire.
O, vanished days! How fair ye are with colors
Mixed with imagination and desire!

O for the old friends! Their faults are all forgotten,
From the far past their glances woo us bright
As the fixed stars that mock our aspirations
Set in the purple, palpitating night.

II.

Ours are the new times like fields meet for the sowing;
Let the hand be busy scattering precious seed.
In their bosom lies all that the soul requireth,
Shone upon by God and quickened to our need.

Ours are the new friends, children of the Father.
Let us love them truly for the old friends' sake.
Lay up while we may treasures of affection,
Lest the hungry heart with vain longing break.

—Mary F. Butts, in Good Housekeeping.

The Trouble A on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1898, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Back yonder in the Tennessee hills, wher' I come f'om," he said, "ther' was wunst a feller f'om the north 'at 'lowed he was a-goin' to build him a ho-tell on the mounting and run a railroad up to it. Nobody never said a blame' word ag'inst it, as I ever hearn, but somehow'r 'nother, he got sorter tired and wo'n-out atter awhile and quit; and ther' ain't no ho-tell n'r no railroad on that ther' mounting yit."

We both filled in the inferential blanks in the parable, and when Kilgore had disappeared in the direction of the corral, I said, jestingly:

"There's an idea for you. If legal means, fail, you can mobilize your cowboy army and drive them out by main strength and awkwardness."

Macpherson laughed good-naturedly. "If you were half as vindictive as you talk, you'd be a holy terror. But I'm not going to fight. At first, I thought I should—with the Winchesters, if it came to that—but they've been figuring around so long that I've had a chance to think it over—and to change my mind."

I have pathetically acute memory for details, and it occurred to me just then that he had spoken of the school-mistress as a peacemaker.

"Has Miss Sanborn forbidden it?" I asked, with malice aforethought.

He was singularly embarrassed, for a man who had made me more or less his fidus Achates since our college days in the stuffy dormitory.

"You are taking a good deal more for granted—about Miss Sanborn—than the facts warrant," he protested. "Of course, she is interested on the side of peace, in a general way; but—"

"But you would have me believe that she has no personal interest in the matter. I haven't the pleasure of her acquaintance, but if that be the case, I'll venture to say that she is not a very discerning young woman."

Now when you would sweat out the secrets, sentimental or otherwise, of any son of Adam, there is no sudorific like a little abuse well rubbed in. Macpherson's reply told me what I wanted to know, and more.

"Say; you mustn't talk that way about her, old man. I can't listen to it, you know. She is all that's good and pure and sweet; and I'm—that is to say, I—"

It would have been needlessly cruel to let him go on stumbling about in the limited vocabulary of the lover at bay. So I said:

"Don't stultify yourself, my dear boy; bring her to me that I may bless you both before I go hence and be no more."

"Confound it all! you will go on taking too much for granted!" he broke in, missing the predetermined pathos in the last phrase. "Can't you understand? She is 'Miss Sanborn' to me yet, and I'm 'Mr. Macpherson' to her. That's the plain truth of it."

"All in good time, Angus, my boy. I can understand that there are milestones, even in Lover's Lane. And I can also understand that if Miss Sanborn is on the side of submission I can't incite you to rebellion. Is that the fact?"

"If you will put it that way. I shan't fight, at any rate."

There the matter came to the ground of its own weight, and I took up the field-glass to train it upon another miniature whirlwind of dust homing across the valley.

"That's Dan Connolly," said Macpherson, when the dust-cloud parted in the midst.

"How can you tell, at this distance?"

"By the way he rides. He was a trooper in her majesty's Heavy Dragoons before he migrated and became a cow-puncher, and he jockeys in his stirrups to this good day. Hello!—what's that?"

It sounded like the fall of plank upon plank, but I was enough of a sportsman to recognize the crack of a heavy rifle. Thereupon ensued a quick-moving and stirring tableau. The horse of the approaching range-rider made a demi-volt in air, coming down broadside in its tracks. I looked to see the ex-trooper flung headlong, but the glass showed him to me flat on the ground behind the living breastwork withers of the bronco. A thousand yards away, at the black gash in the Gringo, a small cavalcade was defiling into the park, and out of it a horseman rode, waving his gun in the air as he came. Macpherson stepped back into the house, coming out again quickly with his Winchester.

"By God," he said, between his teeth, "if they're going to begin by taking pot-shots at us— Now what the devil is that fellow trying to do? Hasn't he got sense enough to know that Connolly's only waiting till he gets in range?"

The oncoming horseman had slung his rifle, and was waving something white. The man in the breastwork let him come up until he was within easy killing distance, and then judging by the way in which the truce-bearer dragged his horse to its haunches, the bronco's garrison had called a halt. There was a brief colloquy of some sort—not peaceful, if the field-glass were to be trusted, and gestures mean anything—and at the end of it the man with the white handkerchief galloped back to his company and led it by a wide detour around the intrenched one. Five minutes later, Connolly ambled up and dropped from his horse at the corral bars.

"What was the row, Dan?" Macpherson called.

"Nothin' worth the name of ut, sorr. It was on'y Misther Engineer Wykamp, av the Glenlivat Land Coomp'ny—bad 'cess to 'm—poppin' his gun over the head av me to ask about the thrail. He was sweatin' heejus, an' for wan cint I'd 've put him out av his mis'ry. I was that near to doin' ut annyhow."

Macpherson's smile was the grimmest. "It's God's mercy Connolly didn't kill him," he said. "I've known him to do a worse thing on slighter provocation than that."

The little episode was to me like the sight of his first battle is like to be to the soldier, and my bones became as water. Moreover, the spirit of prophecy came upon me and I was fain to give it speech as one who had advised a thought too rashly.

"If that's the beginning of it, Angus, the middle part and the ending will be of violence. I don't know but the school-ma'am is right, after all. What I had in mind was a legal fight."

"You mean that I'd better be prospecting for the new range?"

"After you've driven the money bargain, yes. There'll be bloodshed if you don't."

He laid the rifle across his knees and the far-away look came back into the brown eyes of him.

"I don't know," he said, slowly. "Somehow, I don't feel as sure about what I ought to do as I did a few minutes ago. Are we a lot of outlaws to be called down like escaping convicts?"

I tried to turn it off in a laugh. "It's doubtless all one to the engineer. He is probably from the far east, with fictional notions of western customs. I shouldn't wonder if he thought that was the accepted method of calling a man's attention out here. Where are you going?" Macpherson had risen to take his saddle from its peg under the wide eaves.

"I believe I'll ride up the valley a piece and see what has become of Milt. He isn't quite as hasty as Dan Connolly, but I wouldn't answer for him if that fellow tries to bully him. Shall I put you to bed before I go?"

I suffered him; and a little later, through a chink in the ranch house wall, saw him mount and ride. It must have been hours later when he returned. The men were snoring peacefully, and the moon was pouring a flood of white radiance through the square window openings and the never-closed door of the ranch house. I heard Macpherson stumble in and fling himself into his bunk, which was opposite mine. When I turned over to speak to him, I had a glimpse of his face in the moonlight, and it brought me to my elbow with a sharp ejaculation of concern.

"For heaven's sake, Angus, what's the matter wth you? You're bleeding—you're hurt!"

He rolled over quickly and hid his face after the manner of a petulant child, and I heard something which sounded like a mumbled curse.

"Never mind me; I'm all right. The bronco stumbled. You go to sleep."

CHAPTER III.

A WORD AND A BLOW.

When I awoke on the morning following the day of episodes it was late, and the bunk-room was deserted by all save the master. Macpherson was smoking peacefully and reading the papers brought up from Fort Cowan by Kilgore, and his greeting was cheerfully obliterative of the overnight attack of ill-humor.

"The dregs of the morning to you; I thought you were going to sleep the clock around. How do you feel this morning?"

"I feel as if I could punish a square meal. What time is it?"

"Nine o'clock, and worse. Oh, Andy!—is the water boiling?"

"Yep," came the answer from the cook-house in the rear.

"Put the eggs in, and be ready to die if they come out hard." And then to me: "You like 'em underdone, don't you?"

"Yes. When did you put eggs on the menu?"

"Last night. Milt had you in mind, and he brought them down from the settlement in his hat."

A mist not of the atmosphere blurred the homely interior of the bunk-room for me. Self-control is but a crater-crust in a well man, and the hot lava of illness thins it to the fracturing point.

"If I were a sick child you fellows couldn't be more lovingkind to me."

"Oh, you be——" The affectionate malison stuck in his throat, and he made a hollow pretense of relighting his pipe—which had not gone out. When the air was fairly blue with tobacco-smoke, he said: "I'm going down to the fort to-day. Want anything?"

"Yes; I want to know how the bronco came to stumble—last night."

He got up and began to tramp, with his hands behind him and his head in a dense cloud of the pipe's making.

"I had hoped you'd forget that," he said, after a turn or two.

"Is it anything I ought not to know?"

"Not on my account; but you've troubles enough of you own."

"A friend's share of yours won't make mine any heavier."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"You may be. Besides, it's only the details that are lacking; you had a row with the engineer."

"How do you know?"

"I'm only guessing at it. How did it happen?"

"It happened because it's written in the book of fate that one of us is to efface the other, I think. It began to grind itself into me yesterday, when that fellow rode out to parley with Dan Connolly. If I believed in transmigration, I should say that we had worried through some past avatar as red-dog and wolf."

"But the bronco-stumble?" said I.

"I'm coming to that. When I saddled El Gato last night, I had it in mind to go and wrestle it out with Selter for not keeping faith with me. A mile this side of the settlement I met Milt, and when he told me that Wykamp was at Selter's, I killed time to give him a chance to get away. What I had to say to Selter wouldn't brook witnesses."

"I can imagine."

"When I reached the schoolhouse, Miss Sanborn was locking up, and I —I—"

"You stopped to talk it over with her. Go on."

"She boards at the Selters', you know, and it struck me all at once that I didn't want her to meet that fellow Wykamp. I don't know why, and I didn't stop to reason it out. I made her sit down on the step of the schoolhouse, and we talked for an hour or more, I should say. When I thought I had given Wykamp time to vanish, I drew the line. The moon was up and it was getting chilly, and I can't make Winif—Miss Sanborn believe that thin sleeves and pneumonia are cause and effect at this altitude."

"Confound your digressions! Will you never come to the point?"

"All in good time. We were half way to Selter's when I heard the engineer coming. He pulled his horse down to a walk when he saw us, and I gave him plenty of room. I saw him bend to stare at us as he passed,

"I LOST MY HEAD AND STRUCK HIM."

and before I knew what was happening he was blocking the way with a sneer on his face and her name on his tongue. She clung to me and tried to hide her face; and he—he laughed."

Macpherson was living it over again in the retelling, and his handsome face was a study in righteous wrath. I could easily imagine that the engineer would never know how nearly he had laughed his life away.

"Yes, he laughed, and said: 'I told you the world wasn't going to be big enough for you to hide in. Won't you introduce me to your—friend?' She began to cry at that, and I lost my head, of course, and struck him. He came back at me—with the butt of his whip, I think—calling me a name that made her out to be—God help me, Jack! I can't go over it all again in cold blood!"

"Don't try; I can finish it. You killed him, and you're going to Fort Cowan to give yourself up. Is there a lawyer this side of Denver with brains enough to defend you?"

He shook his head. "No, I didn't. I meant to, but she got between us. She was half crazy with grief and fright, as she had a right to be, but out of her passionate incoherence I managed to pick this: that Wykamp's life was not mine to take—that I, of all men in the world, must spare and slay not, even if the blood of a kinsman should cry out for vengeance."

Just at this point in Macpherson's narrative, Andrew the Mild came in with my breakfast. When he went away, I said: "Was that all?"

"About all. I don't think Wykamp heard much of what she was trying to say. He'd had a look down the gullet of a forty-five, and had lost his nerve. He made out to climb his horse after a frantic plunge or two, and rode away; and then I took Winifred home."

"Did she say anything to clear it up?"

"Not a word. And I didn't have the heart to ask questions, as you may imagine. She was too deep in misery to talk; and you'll understand from what I've told you that she has not yet given me the right to be inquisitive."

"There are some things in this world that need to be taken for granted. But what is your theory?"

"I haven't any."

"I have—or rather, it's a horrible suspicion."

He stopped and put his hand on my shoulder, and I wondered if he had read my thought.

"Keep it to yourself, Jack," he said, with his chin a-quiver; "I've about all I can stand, just now. If you knew her you wouldn't say 'suspicion.' Are you safe to leave for a day or two?"

"Of course I am. And you'd better be off if you expect to reach Cowan by daylight."

"I'm gone. Take care of yourself and just play the outfit's yours. The boys will nurse you to the queen's taste, if you'll let them. Good-bye."

[To Be Continued.]

THE SUSPECTED CUSHION.

Experience of a Young American Lady with a German Customs Official.

A friend of mine had a most embarrassing experience in Freiburg-im-Breisgau. She had received a notice announcing the arrival of a package from England, and requesting her presence at the headquarters of the octroi, writes the author of "Continental Chit-Chat." The lady with whom she was staying was unable to accompany her, and Miss G——, being in a hurry for the ball-dress which the parcel contained, started off boldly alone, notwithstanding her exceedingly limited knowledge of German. After keeping her waiting some considerable time one of the employes deigned to hunt up the package.

She watched the unceremonious handling of her dainty gown with inward qualms as he shook out the folds. Suddenly a vivid blush overspread her face as she saw the man examining a small cushion which was sewn under the back drapery of the skirt—ladies who recall the fashions of a few years ago will remember the article in question. The presence of two students in the office, and the evident interest they were taking in her affairs, did not lessen her embarrassment either; had the cushion been stuffed with all manner of contraband goods instead of innocent horsehair, she could not have felt more uncomfortable. Every word of German seemed to fade from her memory, and not a syllable could she utter to allay the official's suspicions. The burning flush deepened as he ripped open the cushion, and exposed the horsehair to the public gaze, and an intense longing took possession of her to box the ears of the two students, who were in convulsions of suppressed laughter.

"I never felt such a fool in all my life," she said to me when recounting her adventure; "and if those two fellows are at the ball I don't know what I shall do." I believe they were there, but Miss G——, who was a very pretty girl and always had hosts of partners, managed to enjoy herself amazingly all the same.

SHE FOUND THE RECIPE.

It Had Been Lost in the Family Bible and the Minister Brought It to Light.

"My wife will be careful hereafter how she takes liberties with the truth," said Jones, with a grin, relates the Detroit Free Press. "We had our minister with us the other day for dinner, and the conversation turned upon absent-mindedness, and my better half had to tell her story.

"'I am dreadfully absent-minded,' said she. 'I remember some six or seven years ago a friend of mine gave me her celebrated recipe for making jam. When I reached home I carefully put it away where I would be sure to find it when I wanted it. But, do you know, a few weeks later when I needed it I couldn't remember for the life of me where I had put it, and to this day I have never been able to find it.'

"After dinner she turned to Rev. Mr. Thirdly and said, sweetly:

"'Would you mind reading a chapter in the Bible? We make it a rule to read at least one chapter every night.'

"This statement caused me to look at her in surprise, for it was news to me.

"The reverend gentleman consented graciously, and she brought the family Bible, which she had carefully dusted and placed in a conspicuous spot before he had arrived.

"As he turned the leaves a paper fluttered to the floor.

"'Goodness!' gasped my wife, as she picked it up, not realizing how her words were going to sound, after her somewhat pious statement, 'it is that recipe for jam!'"

Cause for Thankfulness.

"Prev'us to de amalgamation ob dis yer collectshun," observed the pastor, "ah spoke at some lengf upon de subjec' ob Thanksgibbing.

"In mah po' way ah endeavored fo' to p'int out de various whys an' wharfo's dat dis yer flock should be raisin' its voice in praise dis glorious mawnin', an' ah hed hoped de result would hab been a trifle mo' apparent in de size ob de offerin'. Howebber.

"But, in recountin' de many fings fo' which members ob dis gadderin' oughter be thankful, it seems dat ah neglected one sinner."

Here the reverend gentleman looked about and held up in full view a shining suspender button which he had taken from the plate.

"Ah refer," said he, "to de gemman what put dis in de collectshun. He oughter be thankful ah don't know who he am."—Harper's Bazar.

INCREASE CAPACITY.

Vast Improvements to be Made By United States Steel Corporation in Its Plants—United States Will Become Greatest Tin Plate Manufacturing Country in the World.

Pittsburg, Dec. 13.—The Chronicle-Telegraph says: "Some extensive improvements and enlargement of the various plants of the United States Steel Corporation have just been decided upon by the advisory board of the big steel combination. It has been developed that the sole object of the inspection tour of President C. M. Schwab and other officials last month was to consider suggestions made by the district managers. The most important action of the board was a decision to largely increase the steel producing capacity of the corporation as the output of finished material is far in advance of that of the Bessemer converters and open hearth plants.

One of the plans is to equip all the open hearth furnaces of the Carnegie Steel Co. at Duquesne, that the steel may be made by the Monell process, which already has proved so successful at Homestead. It is estimated that the monthly output can be increased thousands of tons by adopting this process at all the open hearth plants of the company.

"It has been decided by the American Sheet Steel Co. to install additional mills for the rolling of heavier gauges, and the work is to be begun at a number of plants in a short time.

"The American Tin Plate Co. will also, in the near future, install machinery for the ruling of black plate for tin mills that will be largely automatic. It is said on reliable authority that machinery in this process will do from two-thirds to three-fourths of the work now done by hand on the hot mills and the output will be materially increased.

"With the new method it is estimated that the American Tin Plate Co. will not only be able to compete with foreign manufacturers at home without the aid of the tariff but will also be able to compete with the foreign manufacturers at home without the aid of tariffs, which would result in the United States becoming the greatest tin plate manufacturing country in the world."

HOTEL FIRE.

One Man Burnad to Death and Several Persons Injured.

Ford City, Pa., Dec. 13.—The Fifth Avenue hotel, of this place, was destroyed by fire at an early hour Thursday morning. One man is missing and several employes and guests were injured by jumping from the second and third floors to the ground. Those most seriously injured were: E. E. Hammond, night policeman, burned about face and body; A. A. Aronson, Pittsburg, injured internally by jumping; George Rickards, badly burned about hands and face; James McLaughlin, burned about face and hands; James Karl, broken leg; Valentine Debold, proprietor of the hotel, face burned; Michael McCartney, leg broken. A man named Dumont is missing and it is feared was burned to death.

The fire was discovered about 1 o'clock and the flames spread so rapidly that the guests were rescued with difficulty. The building and contents were valued at $20,000.

Later the charred remains of John Dumont were found in the ruins. Dumont was a molder and carried a card of the molders' union at Wheeling, W. Va.

Victims of Whitecaps.

New Albany, Ind., Dec. 13.—News reached this city Thursday of an outbreak of white caps in Crawford county. During the past week William Cunningham, a former justice of the peace; Jesse Tyre and Miss Alice Haycock, all of Sterling township, have been taken from their beds by mobs of masked men and whipped with hickory switches. The victims were accused of immoral practices and had been warned to desist. The better class of people of the community is indignant at the outrages.

Wants $2,500,000 for Army Posts.

Washington, Dec. 13.—The secretary of war has sent to the house committee on appropriations an estimate of $500,000 for the construction of barracks and other necessary buildings at the army post at Manila, P. I., and has asked that the appropriation be made immediately available. He has also sent in another estimate for $2,000,000 for posts in other parts of the Philippines.

Fire Destroyed Valuable Papers.

Cincinnati, Dec. 13.—By the burning of the store of Lowry & Goebel Thursday, Arthur Goebel lost the papers relating to the death of his brother, William Goebel, and the trials of ex-Secretary of State Caleb Powers, James Howard, Henry Youtsey and others who have been tried or indicted in Kentucky for the tragedy at Frankfort almost two years ago. These papers included affidavits, confessions, and volumes of testimony.

Indiana Bank Suspends.

Laporte, Ind., Dec. 13.—An attempt made two weeks ago to rob the Wanatah bank, of Wanatah, Laporte county, owned by Julius Conitz, caused a run on the institution, which has resulted in its suspension. The assets are $91,000, of which $40,000 is in the stock of the Eastern & Northwestern Railway Co., which is constructing a line between Toledo, O., and Benton Harbor, Mich. Depositors and creditors will be paid in full.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The first of the states to hold an election in 1902 will be Oregon.

The locust or grasshopper plagues of Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota occurred in the years 1873, 1874 and 1875.

The Boston Journal reports its discovery of 818 couples in New England still enjoying married life after 50 years or more of it.

The city of Spokane, Wash., has paid in recent years thousands of dollars for damage suits resulting in injuries received on defective sidewalks.

THE SCHLY CASE.

The Report of the Court of Inquiry.

THERE ARE TWO MADE.

Benham and Ramsey Concur in the First.

A SEPARATE REPORT

Is Made by Admiral Dewey—The Former Condemns Schley on Eleven Points, While the Latter Sustains Him in Most Particulars.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The most prolonged interesting and important naval tribunal ever held in this country came to a close Thursday having, in open and secret session, lasted three months lacking one week, when Secretary Long was handed the findings of the court of inquiry which inquired into the conduct of Rear Admiral Schley during the Santiago campaign. For seven weeks the court heard testimony and for fully a month it deliberated upon that mass of evidence, finally reaching the conclusions announced yesterday. The result was a complete surprise, and it is probable that no prophecy has approached the truth. Instead of one report there are two. Both are signed by George Dewey, president, and by Sam C. Lemley, as judge advocate. This is a form said to be recognized in all courts of inquiry, the signatures of the other members not being necessary. But it is explained that Admiral Dewey signed the second report, a minority report, to express his qualification of or dissent from the views expressed by the court, comprising beside himself Admirals Benham and Ramsay, in the first report.

It is said at the navy department that there will be no further proceedings in this celebrated case on the department's initiative. Secretary Long and Judge Advocate Lemley positively declined to discuss the findings in any phase. The secretary received the reports at 5 o'clock last evening and he has not yet acted upon them. It is probable that he will simply append his signature with the word "Approved" to the whole record. The court itself recommends no further proceedings owing to the lapse of time.

The majority report condemns Admiral Schley on eleven points, while Admiral Dewey sustains him in most particulars. The majority opinion finds in brief that Admiral Schley should have proceeded with the utmost dispatch to Cienfuegos and maintained a close blockade; that he should have endeavored to have obtained information of the Spanish squadron there; that he should not have made the retrogade movement; that he should have proceeded to Santiago with dispatch; that he should have obeyed the departments orders; that he should have endeavored to capture the Spanish vessels in Santiago; that he did not do his utmost to destroy the Colon; that he caused the squadron to lose distance in the loop of the Brooklyn; that he thereby caused the Texas to back; that he did injustic to Hodgson; that his conduct in the campaign was characterized by vacilation, dilatoriness and lack of enterprise; that his official reports of the battle were misleading and inaccurate; that his conduct during the battle was self-possessed and that he encouraged in his own person his subordinate officers and men.

Admiral Dewey in his report says that the passage to Cienfuegos was made with all dispatch; that in view of his coal supply the blockade of Cienfuegos was effective; that he allowed the Adulla to enter Cienfuegos to get information; that his passage to Santiago was with as much dispatch as possible, keeping the squadron together; that the blockade of Santiago was effective, and, finally, that he was the senior officer off Santiago, in absolute command, and entitled to the credit due for the glorious victory that resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships.

Baltimore, Dec. 14.—Mr. Isidor Rayner showed keen disappointment when the findings of the court of inquiry were communicated to him last night. He announced that he would go to Washington as soon as his engagements will permit, probably Monday or Tuesday and he will counsel Admiral Schley to fight the case to a finish by every appeal that is possible.

Elected Officers.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 14.—The Associated Labor Press of American held its fifth annual meeting here and elected officers Friday as follows: President, John M. McDermott, of the Chicago Chronicle; and for vice presidents the following: John F. Sullivan, Boston Globe; W. E. Klapeney, Barbers' Journal; H. J. Nelson, Philadelphia North American; Eva McDonald Valesch, American Federationist; William F. Seal, Richmond (Va.) News; John Bogart, New York Journal, secretary-treasurer, Mason Warner, Toledo Bee.

Accepted the Challenge.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 14.—L. V. Harkness has accepted the challenge of Ross & Dickerson, of Madison, Ind., for a match trotting race between Gavatta and any candidate to be four years old next season. Harkness is willing to make the prize $50,000 a side.

Brokers Assign.

Boston, Dec. 14.—The assignment of Wainwright Bros. & Co., brokers, was announced Friday. The assignment is attributed to the decline in copper stocks. The firm had been doing business for upwards of 20 years.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

GRASSHOPPER BRICKS.

New Hen Food in Concentrated Form for Which the World Is Indebted to Nebraska.

Grasshoppers are being put to a new use out in Nebraska. The farmers have killed incredible numbers of them by the help of a machine which is, perhaps, the most effective ever devised for the purpose. It is called a "hopperdozer," and is nothing more less than a large flat pan, with a small amount of kerosene contained in a depression in the rear part of it. The contrivance, being attached to a horse, is pushed along in front of the animal as the latter is driven across the fields. Pretty nearly every grasshoper is encountered, jumps upon the pan, and is promptly suffocated by the kerosene.

This ingenious instrument has been in use for a number of years in parts of the west, but hitherto it has not occurred to the farmers to make any use of the dead grasshoppers. Most commonly they were burned, though some more enterprising agriculturists turned a portion of them to account as poultry feed. They found that the hens liked them exceedingly; for it is a fact that a grasshopper is to a hen what a canvasback duck is to a human epicure—the very choicest and most esteemed of delicacies.

Hence the idea which is now being developed on a commercial scale. The grasshoppers, after being killed by the hopperdozer, are left in windrows in the fields, where they are soon dried. When they have been exposed to the sun for a sufficient time to reduce them to a properly desiccated condition they are gathered up with rakes, shoveled into carts, and conveyed to a shed, where they are put into a press somewhat resembling an ordinary cheese press, and converted into solid bricks.

The bricks are shipped in quantities to poultry-raisers, who find this new kind of hen-provender most satisfactory, and they are anxious to get more of it. Apparently, it is a great encourager of egg-production.

It is not necessary to grind the bricks before feeding the stuff to the chickens, but merely to break them into pieces and soften with water.—Saturday Evening Post.

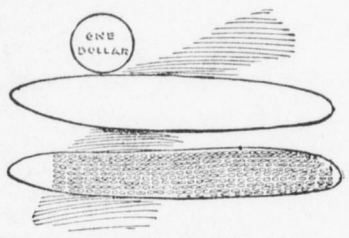
TESTING SILVER COINS.

The Comprehensive System in Vogue at the Different Mints of the United States.

Out of every fresh batch of silver dollars made at the United States mints half a dozen are sent to the treasury at Washington to be tested as samples. If they turn out to be of the requisite fineness and weight it is taken for granted that the whole edition is correct.

For the test the coin after being weighed is rolled out in a thin flat strip more than a foot in length. Then the strip is placed beneath a row of punches, which punch holes in it, so that after passing beneath the instrument it has the look of a colander.

A great many little silver disks are thus obtained, and of these a dozen



HOW DOLLARS ARE TESTED.

or so are taken and assayed, to find out how much silver they contain. Being obtained from various parts of the coin, they represent fairly the average fineness of the dollar throughout. If the weight is too little, beyond a very tiny fraction, the whole batch of coins must be melted and made over again, and the same thing must be done if the fineness is not up to standard. Otherwise the assayer indorses the mintage and the dollars.

Wink Measured by Science.

A German scientist has given another proof of the painstaking nature of his race in obtaining perfect accuracy and the time that is occupied by a wink. He used a special photographic apparatus and fixed a piece of white paper on the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom movement. Then it rises slower than it rises slower than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was .075 to .091 of a second. The time from when the eye rested till it closed varied from .15 to .17 of a second. In rising the lid took .17 of a second. The wink was completed in .4 of a second.

The Trolley in Egypt.

Tourists in Egypt can now take a trolley car in the main street of Cairo direct to the pyramids. In a short time a line will be built equipped with American cars to run from the ocean front at Tiraeus to the Parthenon at Athens.

Electric Lamps for Dogs.

A novel idea for sportsmen seems to be of Portuguese origin. An electric lamp is placed on the collar of the hunting dog, and this frightens foxes and badgers from their burrows when the dog enters.

HAPPY COMBINATION.

Western Inventor Has Just Designed a Baby Coach Combined with a Bicycle.

From Arizona comes the up-to-date machine shown in the picture below, the inventor being Fred Genzlinger, of Phoenix. Of course, it will not prevent the policeman and nurse from holding their usual conversations in the park, but otherwise it is an improvement over the old style of baby carriage. The propelling part of the perambulator is similar to a bicycle, while the coach proper is pivoted at the forward end of the frame in such a manner that it can be easily turned by the steering wheel and chain attached to the handle-bar. To relieve the main wheels of a portion of the weight there is a small trailer at the rear of the coach, and this wheel also serves as a rest when the carriage is detached

BICYCLE BABY CART.

from the frame of the wheel for walking. The seat and handle-bar have the usual adjustments, and it should be a pleasure to the nurse to take the baby riding in this speedy machine, while it goes without saying that the child once taking a ride in this carriage will prefer it to all others.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEW HEADACHE CURE.

English Physician Recommends Use of the Seton as Infallible and Permanent.

Sick headaches, the bogey of the modern society woman and often the greatest trouble of the business man, is to lose its terrors, according to an English physician when a remedy now used by him becomes universal. This medical man, a Dr. Whitehead, has returned to the practice of old days, and reintroduced the seton, and by its use claims that he has successfully treated every bad headache that has come into his hands.

Simply described the seton consists of a twist of silk, of small threads or a few horsehairs, which by a needle is drawn through the skin so as to keep a hole in the skin open. In the cure of headaches Dr. Whitehead draws this seton through the skin at the nape of the neck. How this cures he does not explain, but says that for 25 years past he has not seen a headache case that could not be cured by it. In one case a lady had for years been affected by severe headaches that left her prostrated for many hours after they had passed the climax. A seton was put in three months ago, and since then she has had no attack. The seton, he says, should be left in place three months. English authorities say this means should not be resorted to unless the pain from the headache is absolutely unbearable, as otherwise the remedy will prove worse than the disease.

The causes for sick headache are many. Often it is due to the eyes, and a use of proper spectacles will prevent it. Sometimes it can be stopped by the use of a stimulant, as a cup of black coffee at the moment when the headache is beginning to manifest itself. Nearly every one who is subjected to these attacks knows of one or more causes that will bring them on and sometimes is able to avoid this, but sometimes the cause is unavoidable even when known.

Of all the cures that have been suggested the greatest confidence is placed in caffeine and in antipyrine. Antipyrine is taken in powder in doses of one gramme; two, three, or four such doses are given an adult in the first two hours of the attack. When given in time this drug calms the headache even when it does not entirely cure it. But when taken repeatedly the effect of the drug wanes. The system becomes habituated to it, and it no longer gives relief. Then as a substitute antifebrine or acetanilide may be given, or oxalgine or phenacetine.

Among the many other remedies which help in special cases are salicylate of soda, aconitine, bromide of potassium, chloral and sulfonal. Aconitine is a dangerous medicine, however, and the others are of little use—the soda least of all.

In general, however, sick headache is the result of a generally bad condition of the body or of a bad condition in some portion, and a general medical treatment is desirable to remove the cause and thus prevent a recurrence of the attack. Anemic and chlorotic subjects should take ferrugineous medicines and should undergo hydropathic treatment.

Self-Charging Automobile.

It is reported that an automobile battery has been evolved in England which threatens a revolution in horseless travel. In going down hill the motor is reversed and the battery recharges itself, so that it is much stronger at the bottom than at the top. A record trip of over 94 miles was made on an American built wagon equipped with this motor and battery, and no stop for recharging.

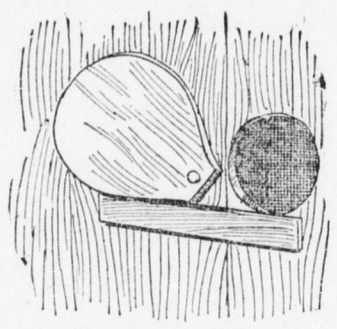
THE FARMING WORLD

CHICKEN COOP DOOR.

So Simple in Construction That Any Farmer Handy with Tools Can Improvise One.

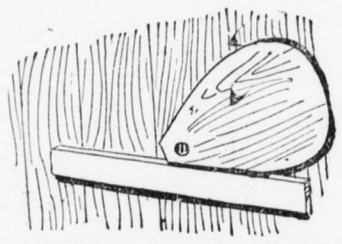
Experience is necessary in planning and making preparations for winter. It is not an easy matter for inexperienced people to conceive an idea of a good door for their chicken coops, and we give here a drawing of one that we found George Moore, of Maine, using, and which he said had given perfect satisfaction.

The arrangement was so simple in construction that any farmer who



CHICKEN COOP DOOR OPEN.

understood the use of tools at all could attach it to a coop or box to be used for a coop with but little trouble. The door, or entrance, should be sawed out perfectly round; ten inches would be large enough, while the door or cover to the entrance should be one inch larger with one side extended so that the cover will be pear-shaped. The pointed side should have a quarter-inch hole bored through it, the door working on a bolt for a hinge. This style of hinge will not rust or break like the



CHICKEN COOP DOOR CLOSED.

ordinary hinge, and the door is not swinging open and shut, but remains where the poultryman leaves it. In a cold climate, where ice and snow will bother, four nails should be driven nearly out of sight on top of the cleat, on which the door may rest instead of flat down. This will prevent freezing down.

Mr. Moore also uses two doors, one inside and one outside the coop, both revolving on the same bolt. It would be well for those wishing to make a cheap and convenient chicken coop door to try the one herein described. —E. F. Barry, in Ohio Farmer.

HELPING WEAK COLONIES.

How to Do Away with One of the Direct Causes of the So-Called Spring Dwindling.

When the fall flow of nectar is light the bees dicontinue brood rearing early, and consequently go into winter quarters very light in number, and rather old to insure successful wintering. This is one of the direct causes of the so-called spring dwindling. It must be prevented by late brooding.

Those who leave their bees to starve in a poor season are not deserving of honey in a good one.

To obtain the best results from our bees they should be fed to stimulate brood rearing, so that our colonies will be very strong at fruit bloom. To do this we must begin to feed as early as the weather will permit the bees to fly at least once a week. Some mild day soon after removing them from the cellar, all colonies should be closed on what combs they will cover with sufficient stores to last two or three weeks, placing the unoccupied combs in the outside of the follower.

When feeding time arrives prepare your feed, either a poor grade of honey, maple sirup, or better still granulated sugar, which should be about the consistency of newly gathered honey. If sugar is used the proportion is equal parts of sugar and water. It may be fed without heating, but I prefer to bring it to a scald and to put it in the combs and feed while milk warm. Take the combs to be used, uncapping what honey they contain, and fill the empty portion with the sirup. Rest the comb over the tank in a slanting position with the top bar up and dip the sirup on it with a dipper having a perforated bottom. Place one comb next to the cluster once a week, removing the one given last.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Flaxseed Crop for 1901

There is a consensus of opinion mong commercial authorities that he 1901 flaxseed crop of the United tates will prove to be the largest ever produced in this country. Early in the season considerable divergence of opinion was expressed both as to acreage and yield, and estimates of production ranged from about 20,000,000 to 32,000,000 bushels. Lately, however, the range has been narrowed and now there is practical unanimity that the crop will amount to between 22,000,000 and 26,500,000 bushels.

HE CAUGHT THE PRINCESS.

Although Disguised She Was Caught Off Her Guard by the Monk and Discovered.

An entertaining story comes from the French Alps of Dauphiny, relating the futile efforts of the Princess of Croy, who desired to enter the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, a habitation from which women visitors are rigidly excluded, says an exchange.

The story runs that the princess dressed herself in boy's clothes, and accompanied her husband to the institution. The gates were opened to them, and the prince sent his card to the father superior, with a line to the effect that he was accompanied by a friend.

Just as they were about to make the round of the building, the word was received that the father would like to see the prince and "his friend." Going upstairs, they were received by the smiling monk, who cordially invited them to join him in an appetizing luncheon. The princess endeavored to make the best of the situation, but she was not put any the more at her ease by the fact that the monk kept gazing sharply at her.

At last he exclaimed suddenly: "Catch it, young man!" at the same time throwing at her a large pear. The princess was startled and, thrown completely off her guard, made a feminine motion to grab up her skirt, the absence of which she overlooked in her confusion.

Then the father stopped smiling, and said, with great gravity:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but ladies are not allowed in the monastery. I must ask you to wait outside until the prince has finished his inspection."

And outside she had to go, the reverend father bowing her from the room with most elaborate politeness.

Hunting Stories.

Once he was shooting where his host happened to have killed a boy and a keeper in the same season, and he asked a beater whether his master felt the matter very much. The answer was: "Well, sir, he didn't care much about the by. He gie his mother five pounds. But he were wery wexed about the man. He didn't go out shooten for a whole week." This in Norfolk was considered an evidence of the climax of human emotion. A Lord Cholmondeley of the past once incautiously asked the mayor and other notabilities of King's Lynn to enjoy a day's shooting. They got little sport till they approached the hall, where they blazed away freely, but they were somewhat taken aback when, at the banquet which followed, a horrified servant brought the appalling intelligence that "the Lynn gentlemen had shot all her ladyship's tame partridges."—London Post.

How It Affected Him.

Cholly—Does your father say anything about me?

Edith—Dear me, yes! Mamma says he'll never get over his hoarseness unless he stops hollering every time he speaks about you!—Puck.

$200 a Month

To Agents selling our Co-operative Mercantile Contracts (Shares). Territory allotted January 1st, 1902. We want bright insurance men or Bankers. Fidelity Assurity Company, 377-379 Broadway, New York City.

The change from a job to a situation is not always appreciated by the incumbent; as, for instance, when a political job becomes an embarrassing situation.—Puck.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Colds. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Every man hides his deformity.—Atchison Globe.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

says: "Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained.

"Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."

Then He Gets Noisy.

Mrs. Biggs—Your husband isn't much for show. He always dresses very quietly.

Mrs. Diggs—Huh! You ought to hear him sometimes when his collar button rolls under the dresser.—Chicago Daily News.

Persons contemplating a journey East or West should be careful that the rates paid for their transportation do not exceed those charged by the Nickel Plate Road.

This company always offers lowest rates and the service is efficient. Careful attention is given to the wants of all first and second class passengers by uniformed colored attendants. The dining car service of the Nickel Plate Road is above criticism and enables the traveler to obtain meals at from thirty-five (35) cents to $1.00 but no higher.

The Pullman service is the usual high grade standard. Semi-weekly transcontinental tourist cars ply between Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Confer with nearest agent of the Nickel Plate Road.

A Change of Base.

Yeast—I see a Philadelphia composer has written a quickstep.

Crimsonbeak—Yes, and I hear they are using it in Chicago for a funeral march.—Yonkers Statesman.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Cautious.

Short—Do you believe that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind?

Long—It all depends. What are you feeling for now?—Chicago Daily News.

Travelers Call it Blessed.

Of all the blessings that a railroad company can confer upon a long-suffering public, none is greater than smokeless coal. The Lackawanna Railroad burns it! for which all travelers call that road blessed. No smoke! no dust. Its policy may well inspire the gratitude and patronage of a grateful and appreciative public.—Outing.

Flirtby—"No, I've given up calling on Miss Roxley." Jiggs—"Ah! I suppose her father had a hand in that?" Flirtby—"Well—er—not a hand, exactly."—Philadelphia Press.

On Dec. 3rd and 17th the Norfolk & Western Ry. will sell round trip tickets from Cincinnati and Columbus to points in the Virginias and Carolinas at greatly reduced rates.

For all information as to rates, address Allen Hull, D. P. A., 45 E. 4th St., Cincinnati.

There are few crooked things that a pull which is long enough and strong enough and earnest enough will not straighten out.—Wellspring.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

"Don't you know you oughtn't to smoke, my lad?" "So me physician tells me, but it's the only way I can get relief from business worries."—Indianapolis News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is not hard to let your moderation be known to all men, so far as the virtues are concerned.—Ram's Horn.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

The hypocrite prays cream and acts skim milk.—Chicago Daily News.

A square deal—The sale of a city block.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Finds Very Ancient Coin.

William E. Davis, a veteran of the Forty-second Indiana infantry, living at Flora, Ill., has a Roman coin which he found while campaigning in the Philippines and which numismatists claim is more than 1,600 years old. Authorities say the coin was struck by the Emperor Maximinus in 236 A. D. The coin is in an excellent state of preservation and the inscriptions are legible. It is the size of an American dollar and is made of bronze. The obverse bears the head of the emperor and the inscription reads, "Maximinus Pius Augustus Germanicus," and the reverse has the figure of a man bearing aloft an olive branch and bears the words, "Pax Augusti." It is supposed the coin found its way from Spain to the Philippines years ago and was lost in Luzon.

Mythology in Kansas.

"Some one in Kansas proposed that a statue of Ceres be placed on the dome of the new statehouse, but now he wishes he hadn't made the proposition," remarked the exchange editor, as he laid down a Kansas paper.

"What's the objection?" asked the telegraph editor.

"It is urged that no one in Kansas knows the lady, and that she probably was an actress, anyhow. It is the opinion that the figure of Chief Fewclothes, an Indian, would be more appropriate as an ornament to the dome of the Kansas statehouse."

"Well, I should think that a statue of Chief Fewclothes would be a nude departure, at any rate."—Pittsburg Gazette.

Had Him There.

"How crazy you women act over the 'Woman's page!'" said Mr. Pozenby, in a tone of withering sarcasm. "I wonder why the papers don't have a 'Man's page,' too?"

"They do," Mrs. Pozenby replied.

"I've never seen one."

"Oh, yes, you have. It's the page devoted to prize fighting and horse racing and other occupations of that sort."—Youth's Companion.

Her Circulating Medium.

"She's a very cautious woman. Especially about gossip. No woman ever heard her retail any scandal."

"But I am told that stories confided to her in secrecy do get out somehow."

"Yes, I know. You see, she tells them all to her husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hoped They Would Run Their Course.

Mrs. Vernon Brown—Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?

Mrs. Smiffian Jones—I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system.—Stray Stories.

Syrup of Figs

The Sale Annually of

Millions of Bottles

of Syrup of Figs and the universal satisfaction which it has given attest the fact that it possesses the qualities which commend it to public favor. With the diffusion of knowledge of what a laxative should be and a general understanding of the fact that it should have a truly laxative and beneficial effect and be wholly free from every objectionable quality, or substance, the large and growing demand for

Syrup of Figs

shows that it is destined to supplant the old-time cathartics which were generally injurious and usually disagreeable as well. In Syrup of Figs one finds a true laxative, simple and pleasant to the taste, gentle in its action and beneficial in effect.

In the process of manufacture figs are used as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially. In order

To Get Its Beneficial Effect

Buy the Genuine—Manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

Louisville, Ky. New York, N.Y.

For sale by all druggists Price fifty cents per bottle.

SEE THE

New Arrivals

FOR 1901!

Without a doubt the largest, high-class, popular manufactures of Cloths ever brought into Cameron county, at

R. SEGER & COMPANY'S.

We have taken especial care in the selection of our goods and propose giving our hundreds of customers,

HONEST, WELL-MADE GLOTHING AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

Every dollar's worth of goods must give the wearer satisfaction. We desire all who intend purchasing a suit of clothes this Fall to file their orders early, that care may be given to every customer, no matter whether you want a $15 or $40 suit.

R. SEGER & CO.

Opposite M. E. Church.

Madam French Female Pills. Dean's

A safe, certain relief for Suppressed Menstruation. Never known to fail. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free.

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart.

Sexine Pills

For years this remedy has been the standard nerve restorative. Thousands of happy men owe their newly found strength to its use.

Sexine Pills replace weakness and exhaustion with strength and vigor; the brain becomes clear; the nerves steady and calm; gloomy forebodings are banished and perfect vitality is fully restored.

If you are suffering as above, try a box; you'll be encouraged by its effect to take the full course of six boxes—then if you are not entirely cured, we will refund your money. This satisfactory offer is one of the factors of our success.

$1.00 per box; 6 boxes (with guarantee to cure or money back), $5.00, mailed in plain packages. Book free. PEAL MEDICINE Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by R.C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa. 51

BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

HOLIDAY GOODS

STORE NEWS.

Christmas Shoppers.

Our line of Chinaware is very handsome and the stock so complete that it will be no trouble for you to select a most handsome and useful present if you will only come and look over our large counter. Not only is our China Department up to date with seasonable goods but all others as well. We especially invite your attention to our Doll Department.

We carry the most complete stock of Ladies' Rainy-day Skirts in this county and the prices are considerably small when the quality is compared.

Now you need wraps this cold weather and we are prepared to fit you with the very latest in Coats, Capes and Raglans, and at a less cost than same goods can be purchased elsewhere.

Our store is stocked throughout with the best goods procurable. Our Grocery Department is in the lead by far, when you consider the quality of goods you get. Nothing but the best is our motto and that together with fair dealing has made this store the aknowledged leader in this county.

M. C. TULIS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Popular Bakery,

FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUTS

CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery.

All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

PILES A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository

D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart. Call for free sample.

DR. FENNER'S

Purifies the Blood — Blood & Liver — Builds up the Nerves

REMEDY AND

NERVE TONIC.

R. C. Dodson, Agent, Emporium, Pa

36-28ly.

Photographed from Life. REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advise free. Address

ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 16-20 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale in Emporium, by R. C. Dodson.

ALL SORTS.

Worms take refuge in the small intestine, where they can easily multiply. WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE will destroy these parasites. The verdict of the people tells plainly how well it has succeeded. Price, 25 cents. L. Taggart.

Whom we love best, to them we can say least.

Praise the bridge that carries you over either a flood or cough. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP has brought so many over throat and lung troubles, such as coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., that its praises are sung everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents. L. Taggart.

Love is the occupation of an idle man, the amusement of a busy one, and the shipwreck of a sovereign.

J. W. Bryan, of Lowder, Ills., writes: "My little boy was very low with pneumonia. Unknown to the doctor we gave him Foley's Honey and Tar. The result was magical and puzzled the doctor, as it immediately stopped the racking cough and he quickly recovered." L. Taggart.

One expresses well only the love he does not feel.

Disease and danger lurk in the vital organs. The blood becomes vitiated and the general health is undermined whenever the stomach and liver fail to perform their functions as nature intended. HERBINE will tone up the stomach, regulate the liver, where other preparations only relieve. Price, 50 cents. L. Taggart.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

An attractive woman thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. When troubled with a costive habit, she takes a few doses of HERBINE to cleanse her system of all impurities. Price, 50 cents. L. Taggart.

Love is master of the wisest. It is only fools who defy him.

Editor Lynch of "Daily Post" Philipsburg, N. J., has tested the merits of Foley's Honey and Tar with this result: "I have used a great many patent remedies in my family for coughs and colds, and I can honestly say your Honey and Tar is the best thing of the kind I have ever used and I cannot say too much in praise of it." L. Taggart.

Jack in love is no judge of Jill's beauty.

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache, dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep your bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by L. Taggart.

Love places a genius and a fool on a level.

For family use in numberless ways BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is a useful and valuable remedy. Price, 25 and 50 cents. L. Taggart.

Let him who would not be idle fall in love.

TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT has been thoroughly tested for many years, and is a positive cure for this most distressing and embarrassing of troubles. Price, 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. L. Taggart.

Love being the lighter, when mixed with business, always rises to the top.

A cold, cough or la grippe can be "nipped in the bud, with a dose or two of Foley's Honey and Tar. Beware of substitutes. L. Taggart.

Love is the business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy.

To Stop A Cold.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails to stop a cold if taken in time. L. Taggart.

The lover shuts his eyes and tells himself lies.

Satisfied People

Are the best advertisers for Foley's Honey and Tar and all who use it agree that it is a splendid remedy for coughs, colds or sore lungs. L. Taggart.

Lovers and poets are privileged to lie.

Chas. Replogle, Atwater, O. was in very bad shape. He says: "I suffered a great deal with my kidneys and was requested to try Foley's Kidney Cure. I did so and in four days I was able to go to work again, now I am entirely well." L. Taggart.

The Best Cold Cure

is one you can take without interruption to business. One that does not affect the head or hearing like the continued use of quinine. One that cures speedily and leaves you feeling fresh and clear-headed. Such a one is Krause's Cold Cure. Price 20c. Sold by L. Taggart.

Love makes fools wits, and wits fools.

C. W. Lynch, Winchester, Ind., writes: "I owe the life of my boy to Foley's Honey and Tar. He had membraneous croup, and the first dose gave him relief. We continued its use and it soon brought him out of danger." L. Taggart.

Love makes time pass, and time makes love pass.

Colds Melt Away

if you use Krause's Cold Cure. Prepared in convenient capsule form they are easy to take and effect a speedy cure of the most obstinate cases. Price 25c. Sold by L. Taggart.

QUAINT COLLEGE LAWS.

Rules Prescribing the Dress of Harvard Students in Bygone Days.

The curious laws regarding students' dress which prevailed at Harvard up to the middle of the last century are illustrated by two eighteenth century waistcoats which are among the collections of the Boston Art museum. One was worn by a member of the class of 1749 and the other by his son in 1784.

The latter waistcoat is olive green in color, conforming to the college regulations, which required either blue gray, plain black, "nankeen"—a kind of buff—or olive. The coat and breeches which originally went with it, as one may read in the old time Harvard "Laws," were blue gray. Freshmen of that date were allowed only plain buttonholes, sophomores leaped to the dignity of having buttons on their cuffs, juniors might have inexpensive frogs to their buttonholes except that they might not have them on their cuff buttonholes, and the senior enjoyed frogs, buttonholes and buttons complete. Seniors and juniors were permitted also to wear black Oxford gowns, such as are worn at graduation today, and a "night gown," or dressing gown, was permissible on certain unimportant occasions. It cost "not more than 10 shillings" for every appearance of gold or silver adornment.

The rules of costume were changed, of course, from time to time. In 1828, for example, the prescribed dress consisted of a black mixed coat, single breasted, "with a rolling cape square at the end and with pocket flaps, the waist reaching to the natural waist, with lapels of the same length." It is explained that "black mixed," called also Oxford mixed, was black with not more than one-twentieth nor less than one-twenty-fifth part of white. The senior was allowed to support his dignity with three "crow's feet" of black silk cord on the lower part of his coat sleeve. Two crow's feet were permitted to the junior, one to the sophomore and none at all to the freshman. The waistcoat was of black mixed or of black or, when of cotton or linen fabric, of white; single breasted, with a standing collar. The pantaloons were of black mixed.

APHORISMS.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace.—Fuller.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Bovee.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.

The one prudence of life is concentration.—Emerson.

The golden age is before us, not behind us.—St. Simon.

Levity in behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

Better be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children.—Dana.

Loving kindness is greater than laws, and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.—Talmud.

Have you so much leisure from your own business that you can take care of that of other people that does not belong to you?—Terence.

A Rattlesnake's Fangs.

You often hear of rendering a rattlesnake harmless by pulling out its fangs. Then, again, you read of cases where a serpent so treated has bitten persons fatally. The reason for this is that a poisonous snake is deprived only temporarily of its venomous powers by the extraction of the two incisors in the upper jaw, at the bases of which are the poison glands. Of course you know that the fangs are hollow, so that when the animal strikes the venom gushes through them into the flesh of the person struck. Now, by drawing the two teeth the snake may be rendered harmless for a few weeks, but after a short time the two teeth just behind the original fangs move up and take their places, making connection with the poison glands and thus becoming poison fangs as good and effective as the old ones.

Horses and Cold.

Colonel Sir T. H. Holdich, writing in "The Indian Borderland" of the terrible storms and wind and snow which overtake the traveler on the high passes of the Herat mountains, remarks on the superior power of the horse to withstand cold. In one such storm "over twenty men perished and many mules. All the dogs with the caravan were dead, but, so far as I can remember, no horses. Yet some of the chargers of the Eleventh Bengal lancers got slowly on their legs the day after the blizzard literally sheeted with ice as an ironclad is sheeted with steel." It is a fact worth noting that the horse will stand cold where a mule or a camel will not and where a dog will die.

Gates In Norway.

A curious feature to travelers in the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

Cruel and Unusual Punishment.

Mrs. Boerum (hopelessly)—Mortimer, I cannot make Willie mind.

Mr. Boerum (sternly)—William, do as your mother wishes, or I will make you go and sit in the cozy corner.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Harry's Declaration.

She—Oh, Harry, it is awful! Papa has forbidden you the house!

He—That's all right. It isn't the house I am after; it's you, darling.—Boston Transcript.

"SHE BURNS GREEN."

The Discovery of Borax In Death Valley by Aaron Winters.

The greatest discovery of borax in the United States was made in the terribly hot region known as Death valley and in a most romantic way. The Chicago Record tells the story.

In 1880 Aaron Winters lived with his wife, Rosie, in a gulch known as Ash Meadows, not far from the mouth of Death valley. He was so fond of his wife that he would not allow her to be long absent from him, although their little hut on the side of the mountain was a hundred miles from the nearest neighbor, in a wild, rugged forsaken country.

One day a desert tramp came along and spent the night at the Winters home. He told the hunter about the borax deposits of Nevada. When he went away, Winters thought that he had seen deposits of the same kind on his explorations into Death valley.

Accordingly he and his wife went together to make the search, having previously provided themselves with certain test chemicals, which when combined with borax and ignited would produce a green flame.

Having procured a piece of the substance which he believed to be borax, Winters and his wife waited for nightfall to make the test. How would it burn?

For years they had lived like Piutes on the desert, entirely without luxuries and often wanting for the very necessities of life. Would the match change all that?

Winters held the blaze to the substance with a trembling hand, then shouted at the top of his voice: "She burns green, Rosie! We're rich! We're rich!"

They had found borax. The mine was sold for $20,000, and Winters took his Rosie to a ranch in Nevada.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Use a pancake lifter to place cookies on the baking tin and to remove them.

To clarify fat after frying throw in a few slices of raw potato and simmer all for a few minutes.

Grease spots that have become hard and burned in on ranges may be removed by rubbing with a few drops of kerosene on a cloth.

Sometimes the fishy smell will cling to knives and forks after oily fish like salmon or mackerel has been served. Cut a lemon, rub them with it, and the disagreeable odor will vanish.

Sometimes a large roasting pan, being infrequently used, gets rusty. To prevent wash it well after using, dry it in the oven, then while warm rub it over with a greased cloth and hang it away.

Old newspapers save work in the kitchen. When you have any "messy" task on hand, like dressing a chicken, pickling over fruit, etc., lay a paper on the table, gather the litter up with it and burn all together. This saves scouring the table.

Why He Renewed His Youth.

"Why, Brother Dickey, I hardly knew you, you're looking so young and spry! What's up now?"

"Well, suh, I'ze studyin' 'bout gittin' married ergin, dat's all."

"Getting married?"

"Yes, suh. I made de 'quaintance er a young gal terday, en she 'lowed dat ef I'd shave off my gray whiskers, en chop off de hair what on my head, en stop limpin' wid de rheumatism, en wear cloze what come out de sto', en smoke se-gars stidder pipe, en stop preachin' 'gin dancin', en secure my life in her favor fer a hundred dollars she'd marry me. Dat how come I look so young!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Burns and Scalds.

In cases of burns or scalds, when the skin is unbroken, cover the burn with white lead paint, glycerin, fresh lard, linseed, olive, sweet or lard oil or soapsuds. If the skin is broken, pour a mixture of oil and limewater (either linseed, olive, sweet or lard oil) in equal parts over the injury. Then place a soft piece of white linen or muslin wet with the oil mixture on the wound. Then loosely wind a bandage over this, removing it from time to time to wet the linen with the oil mixture. Never attempt to uncover the injury.

The Finishing Touches.

A girl who had been very clever at college came home the other day and said to her mother:

"Mother, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli"—

"Just wait a minute," said the mother. "I have arranged for you a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology and general domesticology. Now, put on your apron and pluck that chicken."

Unfortunately.

They were driving together when Miss Rocks, unsolicited, gurgled forth her views upon matrimony. "Love is a dreary desert," she said, "and marriage an oasis," whereupon Mr. Shyly remarked that "certainly it did require a deal of sand."—Boston Traveler.

A Good Name.

Tess—Oh, yes, she married a man with a highly honored name.

Jess—What! I never considered Scadds a highly honored name.

Tess—Well, you should see the way it's honored at the bank.—Philadelphia Press.

A man should not lose his temper oftener than once in ten years, and a politician never.—Atchison Globe.

The first Sunday paper in this country was The Sunday Courier, begun at New York in 1825.

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SANTA CLAUS .....BY..... PROXY

...A... Christmas Love Story

By

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

FIFTY miles, sixty miles, seventy miles—seventy-three miles! The indicator in the roadmaster's car attached to the overland flyer showed that the train was making swift time across the level plains. Ahead, in the Pullman, passengers scarcely noticed the speed. They were wishing the long winter night were over and were thinking of cozy firesides back east.

Frank Martin left the indicator without a word to the roadmaster, whose guest he was for the trip to his ranch, went forward for the tenth time that evening. He looked anxiously up the aisle of the Pullman. There she was—petite, dark-haired, pensive, alone.

After a moment of indecision he approached her. "May I bring you something from the dining car?"

"Nothing, thank you; I am doing very well."

What was the use? She had only nodded when he encountered her on the train.

"MAY I BRING YOU SOMETHING?"

It was quite an accident that they met thus after their intimacy at the seashore. He did not know that she was going to a new home with her uncle in California. She would not let him explain the past. It was almost time for him to get off at his ranch—for the train was making 73 miles an hour! How he wished it would slow up!

Hardly had the thought passed through his mind, when there was a jolt—a crunching, grinding sensation, a lurch—and then suddenly stopping. No one who has been in a wreck will ever forget it. The Pullman tipped sidewise, and that was the end.

Marvin was at Alice's side when it was over. He took her arm, and, looking into her white face, calmed her fears: "It is all right now—off the track—no more danger."

He left her, to help the passengers in the smoker who were imprisoned and somewhat injured, then returned.

He gathered her baggage, and, without permission, told her to follow. With the remainder of the passengers they took up a cold and sorrowful tramp along the track across the bleak prairies to the little town, three miles away, where lights twinkled a friendly greeting.

Frank tried to be sociable. "It was a narrow escape," he ventured.

"Yes." Nothing more. She would not even turn her face toward his in the moonlight. They trudged on in silence.

The town was glad to see them. It gave them the best it had, and none suffered. But its heart was not wholly in the work. One long-gaited citizen, evidently originally from the south, explained it:

"Yeh see, we 's a-goin' ter hev' the Chris'mas doin's ternight at th' hall."

"What? I'd forgot that it was Christmas eve," broke in Marvin. "Let's all go over. The passengers from the Pullman car, finding that they could not continue their journey until the following day, as well as many of the others, agreed. Well bundled up, they took their walk through the chilly streets, where blew the bitter north wind of the plain.

The hall was nothing more than the upper room over a store. It was filled to the aisles, but the exercises had not yet begun. The southerner, who was master of ceremonies, tiptoed back to Marvin.

"We need two more to help in the doin's," he whispered. "Won't you un's come?"

Frank laughingly arose, and the dainty Miss Reisen, having no other choice, followed him.

Behind the curtain, what a sight met their gaze! A Christmas tree it was, to be sure. There were no evergreens nearer than the mountains, and to make up for the deficiency the plainsmen had secured a dry cottonwood and wound its straggling branches with green paper. The appearance would have been ludicrous had it not been a little pathetic.

"Not much like the pines of the beach where we used to rest last summer," whispered Frank to his companion.

"You and the other—I presume you mean," was the withering response.

"Alice—Miss Reisen, what do you mean—" but the gaunt captain interrupted.

"You, young lady, I'd like you to be the fairy. Our leadin' lady is sick, an' you look like her."

Entering into the spirit of the occasion, Miss Reisen accepted the task.

"You'll have to wear some wings, and there will be a little scene, but nothin' fer you to do but look pretty—you don't need no coachin'," he added, gallantly.

"Great admirer of yours," suggested Frank, as the functionary moved away. Alice did not reply.

The wings were brought, and they seemed almost large enough for the wearer to soar with. She put on the costume and danced a two-step across the rude stage.

"Yeh mustn't do that, lady; this is fer th' benefit of th' churches, an' th' folks wouldn't like it," said the manager, with a grin.

Then came up one of the women of the town, who seemed to have a part of the management. She gave some instructions as to what would happen, and Miss Reisen listened intently. Another listened, but she did not know it.

The programme of the evening opened with a number of songs and recitations, to which the passengers from the train gave the most earnest attention and hearty applause. Marvin seemed wonderfully at home, Miss Reisen thought, and was calling men by their first names as if he knew them. He was behind the scenes a good deal; too much, she thought, also, and it worried her, for he was the only one in all the house that she counted on as a friend—no, was he a friend? She wished she knew if the story her chum told her were false or true.

Then came the time for the Christmas tree "doin's," as the manager called the exercises. The big curtain was dropped, and the children of the prairie farms and ranches gave an audible "Oh!" as the beautiful green-paper-wrapped cottonwood, lighted with candles and glistening with tinsel, all brought from the city 400 miles away, burst on their eyes. Many of them had never seen an evergreen, and this was a fulfillment of all their anticipations.

Before the tree stood the fairy, her wings and robe making her almost ethereal in the sight of the little ones. Behind was the open mouth of a chimney, and far off rang the horn of Saint Nicholas as he approached over the housetops on his sleigh. It was cold enough outside for his biggest furs, and when he came laboriously down the chimney and stood amid the group on the stage he was the very picture of the Santa Claus of their dreams.

Swiftly he made the rounds of the tree, and in gutural tones told the little folks to help themselves. Then he did what was not on the bills—he approached the fairy, and in the same rough voice exclaimed:

"You are to go with me on my travels to-night. Come."

For a moment she stood irresolute, not knowing if this were part of the programme. Then, thinking it must be, she took the heavily-gloved hand, and, with a bow to the audience, stepped back and back, until both were swallowed up in the vast depth of the chimney.

But they did not go upward. Santa Claus opened a door in the rear, and they were outside the noisy hall and in the dressing-room.

Suddenly Santa Claus stripped off the heavy wings and crown from the fairy, and handed her her furs. "Come with me," he said, masterfully.

"What do you mean?" she replied.

"This," and he threw down the mask and wig, the fur coat and heavy gloves—before

THE SANTA CLAUS OF THEIR DREAMS.

her stood Frank Marvin. "I asked you to come with me on my travels, and you consented, as you did once before—but this time it is for life."

Alice Reisen laughed a little hysterically. "But you know what happened before, Frank." The last word was a caress, so tenderly was it spoken.

"Yes, I know from what you said a little while ago—you thought my sister was another girl in whom I was interested. There was and can be no other girl but you." And then they talked it all over, for good.

The candy and toys were distributed from the green-paper-wrapped tree when they returned to the hall. They did not remain long, but went out under the stars and to the little parsonage across the way. Frank had sent a friend for a license, and in a trice they were married.

A team and carriage were at the door, and away they were whirled through the beautiful but crisp prairie night.

"To the ranch," ordered Frank, and then added: "It was a miracle that the train stopped right here in my own town. The big ranch-house is ablaze with light out there, and all is ready for you."

So the train went on toward the mountains without two of its passengers.

"Do you know," whispered Frank, as the team drew up to the ranch-house, almost a mansion out there on the plains, "that I received the best Christmas present of all to-night?"

"But you had to be your own Santa Claus to get it," laughed Alice.

THE POLITIC MAIDEN.

"I hear that you and George have quarreled."

"Well, I guess not. It's altogether too near Christmas."

An Eye for the Present.

Miss Smoothe—No, I cannot give you my answer until the first of next year.

Mr. Softleigh—But, why? You say you love me, and—

Miss Smoothe—Why, you silly thing! If our engagement were announced now, none of the other men would send me a single Christmas gift.—Baltimore American.

Christmas Forestry.

All trees man should love, but his life's dearest joys
Should circle that tree which blooms candles and toys.
—Chicago Record.

An Afterthought.

"John," asked Mrs. Torkins, tearfully, "do you remember the present Mrs. Page gave me last Christmas?"

"Yes," replied her husband; "what of it?"

"I am almost sure I have sent it to her this year."—Brooklyn Life.

Aftermath.

We learn to know at Christmas
Life still is full of ills;
To-day we get the presents,
Next week we get the bills.
—Judge.

One Token Barred.

"Dearie, what do you want me to give you for Christmas?"

"Well, precious, I've got 11 framed photographs of you now."—Detroit Free Press.

Wail from the Old Boy.

Don't offer costly gifts with which
That Christmas tree is hung;
Just give me back the appetite
I had when I was young.
—Chicago Record.

Incredulous.

Mamma—Santa Claus only comes to good boys.

Johnny—Huh! If he did he wouldn't have to hustle much to get around.—Puck.

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

MANKIND DID NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND IT UNTIL CHRIST WAS BORN.

WHAT is tenderest and best in the heart of man is evoked when the keys of memory are touched and the song of the Christ-day is sounded. It is the music of the home and the loved, a glad, if subdued, melody recalling the earliest days of recollection—an eager rush for well-filled pendant stockings, for the laden Christmas tree, with its gifts for all of the household. Aye, and the eager rushing about the house with merry shout and joyous greeting for all. Then, the home-coming of the absent and the gathering of all about the family board.

Whether the corridors of our memory mansions be long or short—our lives be many or few, the harmonies ring along them just the same, telling of the presence in the heart of that which is old as immortality, and which shall never die—love. There, then, this Christmas day, that Christmas day, and every Christmas day, is present in the heart this love for the home, with its inmates, for friends and for humanity.

The Christ-day practice of opening the heart to unselfish influences is born of the teachings of Him whose birth the day commemorates. His the life beautiful, the life rounded, the only completely perfect life. He taught the lessons of love, gentleness, mercy, compassion, forgiveness, benevolence, chastity and self-denial. What is higher and best in humanity is of His teaching, and from the latter has come the Christian home, the best development of unselfish affection and contentment to be found among men.

The Christ-day is attuned to melody that ever shall thrill the soul and cause it to bring forth what is best in it. The herald song of the angels to the shepherds on the plain is fresher, stronger, closer, more harmonious than ever, in the light of the newer blessings which have come from the Gospel of His peace. The lesson of real humanity, refined, Divine altruism, and not the coarser sort sometimes called by this

ON THE PLAINS OF BETHLEHEM.

name, was unheard of until from His peace on the Mount of Beatitudes He gave it forth, music sweeter than angels ever sang, that higher song that man lives not unto himself alone, and that the greatest happiness is that which comes of doing good unto others.

Peace on earth! good will to men! That higher song which lifts man above himself and makes him but little lower than the angels.

The Christ theme will never die. First heard on the plains of Bethlehem, with the frowning Herod-temple but three miles away, within whose walls were heard the teachings of the law of revenge and love of self, heard there for the first time, it has been sounding ever since, spreading wider and wider, until now it compasses the whole earth. In Christ's day Rome had waxed to its noon of majesty, yet Rome passed and was not. On that kingdom rose other kingdoms, which perished in their turn. Since He lived one system after another system of philosophy has been built up, only to be torn down again. But the words of the Christ be and abide, and they shall stand forever, influencing men to nobler lives and higher results in living. His Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and of its duration there shall be no end.

Meet and right is it, then, that the Christ-day shall be one of gladness in the human heart; that the children shall take part in it, since He loved them and blessed them, and that gifts shall be exchanged in token of that love for one another, which He bore for all humanity.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Shattered Her Ideals.

Miss Askit—Why is Miss Wunder so pessimistic about Christmas?

Miss Tellit—She hung up a $12 pair of silk hose last year, and some one stole them.—Baltimore American.

MR. DAVIDSON'S COAT.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE WITH AN UNEXPECTEDLY DISMAL ENDING.

CHRISTMAS was a great time in the Davidson family, an event prepared for in secrecy for months. It was the desire of Mr. Davidson's heart to succeed in surprising his wife in the matter of his selection of a Christmas gift for her, and it was his wife's pride that in all the 20 years of their married life he had never yet gained his wish.

In consequence of this, it was somewhat exasperating that the clock had struck

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY A JOKE?"

eight on this particular Christmas eve and she had not yet discovered the hiding-place of to-morrow's gift.

"He must know that I want diamonds this time," she mused. "Why, I have criticized the vulgar display Mrs. Jonesmith makes of them, and talked of the waste of money their purchase implies until he must have been impelled to buy me some out of sheer contrariety. But where did he hide them? That—"

A knock at the door interrupted her train of thought, and a particularly uninviting chap asked for old clothes in a robust whine. The influence of the season was upon Mrs. Davidson, however, and she gave him an old overcoat which her husband thought he might sometime wear when he went hunting. He never did go hunting, but he lived as if he always expected to start early the next morning.

"No, I just can't think where he has put that gift;" she said, returning to her chair and her thoughts. "Well, one comfort, he hasn't seen the cuff links and the meerschaum pipe I have for him. I've moved their hiding-place twice a week, so he has had no chance to find them while rummaging in the waste paper basket for his clean collars or searching in the china closet for his necktie, which are always kept in the upper left-hand bureau drawer. What's that!"

The front door had opened cautiously and a stealthy step went up the stairs and stole across the floor of the room above. Mrs. Davidson turned pale, then softly clapped her hands. "It's Tom going to take a peep at my present! I'll keep quiet and find out where it is."

She heard the steps about the room, and held her breath until they paused before the chiffonier.

"Ah, it is in the drawer that Tom said had stuck and would not open. Why did I never think of that before?"

She listened until the cautious footsteps came down the stairs and the front door softly opened and shut. Then she rose in her triumph.

"Aha, he has slipped out to come in a few moments later, thinking that I did not hear him. I'll slip up now, have a peep at my diamonds and a good joke on him in the morning!"

She went upstairs and lit the gas; it flared up and a scream burst from her. The room was in confusion; drawers were upset and their contents scattered on the floor. As she screamed, the front door opened and her husband came running upstairs.

"Well, Tom Davidson, if you think this is a joke, I don't!" she cried. "To slip in this way and play a trick on your wife is—"

"What on earth do you mean by a joke?"

"Tom Davidson, you don't mean to say that I didn't hear you come upstairs 15 minutes ago to look at my present and—"

"You certainly did not. Hello!" He strode across the room and lifted a drawer of the chiffonier which was upside down on the bed. "As I came up the block, I met the ugliest tramp I ever saw, and I could have sworn that he wore my old coat. You simply sat there while he rifled the place and carried off the diamond pin I had gotten for your Christmas gift!"

When she had quieted down a little and Mr. Davidson was telephoning for the police, his wife suddenly remembered that the last hiding-place for the cuff links and the meerschaum pipe was the breast pocket of that old coat.

ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH.

A CHRISTMAS ACCIDENT.

IT PROVES THAT VANITY SOMETIMES IS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

"HONESTY is the best policy," sighed Florence, "especially when Christmas is near," she added.

"Which means?" queried her dearest friend, eagerly.

"Which means that my vanity is too near the tip of my tongue for my own good. Luckily that is a common complaint, however, else I'd never mention it."

"Oh, I understand, you expected somebody to give you a handsome present, and sent an equally handsome one on the chance. Oh, well, comfort yourself; perhaps she really believed the price you had marked upon it."

"That wasn't it at all. You remember that Dick went abroad early in the fall, don't you?"

"I do—he has told me every incident of his trip everytime I have met him since his return."

"Of course—what else did he go abroad for! Well, he came to see me the day that he went away. He—he told me what a pretty little hand I have."

"Ah, well, you mustn't expect people to always mean what they say."

"I am glad that some people do not, dear. I just mentioned the fact that I always wore a No. 6 glove—Oh, if you are going to take it in that way—I am sure that I always did until I was 16 years old!"

"Oh, but that—"

"I am glad that you have the grace to apologize, dear. Well, Dick failed to bring me a present when he came back, but I was just as sweet and nice as ever, because Christmas was so near that—"

"There wasn't time to quarrel and make up, especially, with a man who is as popular as Dick."

"No. When Christmas eve arrived he came to call, with a box in his pocket, which bulged so plainly that I could see it with my back turned. He drew it out at last—just as my patience was exhausted, and, Oh, Anne, it was two dozen pairs of gloves that he had brought me from Paris!"

"Oh, how perfectly lovely of him!"

"It would have been, but for the fact that they were number sixes, and each pair had my monogram embroidered on it, so that I could not exchange them!"

"Oh, dreadful! What could be worse?"

"That he insisted upon seeing me put a pair of them on!"

SEASONABLE ECONOMY.

"Heavens, man, how do you happen to patronize a free lunch counter?"

"Case of necessity, old boy. My wife and the girls have been out Christmas shopping."

Up Boston Way.

"And what," asked the caller in his most ingratiating tones, "what did Santa Claus put in your stocking, my little girl?"

For a moment she looked at him through her diminutive spectacles; then, in a voice of mingled pity and indignation, she said: "We no longer put credence in obsolete tradition; nor was it delicate of you to mention that article of feminine apparel." Gathering up her copy of Ibsen, she hurriedly left the room.—New Lippincott.

A Mean Trick.

O the doctor he was sad
And the doctor he was mad,
And the doctor ripped and tore and roared, alack!
Some rogue had gone and stuck
In the doctor's sock a duck
That every time you touched it murmured:
"Quack! Quack! Quack!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Giving Him a Chance.

"Harriet, you ought to give me my choice of a Christmas present once in awhile."

"Well, Harry, I'm willing; do you want a lamp-shade, a sofa pillow or new lace curtains?"—Chicago Record.

Inevitable.

The seasons come, the seasons go—
Christmas is here before we know it,
When we must take our hard-earned cash
And indiscriminately blow it.
—Puck.

Business Cards.

B. W. GREEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Emporium, Pa.
A business relating to estate, collections, real estates, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 42-1y.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. MCNARNEY
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

THOMAS WADDINGTON,
Emporium, Pa.,
CONTRACTOR FOR MASONRY AND STONE-CUTTING.
All orders in my line promptly executed. All kinds of building and cut-stone, supplied at low prices. Agent for marble or granite monuments. Lettering neatly done.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
East Emporium, Pa.,
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48ly

F. D. LEET.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW and INSURANCE AG'T.
EMPORIUM, PA
TO LAND OWNERS AND OTHERS IN CAMERON AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
I have numerous calls for hemlock and hardwood timber lands, also stumpage &c., and parties desiring either to buy or sell will do well to call on me. F. D. LEET.

CITY HOTEL,
WM. MCGEE, PROPRIETOR
Emporium, Pa.
Having again taken possession of this old and popular house I solicit a share of the public patronage. The house is newly furnished and is one of the best appointed hotels in Cameron county.
30-1y.

THE NOVELTY RESTAURANT,
(Opposite Post Office,)
Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM MCDONALD, Proprietor.
I take pleasure in informing the public that I have purchased the old and popular Novelty Restaurant, located on Fourth street. It will be my endeavor to serve the public in a manner that shall meet with their approbation. Give me a call. Meals and luncheon served at all hours.
no27-1yr Wm. McDONALD.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
THOS. J. LYSETT, PROPRIETOR
Near Buffalo Depot, Emporium, Pa.
This new and commodious hotel is now opened for the accommodation of the public. New in all its appointments, every attention will be paid to the guests patronizing this hotel. 27-17-1y

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

F. C. RIECK, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Office over Taggart's Drug Store, Emporium, Pa.
Gas and other local anaesthetics administered for the painless extraction of teeth.
SPECIALTY:—Preservation of natural teeth, including Crown and Bridge Work.

The Place to Buy Cheap
—IS AT—
J. F. PARSONS.

GROCERIES.
J. A. KINSLER,
Carries nothing but the best that can be obtained in the line of
Groceries and Provisions,
Flour, Salt and Smoked Meats, Canned Goods, etc.
Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.
Goods Delivered Free any place in Town.
Call and see me and get prices.
J. A. KINSLER,
Near P. & E. Depot.

S. E. MURRY,
PRACTICAL
PLUMBER, GAS
AND
STEAM FITTER.
I have recently added an entirely new line of Plumbing Goods to my already large stock. I handle and keep constantly in stock
GAS AND
STEAM FITTINGS,
SEWER PIPES,
GAS STOVES, ETC.
My store room is well supplied with Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Gas Lamps and anything required in my trade. Contracts taken for all lines of work; satisfaction guaranteed.
Write me when you have any work in my line.
Out of town orders promptly attended to.
S. E. MURRY.

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E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

AFTER THE BATTLE
Some are found bleeding and sore, while others have a fit of the blues. Now if there should be any so unfortunate as to suffer from the effects of accidents we have the Balm for their pains and aches, let it be either for man or beast.
Our liniment and powders for horses or cattle are always the best.
Our medicines are pure and always get there. The prices are right too.
Our patent medicine department is supplied with all the standard remedies and we can supply your on short notice.
Our toilet and fancy goods department we keep up to the times.
Our Prescription department receives our closest attention and all calls answered day or night. Just touch the button. In fact we are here to do business and serve the public.
M. - A. - ROCKWELL,
THE PHARMACIST,

Get an Education
An exceptional opportunity offered to young men and young women to prepare for teaching or for business. Four regular courses; also special work in Music, Shorthand, Typewriting. Strong teaching force, well graded work, good discipline and hard study, insure best results to students of
Central State Normal School
LOCK HAVEN, Clinton Co., PA.
Handsome buildings perfectly equipped, steam heat, electric lights, abundance of pure mountain water, extensive campus and athletic grounds. Expenses low. Send for catalog.
J. R. FLICKINGER, Principal,
Central State Normal School,
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F. X. BLUMLE,
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Bottler and Dealer In
BEER,
WINES,
WHISKIES
And Liquors of all Kinds.
The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented.
Special Attention Paid to
Mail Orders.
EMPORIUM, PA.

J. A. Fisher,
PRACTICAL
Horse Shoer,
Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.

$500 Reward.
The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the even ng of Nov. 21st, 1891.
HENRY AUCHU,
38-tf President.

Keeley Cure
Cures Drunkenness. Cures Drug Users.
THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 4246 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.
Write for free Booklet.

THE MAJOR'S VENGEANCE.

McKinley and the Reporter Who Persistently Assailed Him.

During one of his congressional campaigns Major McKinley was followed from place to place by a reporter for a paper of opposite political faith, who is described as being one of those "shrewd, persistent fellows who are always at work, quick to see an opportunity and skilled in making the most of it." While Mr. McKinley was annoyed by the misrepresentation to which he was almost daily subjected, he could not help admiring the skill and persistency with which he was assailed. His admiration, too, was not unmixed with compassion, for the reporter was ill, poorly clad and had an annoying cough. One night Mr. McKinley took a closed carriage for a nearby town at which he was announced to speak. The weather was wretchedly raw and cold, and what followed is thus described:

He had not gone far when he heard that cough and knew that the reporter was riding with the driver on the exposed seat. The major called to the driver to stop and alighted. "Get down off that seat, young man," he said. The reporter obeyed, thinking the time for the major's vengeance had come. "Here," said Mr. McKinley, taking off his overcoat, "you put on this overcoat and get into that carriage."

"But, Major McKinley," said the reporter, "I guess you don't know who I am. I have been with you the whole campaign, giving it to you every time you spoke, and I am going over tonight to rip you to pieces if I can."

"I know," said Mr. McKinley, "but you put on this coat and get inside and get warm so that you can do a good job."—Chautauquan.

THE MAGIC NUMBER.

A Suggestion by the Cynic That Set the Others Thinking.

"I often hear of the magic number," said some one. "What number is it?"

"Why, nine, of course," replied some one else. "There are nine muses, you know, and you talk of a nine days' wonder. Then you bowl at ninepins, and a cat has nine lives."

"Nonsense!" broke in another. "Seven is the magic number. Seventh heaven, don't you know, and all that; seven colors in the rainbow, seven days in the week, seventh son of a seventh son—great fellow—and"—

"Tush, tush!" remarked a third. "Five's the number you mean. A man has five fingers on his hand and five toes on his foot, and he has five senses, and"—

"Three is undoubtedly the magic number," interrupted another, "because people give three cheers, and Jonah was inside a whale three days and three nights, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again—three times, you see!"

This was received with some contempt by the company, and a soulful youth gushed out:

"Two, oh, two is the magic number—oneself and one other, the adored one—just two!"

A hard featured individual, who had been listening to the conversation hitherto unmoved, here remarked in a harsh voice:

"The magic number is number one in this world, and if you want to succeed never forget it."

An interval of deep thought on the part of all followed, after which they went in silently to supper.—Pearson's.

No Word For Love.

In comparison with the English tongue foreign tongues seem parsimonious in some ways of expression and wasteful in others.

For instance, it is impossible to "kick" a man in French. You must give him a "blow with the foot." The Portuguese do not "wink" at one; they "close and open the eyes."

In the languages of the American Indians there is no word with which to convey the idea of "stealing," perhaps because the idea of property is so vague. It is related of one of the early missionaries that in attempting to translate the Bible into Algonquin he could find no word to express "love" and was compelled to invent it.

A Spelling Bee.

Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:

"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears."

Read it over to your friends and see how many of them can spell every word correctly. The sentence contains many of the real puzzlers of the spelling book.—London Tit-Bits.

His Everyday Suit.

Dixon—I don't believe young Shortleigh is half as extravagant as people say he is.

Hixon—Perhaps not, but I've noticed that he has a suit of clothes for every day of the week.

Dixon—Is that so? Why, he has always had the same suit on every time I met him.

Hixon—Well, that's the one.

No Climbing.

"Ah, my friend," sighed old Skinflynt, who was dying, "I'm going a long, long journey."

"Never mind," replied the friend, who knew him. "It's all down hill."—Philadelphia Record.

A Wicked Insinuation.

Miss Sereleaf—Fashion seems to tend toward costumes of the last century.

Miss May Budd—How nice! Some people will be able to make over their old dresses.—Town and Country.

A hypocrite is like the letter p—the first in pity and the last in help.—Chicago News.

ABOUT GAS METERS.

WHY THESE ERRATIC INSTRUMENTS DO NOT EXPLODE.

Such an Accident Is No More Likely to Happen to Them Than to Milk Bottles or Salt Bags—What Does Happen In Case of Fire.

The proneness of the average newspaper reporter to attribute cellar conflagrations to the explosion of gas meters represents what appears to be an ineradicable race trait. No amount of contradiction and no accumulation of proof that such an accident is an impossibility seems to reach the newsgatherers, who go on reporting the explosion of gas meters, doubtless because the firemen have a tradition that meters are explosive and give this explanation of every fire which they cannot otherwise account for.

For the reassurance of nervous people it gives us pleasure to say that no gas meter ever exploded since the world began, and until they are made on very different plans and contain gas of very different composition from that now used for illuminating purposes such an accident is no more likely to happen to them than to milk bottles or salt bags.

The domestic gas meter has a more or less well deserved reputation for habitual mendacity, though as likely to lie against the gas company as for it; but it has never done anything to warrant the suspicion that it is liable to go off with a bang. It is a tin box of a little less than one cubic foot capacity, put together with soldered seams and japanned.

Into and through it passes the gas, which enters through the service pipe connecting the main with the house, usually of half an inch diameter. It has very little capacity for gas storage, and is not strong enough to carry gas under a greater compression than, say, half a pound per square inch. More than this would bulge its sides. In point of fact the pressure of gas in meters is rarely more than enough to balance a column of water two or three inches high.

If a gas meter is exposed to great heat from external fire, nothing very serious happens. The soldered seams will probably melt, allowing the gas to escape. This gas is not explosive, however. It becomes so only when mixed with air in certain definite proportions.

Should this admixture exist in a meter, which is almost impossible, its shell is not strong enough to offer any great resistance, and should an explosion occur by reason of fire reaching this admixture of gas and air the meter would be wrecked, but it is doubtful of any other damage would result. None has been wrecked from this cause.

If the seams of the meter are opened by the melting of the solder or by fracture from accident, the gas within it would escape, and, if it had the chance, burn. Outside the meter it might have opportunity to form the explosive mixture with air and do some damage.

What actually happens in the case of fires attributed to the explosion of gas meters is usually this: Gas which has leaked from defective pipes or worked into the cellar from broken or defective street mains accumulates in pockets formed by rafters and elsewhere and remains there until it comes in contact with an accidental fire of some sort. A fire starts in the cellar and the temperature gradually rises until the smoldering rubbish bursts into flame. This reaches the mixture of gas and air along the ceiling and an explosion follows.

The meter, naturally enough, is thrown down and probably torn from its connections, and the conclusion is reached that, instead of being the victim of the accident, the inoffensive meter is the cause of all the trouble and has indulged its inherent propensity to set the house afire after lifting it from its foundations.

It is a perfectly safe generalization that the gas which makes trouble in cellars is wholly outside the meter and never inside of it. Grindstones sometimes explode with fatal results in saw factories, but the excellent old lady who, after reading of such an accident and recalling that there was an old grindstone in one corner of the cellar which had been there twenty years, hired a couple of tramps to carry it to the extreme corner of the garden and pour water on it for an hour, meanwhile giving thanks that it had not blown herself and family into eternity "unbeknownst to any of us," was of the type of those who, through fear of gas meter explosions, are all their lifetime subject to nervous chills.

There is not a gas meter in use under which it would not be perfectly safe to build a bonfire, provided, of course, there was not a quantity of gas outside of it which the same fire could reach.—New York Times.

Why Snow Is Not Black or Red.

Why is the snow white? is a question frequently asked. Because black snow would be dangerous; so would red or yellow. These are "warming up colors," and they change the sun's rays to heat. Such snow would soon melt again and prove a very poor protection. But white snow throws back the sunlight in just the form in which it receives it, and thus the snow can be long on the ground. Throw dirt on the snow and its dark color quickly makes it eat its way in whenever the sun shines on it. After a snowstorm, once let the horses' feet mingle the dirt of the road with the snow and sleighing will soon be over.—Professor S. C. Schmucker in Ladies' Home Journal.

To be sure, faint heart never won fair lady, but, on the other hand, discretion is seldom sued for breach of promise.—Indianapolis News.

QUAINT COLLEGE LAWS.

Rules Prescribing the Dress of Harvard Students In Bygone Days.

The curious laws regarding students' dress which prevailed at Harvard up to the middle of the last century are illustrated by two eighteenth century waistcoats which are among the collections of the Boston Art museum. One was worn by a member of the class of 1749 and the other by his son in 1784.

The latter waistcoat is olive green in color, conforming to the college regulations, which required either blue gray, plain black, "nankeen"—a kind of buff—or olive. The coat and breeches which originally went with it, as one may read in the old time Harvard "Laws," were blue gray. Freshmen of that date were allowed only plain buttonholes, sophomores leaped to the dignity of having buttons on their cuffs, juniors might have inexpensive frogs to their buttonholes except that they might not have them on their cuff buttonholes, and the senior enjoyed frogs, buttonholes and buttons complete. Seniors and juniors were permitted also to wear black Oxford gowns, such as are worn at graduation today, and a "night gown," or dressing gown, was permissible on certain unimportant occasions. It cost "not more than 10 shillings" for every appearance of gold or silver adornment.

The rules of costume were changed, of course, from time to time. In 1828, for example, the prescribed dress consisted of a black mixed coat, single breasted, "with a rolling cape square at the end and with pocket flaps, the waist reaching to the natural waist, with lapels of the same length." It is explained that "black mixed," called also Oxford mixed, was black with not more than one-twentieth nor less than one-twenty-fifth part of white. The senior was allowed to support his dignity with three "crow's feet" of black silk cord on the lower part of his coat sleeve. Two crow's feet were permitted to the junior, one to the sophomore and none at all to the freshman. The waistcoat was of black mixed or of black or, when of cotton or linen fabric, of white; single breasted, with a standing collar. The pantaloons were of black mixed.

APHORISMS.

Good counsels observed are chains of grace.—Fuller.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Boyce.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.

The one prudence of life is concentration.—Emerson.

The golden age is before us, not behind us.—St. Simon.

Levity in behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

Better be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children.—Dana.

Loving kindness is greater than laws, and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.—Talmud.

Have you so much leisure from your own business that you can take care of that of other people that does not belong to you?—Terence.

A Rattlesnake's Fangs.

You often hear of rendering a rattlesnake harmless by pulling out its fangs. Then, again, you read of cases where a serpent so treated has bitten persons fatally. The reason for this is that a poisonous snake is deprived only temporarily of its venomous powers by the extraction of the two incisors in the upper jaw, at the bases of which are the poison glands. Of course you know that the fangs are hollow, so that when the animal strikes the venom gushes through them into the flesh of the person struck. Now, by drawing the two teeth the snake may be rendered harmless for a few weeks, but after a short time the two teeth just behind the original fangs move up and take their places, making connection with the poison glands and thus becoming poison fangs as good and effective as the old ones.

Horses and Cold.

Colonel Sir T. H. Holdich, writing in "The Indian Borderland" of the terrible storms and wind and snow which overtake the traveler on the high passes of the Herat mountains, remarks on the superior power of the horse to withstand cold. In one such storm "over twenty men perished and many mules. All the dogs with the caravan were dead, but, so far as I can remember, no horses. Yet some of the chargers of the Eleventh Bengal lancers got slowly on their legs the day after the blizzard literally sheeted with ice as an ironclad is sheeted with steel." It is a fact worth noting that the horse will stand cold where a mule or a camel will not and where a dog will die.

Gates In Norway.

A curious feature to travelers in the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

Cruel and Unusual Punishment.

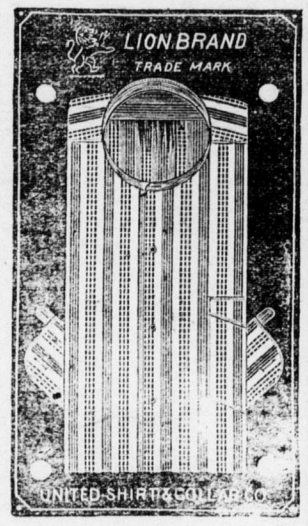
Mrs. Boerum (hopelessly)—Mortimer, I cannot make Willie mind.

Mr. Boerum (sternly)—William, do as your mother wishes, or I will make you go and sit in the cozy corner.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Harry's Declaration.

She—Oh, Harry, it is awful! Papa has forbidden you the house!

He—That's all right. It isn't the house I am after; it's you, darling.—Boston Transcript.

Our New Fall Goods.
Have arrived and we are ready for the Fall and Winter campaign.
During the past few months we have almost entirely closed out all left-over stock, therefore start in with an
Entirely New Stock.
READY-MADE CLOTHING, (Stylish make.)
ELEGANT LINE of FURNISHINGS,
TRUNKS, SATCHELS, &c.
We are agents for the LION Brand Shirts and have recently received a very fine assortment of these celebrated
$1.00 SHIRTS.


They Are Beauties.
We continue to keep the.
MAC HURDLE DRESS SHIRTS.
We want every citizen of this county to call and inspect our present stock, feeling assured that you will be pleased.
R. SEGER & SON,
Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.

Furniture.
Everything in stock that goes to make up a first-class Furniture Store. Will not be under sold by any one.
Carpets,
Oil-Cloth,
Linoleum,
Mattings.
UP IN QUALITY.
DOWN IN PRICE.
One of the best Sewing Machines in the world, sold here—the
"Domestic."
Undertaking
in all its branches promptly attended to.
You all know the place.
GEO. J. LABAR,
THE BIG BRICK STORE,
Cor. Fourth and Chestnut St.,
EMPORIUM, PA.

I am Back Boys and Girls

And shall stay with our mutual friends, H. A. ZARPS & CO., Emporium, at the FAIR STORE.

SANTA CLAUS.

Never in all my visits to Cameron county have I been loaded with nicer things for the good people of this county than I have left with my friend ZARPS. I want all the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters to just step in and see what

A WONDERLAND ZARPS' PRESENTS ARE.

No establishment in this section of the state can produce a larger, more varied stock and a more beautiful line of

Holiday Goods.

Never has this or any other store in this section of the state exhibited such an immense line of everything beautiful, useful and ornamental, in China, Glass, Leather, Celluloid and Wood. Toys and Fancy Goods until you can't rest.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

Balcom & Lloyd.

Prepared For the Season

We have opened and are displaying a choice line of . .

FANCY DRY GOODS

specially selected for the . .

Winter Season.

We have gathered such articles as combine elegance with utility and at

Very Reasonable ~ Prices ~

Balcom & Lloyd.

Calling the Hours.

There is one place in London, and only one, where the ancient custom of keeping a watchman to call out the hours is still maintained. This is at New inn, which in spite of its name is one of the oldest inns of court. The servants there are quite proud of the age of the place, and it was one of them who said one day:

"Why, sir, this inn was here in the time of Charles I."

After a long pause, to allow this stunning fact to percolate through the brain of the hearer, he extended his arm and added with emphasis:

"And it was here in the time of Charles II.!"

Some vague notion of the disturbances which intervened between the two reigns had probably been floating through the man's mind, but how an existing institution could possibly have dated from the reign of Charles I. without coming down through the reign of Charles II. he failed to explain.

Beginning at the stroke of 10 o'clock every night, the watchman in the yard of New inn "calls the hour" in a stentorian but musical voice:

"Ten o'clock, and all's well!"

The words are heard in the adjoining chambers and offices. Tenants in Clement's inn, whose rooms look into the pretty yard and garden of New inn, may hear these words every hour through the night if awake.—New York Times.

The Indian Duck Trick.

A little tin or earthen pan or sometimes half a cocoanut shell supported on three stones is filled with water on which is sprinkled a red powder, rendering it practically opaque. A little duck of wood or porcelain is placed upon the surface, where it at first floats, but at the command of the performer suddenly dives, remaining submerged until again ordered to rise.

This very ingenious trick depends upon the fact that in the bottom of the vessel there is a minute hole through which passes a hair. One end of this is attached to the duck; the other remains at the disposal of the performer and is attached, by means of a pellet of wax, to his tomtom or to one of the hands with which he beats it. When he wishes the duck to dive, he pulls the hair. When he desires it to rise, he relaxes the pull.

There is naturally some amount of leakage through the pinhole, and to cover this the performer takes care, when filling the pan, to accidentally (?) spill a little water. The ground being thus already wetted, the fact that it gets a little more is not noticed.—Chambers' Journal.

The Thing to Rin Awa' Wi' Sillar.

Wealth is a relative term. One man may be passing rich on £40 a year, and another may be miserably poor on £400. This was beautifully illustrated to me the other day, when, driving past a popular Ayrshire "place of drinks," I was hailed from the roadside by a man who claimed friendship on the strength of "living next door when we were boys." He was getting married, he said, and on that, I suppose, was feeling unusually happy.

"Man, come on in and let me staun you something," he said. "Don't think I've nae money. There's a pound note. Would you believe it, no' a week sin' I had hale £3; but, what wi' buying furniture and things, I've spent the ither twa. Aye, and afore the wadden's ower I believe that pound'll be melted tae. By gore, gettin' married's the thing to rin awa' wi' sillar. But come on in and hae a drink."—Glasgow Times.

His Three Good Deeds.

A certain business man noted for his grasping methods came into his office one day and told his partner that he was very happy because he had done three good deeds that morning. "In the first place," he said, "I met a poor woman who was weeping bitterly because she had lost the $4 with which she had intended to pay for the baptism of her baby. I gave her a ten dollar bill, telling her to have the child baptized and give me the change as I came from my club. Charity was one good deed. Saving the child's soul was the second."

"And what was the third?" asked the partner.

"Oh, the third was that I got six good dollars for my green goods ten."

A City of Padlocks.

Irkutsk, Siberia, is a city of padlocks. There are more padlocks on the shutters and doors of an Irkutsk shop than can be found in an English city of 200,000. There are as many as three padlocks on some shop doors, and every lower story shutter bears from one to five. The padlocks weigh from one to fifteen pounds. The popular size is five pounds and two and one-half inches thick.

Impressive Condemnation.

Speaking with a farmer about one of his neighbors, I said, "So-and-so is a good man." He looked at me steadily without making any reply.

"So-and-so is a good man," I repeated in a louder tone, fancying he must be deaf.

Then the farmer answered, "I heard what you said."—New York Herald.

Terrible Effect of Eloquence.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapineau. He depicts his misfortunes, his misery, in so moving a manner that the baron, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant:

"Jean, put this poor fellow out in the street! He is breaking my heart!"—Exchange.

Yourself.

Depend on yourself. A knowledge of how to swim is better than to expect somebody will be at hand to throw you a life preserver in case of accident.—National Magazine.

Breaking It Gently.

"Well, John, how are things going at home?"

"Why, sir, the magpie's dead."

"Poor Jack! What took him off?"

"We think, sir, it was eating too much horse meat."

"How's that? Where did he get the horse meat?"

"I am sorry to tell you, sir, that both the carriage horses died."

"The horses dead! What ailed them?"

"It must have been overwork drawing water to the fire."

"Fire! What fire?"

"Why, sir, the hall was burned to the ground."

"Great heavens! How did that happen?"

"It caught fire from the funeral torches, sir."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your mother's, sir."

"My poor mother dead! How long was she ill? What was the matter?"

"Well, sir, she never held up her head after your father's death."

"My father too! Tell me the cause. Speak, man!"

"He took to his bed as soon as he heard the bad news, sir."

"Bad news! What do you mean?"

"That the vessel that held his whole fortune had been lost at sea."

The Common Chord.

James Buckham, one of our minor poets, put into beautiful verse an incident which occurred during the civil war. He calls it "The Common Chord." The incident was this: Two great armies, one wearing the blue and one the gray, were drawn up in preparation for battle. As the evening fell the bands began to play. "Dixie" by the southerners was followed by "Yankee Doodle" by the northerners, and "Maryland, My Maryland," drew out "Hail Columbia." "Beautiful Girl of the South" was answered by "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Each side mocked and jeered the other's music and cheered their own until the stars came out and silence fell.

Then, sweet and low, a band far up the line began to play "Home, Sweet Home." Another and another joined until all the bands on both sides were playing in unison, and, stronger and more beautiful still, the men on both sides were singing the words. The common chord had been struck, and the thousands of combatants were at one with the sentiment, "There's no place like home."

The Example of Paganini.

A story is told of how Paganini once came into the concert room, took the violin and touched the strings. First one string broke, and a smile went round the room; then another string broke, and there was more audible expression of mockery. When a third string broke, many people laughed outright at his discomfiture. But Paganini stood forth with his violin as though nothing had happened and played on the one string, and the people ceased to smile, but listened spellbound. Some of those who had derided him began to weep, and some even prayed.

Many a man had fallen helpless by the wayside when some great catastrophe turned the current of his life aside. The brave man pushes forward with one remaining talent and plucks victory from defeat.

A Desperate Chance.

A Russian exile relates how he once saved himself by a desperate artifice. A police official searched his house for compromising papers. There was in his possession a document the discovery of which meant serious danger to himself and his friends.

Wherever he might hide it, it seemed certain that it would be found. He coolly handed the document to the official, who scarcely glanced at it and handed it back.

After the most careful search the official, his nose blackened with soot and his hair decorated with feathers, for he had even examined the stovepipes and the bedding, departed empty handed.

How the Sections Say It.

The woman from New England buys a "table spread," while her sister from the south buys a "tablecloth." The woman from Nova Scotia orders the servant to "lay the table," while with most of us natives of the United States the command is to "set the table." In the country the hostess says to her guests, "Sit by," when it is time to eat; in town it is "Please sit down." In the city among swells there is no further invitation than the announcement of the servant that "dinner is served."—Mobile (Ala.) Register.

Creoles.

Originally a creole was a child born in this country of French or Spanish parents, the word coming from the Spanish creare, to create. At present the word is restricted in use to those of Spanish and French descent, who are born in the states that were French and Spanish colonies, especially Louisiana.

Cold Analysis.

"That man is one whom I would trust with a million dollars."

"So would I," answered Senator Sorghum. "A man could get enough commissions out of handling a million dollars to keep him satisfied. But how about $10,000 or $20,000?"—Washington Star.

In Use.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Motherhood.

When a man borrows a saddle, he always changes the stirrups. Ever know a man to put them back?—Atchison Globe.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Grand Opening Display OF HOLIDAY GOODS

To-day we make our first display of holiday goods.

The basement is a grand bazaar of all kinds of fancy goods, toys, dolls, games and everything suggestive of the approaching holiday season. Inspection invited.

FURS, JACKETS and SUITS

Electric seal jackets, $25.00 to $65.00.

Seal jackets in latest styles, $32.50 and $35.00 each.

All the best styles in neckwear of the choicest furs, $1.00 to $75.00 each.

Long coats, ulsters, English jackets, etc., from the best makers $10.00 to $75.00.

Elegant fashions in long coats, automobiles and blouses $25.00 to $125.00 each.

Ladies' tailor made suits, for street dress and traveling $10.00 to $85.00 each.

Special bargain values in $15.00 and $25.00 suits.

Dress skirts in great variety--in cloth, $4.50 to $28.00; in silk, $10.00 to $50.00.

Walking skirts $4.50 to $15.00.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

The American Block.

THE LITTLE FELLER'S STOCKIN'

OH, IT'S Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleigh bells jingle, and the Christmas laughter rings,
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christmas things;
And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy, curly head,
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once ag'in fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show,
And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe,
And its color's kinder faded, and it's sorter worn and old,
But it reelly is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold;
And the little hand that hung it by the chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong;
So, old Santy, don't forgit it, though it isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us with our plans all gone ter smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, jest so long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?—every time.
And if, in amongst our sunshine, there's a shower er two of rain,
Why, we'll face it, bravely smilin', and we'll try not ter complain
Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

—Joe Lincoln, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. Copyright by Curtis Publishing Co.

FELICIA AND THE KITTENS

A Christmas Story By Edyth Ellerbeck

FELICIA hesitated. She certainly had no right to enter his rooms. The cats were his, and he could do just what he liked with them; no one could prevent him, and the cats themselves were helpless. Helpless? Yes, indeed, poor little things! And they were so soft and downy. Felicia had caught a glimpse of them as she went down the hall. It may be necessary to science that some creatures should suffer, but surely it was cruel to sacrifice this whole family of six Angoras—the devoted mother and her five worshiped, nestling babies.

The Professor was out. Felicia half opened the door of his room and peeped in. The alluring picture of domestic felicity that met her eyes decided her. Madam, the Angora mother, lay purring, sleepily on a soft rug before the hearth, while five little bundles of soft down snuffled and wriggled against her maternal side. In a moment Felicia was on the rug beside them, her dark locks mingling with the white fur, five pink noses rubbing in a searching, puzzled way over her smooth cheek. For five minutes she gave herself up to this quiet ecstasy; then puss, resenting this prolonged interruption of her family privacy, gently but firmly showed her disapproval.

Felicia sat up and pushed back the rumpled hair from her face; then she looked around her at Prof. Max Eger's apartments. Just what a professor's rooms should be, she thought—books, books with atrocious titles everywhere, along with a profusion of very ancient-looking curios. This next was his sleeping room, and beyond, Felicia saw with a shudder, was the laboratory. What a horrible collection of skulls, bottles, test-tubes, alcoholic specimens and infernal machines it was! And to-morrow these little darlings might repose on that shelf in bottles marked "Felis domestica," and that inhuman wretch would smile with satisfaction at his ghastly work, and feel no more compunction than if he had taken a worthless watch to pieces to find out how it worked.

Could she stand by and countenance this slaughter of the innocents? Her whole soul revolted against it. Her mind pictured the terrible process. He would do the cowardly deed to-morrow. It was Christmas, a holiday he might find a bore unless occupied in the pursuit of his favorite science. Oh, she would stay here until he returned, and dare him to touch a hair of their innocent heads! Then he would calmly look at her through those formidable glasses—not at her, but at the wall back of her head—in a way she had seen him do, and inquire how long since she had acquired the right to enter his rooms. If he should ever look at her like that she felt she would sink through the floor. No, she would not defy, she would beg, entreat. There was still the intrusion.

She heard the landlady puffing up the stairs; she might be discovered at any minute. One moment of hesitation, and then the six cats were bundled, a wriggling heap, into her skirt, and Felicia was flying up the hall to her room. Once there she threw herself, flushed and breathless, on the bed, while the mother cat, with little solicitous cries, licked and fondled her jostled children. Now, Felicia was no coward; three years of journalism had thoroughly trained her woman's heritage of nerves, but at every step that passed her door the color that never fa'ed her even during interviews deserted lips and cheeks until they were as white as the kittens she caressed. For Felicia was afraid of the professor; afraid of his voice, whether harsh or tender, afraid of the dark gray eyes that could be both cold and commanding. When she finally had to leave the kittens she stowed them away in the depths of her laundry-basket, locked her door, and went away feeling as if she had left behind her some dark and terrible secret.

Christmas eve in a newspaper office is like any other evening in the year, except that there is twice as much work on hand. It was past midnight when Felicia went up the steps of her boarding-house. A mixture of rain and snow was falling, and the wind was sweeping around corners with a velocity that wrapped Felicia's skirts about her ankles like a mummy-cloth, and threatened to carry off her umbrella. While she was struggling on the doorstep a firm hand grasped the refractory umbrella and a deep masculine voice at her elbow said:

"Permit me, Mees Fay." Once in awhile the Professor's accept was decided.

"Thank you. Isn't this weather beastly?"

"It is very bad weather."

Felicia always felt rebuked for her slang by his measured words.

"Why, you look like Santa Claus!" she exclaimed, when they got in the hall where it was light. Prof. Eger threw back his head and laughed. Felicia had never noted before what a boyish ring his laugh had.

"I do feel like old Kris Kringle to-night," he said, laying down the bundles that had suggested the likeness and approaching the open fireplace, where Felicia stood warming her numb fingers. "All I need are the sleigh, reindeer and the ability to get down chimneys neatly to make me start out on my rounds."

Felicia was amazed. Was this jolly, animated boy really the petrified Professor? Here was a man who considered Christ a myth, and who consequently could not logically believe in celebrating Christmas, now loaded down with packages that bore an unmistakable holiday air, and seemingly entering into the spirit of Christmas with the enthusiasm of a boy. Moreover, he had steadily avoided her for the past two months—ever since—since that night—and here he was chatting

HE BEGAN TO UNWRAP THE LARGEST OF HIS BUNDLES.

to her as if there had never been an interruption of their old tete-a-tetes before the hall fire. She felt pretty sure that this time he would be more careful about expressing his disapproval of journalism for women. At any rate, she would let sleeping dogs lie. Then she remembered the cats.

"If you haven't the reindeer and sleigh, at any rate you shall find slipping down chimneys much easier than the real Santa," she said, hurriedly, sinking into a chair. "You haven't his horizontal development, you know."

"That's so, I haven't." He glanced down at his rather slender figure and laughed again—a warm, happy laugh. Then his eyes fell upon his bundles, and he sobered.

"Miss Fay, I wish to consult with you." A fresh surprise. "You see, there is only one lady, one grown-up lady, in the world whom I would dare present with a Christmas gift"—Felicia felt uncomfortable—"and I have some doubt of the propriety of this."

He began to unwrap the largest of his bundles. Felicia watched him, mystified. Why should he consult her? The string was knotted, and dignified Prof. Eger was soon on his knees at his task. Now Felicia was distinctly amused. He was beside her on the rug before the fire, and as she looked down she could see where the dampness had curled his hair into soft rings on his neck and on his temples. How a mother would have loved to run her fingers through the tumbled locks! Felicia conquered the temptation.

"You like cats?"

The question was abrupt. Felicia started guiltily. Did he know?

"I adore them!" The tone was defiant.

"Then you will understand why this appealed to me." And he held up his purchase for inspection. It was a wicker basket, thickly padded and lined exquisitely with blue satin, ruffles of white lace and dainty ribbon bows.

For a cat! Then he did not mean to— Felicia almost groaned.

"You are surprised, nich wahr, that I should like a cat so well. This cat was my mother's, and I have just received her. I wish to make her and her wee family comfortable, and when I saw this in a window I was delighted. It must have been made specially for little kittens; see, so soft and downy."

"For kittens!" Felicia smiled to herself. It was a baby basket.

How she had wronged him! Her action seemed utterly inexcusable now. He would be angry with her for supposing him capable of such a heinous crime, and now that he had begun to treat her as she longed to have him she could not endure the idea of coldness from him. Now he was gathering up his bundles and preparing to go up the stairs, and she leaned her head on her hand and did not say a word. She nodded good-night to him, and then looked down into the fire. She knew he would come down again. And he did, anxiously and hurriedly, peering into the dark corners of the landing.

She watched him nervously until she caught his eye.

"You are looking for your kittens?" she asked.

"Yes; why—"

"You'll not find them here."

He questioned her with a surprised glance.

"I took them," she answered.

"Away?"

"Not very far; into my room."

"But I do not understand." Prof. Eger moved nearer to her.

"Neither do I now. I thought you wanted them for specimens. 'Scientific sacrifices,' you know. And they looked so helpless, and—I love kittens."

She felt like a naughty girl confessing some mischief. She saw his eyes darken.

"Oh, I know it was wrong of me to jump at such a hasty conclusion, but some one told me how you once applied electricity to a dog and made it suffer horribly, and I was afraid I couldn't bear—"

She stopped. His mouth was closed in the straight line she dreaded.

"I will get them," she said, and started impetuously up the stairs. But she was very tired, and coming from the cold outside to the warm room had made her dizzy. She caught at the bannister for assistance. Prof. Eger put his hand very gently under her elbow, and in silence they walked to her room.

"Will you get the basket?" she suggested.

He brought it to her in her sitting-room and waited while she put the kittens into it. Felicia felt very small and mean. She almost wished that she were blind like the kittens, that she might not see how dark and angry his eyes had grown.

"You don't look much like a cheerful Santa Claus now," she said, trying to make her tone light, but her lips and hands were trembling.

"No; and the feeling is all gone, too," he replied, gloomily.

"I am sorry. I would not have taken them if I had dreamed you cared so much."

He interrupted her, fiercely. "That is not what I care about! It hurts me that my interest in science should have made me seem to you a brute! You misjudged me once before, but I hoped I had made you understand me better!"

"I do, now," she returned, quickly. "Forgive me this time," very pleadingly, "and I will try to be a good girl;" and she smiled whimsically up at him.

Max Eger's face changed. Felicia looked down quickly and laid her hand caressingly on one little creature in the basket.

"I might have known you could not harm a thing so helpless and white and little," she said.

Prof. Eger suddenly placed his hand over hers and gathered hand and kitten in a close grasp.

"It is little and white and—loveable," he said, intensely, "and if you wish to prove that you do not think me cruel and heartless you will give it to me and let me care for it as tenderly as I long to."

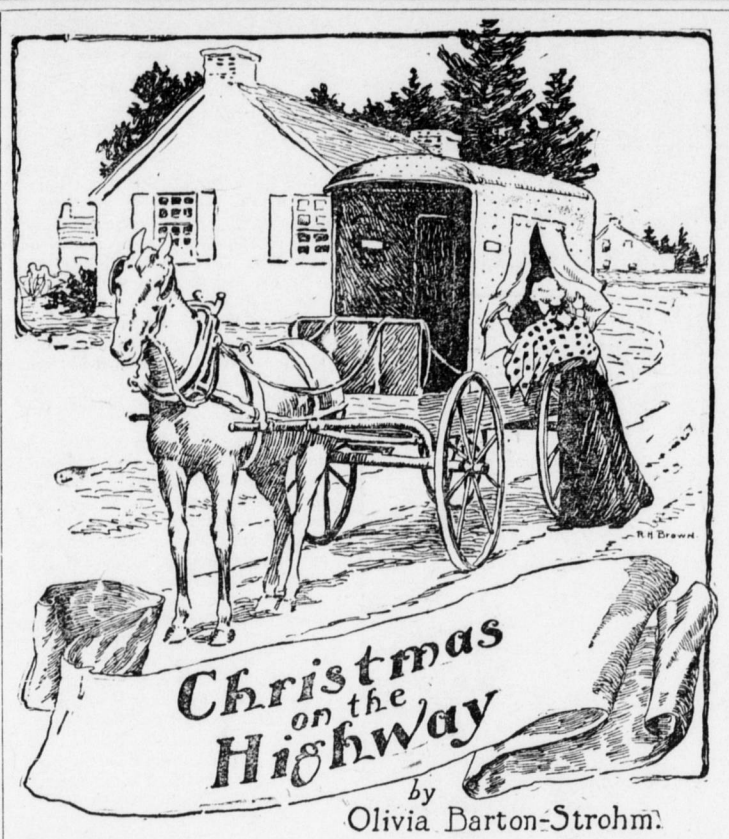
Felicia tried to slip her hand away, but he held it tightly in his. It rested there; it trembled there. The kitten squirmed uneasily; he could not understand his position in this matter. No wonder; he was still blind.

But in the morning it was Christmas, the kittens were nine days old, and they began to see things.—Woman's Home Companion.

Pass Them On!

"All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin."

You have no money for Christmas presents? Then pass on the things you have—the books you have read, the unhung picture, the duplicate present, the scarf or gloves you do not need, the musical instrument you have stored away, the Christmas cards packed in desk or boxes—anything by which you may enrich or comfort or please others without impoverishing yourself. These things have yielded you their best flavor; let them carry to others friendship's rich aroma. Pass them on!—Success.



MANY and varied were the greetings given this Christmas morning to Miss Matilda Scott as her mail-wagon bumped over the ruts of Cole county. The frozen ruts of Cole county. The children, with bright expectant faces, waited at every post-box and gave a Merry Christmas in exchange for her bundle of mail. Old Ben Todd, whose three-score years exempted him from active service on the farm, stood by the little bird-house which served as post-box at the corner of his field and, presenting her with an ear of red popcorn, wished her Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, with a smile on his old face, as brown and wrinkled as the apples that had lain on the ground since harvest. But he, like the children, was cheerful, expectant, even gay; it mocked her mood of bitter disappointment. More to her taste was the greeting of the Widow Brown, a forlorn-looking dame, whose sleek hair, pulled violently back from her face, seemed, more than the cold, responsible for her purple nose. As she took the mail from Matilda's hand she remarked with a rueful shake of her head: "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard." And the girl sighed in answer and drove on with anything but a holiday air. For there was a package in her bag, which, light and small, made her heart heavy as lead. It was addressed to a certain Miss Fay Barney, and the hand was as familiar as it was dear. Had she not often admired the heavy shading, and practiced with loving emulation the curves in the capital letters? A long and tender missive was hers every week in this same handwriting, and yet—Christmas day was here, the mail all collected and no remembrance.

Instead, there was a ring in this package, a diamond ring, so the open receipt read, addressed to her dearest friend, and, such was the clumsy playfulness of fate, she must be the one to deliver it.

Suddenly a voice startled her. "Merry Christmas," it said, and a strange head divided the curtains at the side of the wagon.

At the same instant the wheels came to a full stop, and Matilda's eyes, from which astonishment and fright had dried the tears, saw another stranger at the horse's head. Both were seedy and shabby, and both wore slouch hats drawn closely over their eyes.

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," continued the first speaker. "Can't you be civil to a feller on a holiday? No—no, that won't go; drop it," and he leveled a revolver in Matilda's face. For she was unaccustomed to the use of hers, and had bungled in an attempt to slip it from its place. Pale, but determined, and with all her wits now fully about her, Matilda stared silently into the gleaming barrel. The man at the horse's head chuckled in open admiration, then warned his companion: "Hurry up; somebody might come." The other, still pointing his weapon at the little mail-carrier, urged: "Step lively, miss; some o' them things in that there sack 'll come in real handy. Christmas comes but once a year, you know."

Like lightning Matilda's brain sought about for some expedient. To gain time she demanded: "Do you know the penalty for—"

"Yep, get a move," was the laconic interruption, made still more effective by a threatening click of the trigger.

All this time Matilda had kept the ring tightly clasped in her hand. By great good fortune she was near the end of her route. There were only a few packages left, and this ring was, she felt sure, by far the most valuable. If she could only keep this from the men—; and like a flash came an ugly thought—a temptation before which she trembled and was afraid. Why should she keep it from them? Why risk her life to save it? Have not they as much right to it as that other? But horror at the tempter's voice gave her new courage, and, as if addressing conscience rather than the thief, she spoke with sudden vigor:

"You are wicked; you are outraging this holy day." Then as the man's careless shrug recalled her to his more practical view:

"There is nothing of value in the sack," she said. "A few cheap presents to the children in the country; are you fools to risk life and freedom for this trash? See."

As she bent forward, the right hand, which held the ring, dropped to her side, and the folds of her dress dulled the sound of the falling box. On the floor it lay, unobserved by the intruder, who now bent over the disclosed treasures. There were no registered letters, and the array of parcels was scant, tied, for the most part, with unpracticed fingers, and evidently of little value. Cupidity died out of the man's eyes as he saw the meager assortment, and he gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"No good, pard—plated spoons and celluloid work boxes; I can see it from the outside."

"Well, take 'em anyway," advised the other from his position as sentry.

But the leader was more cautious. First possessing himself of Matilda's revolver, he left her, pale, trembling, but outwardly calm, while he joined his companion. His words were plain to her strained ears: "What's the use? The swag is no good—it would only be in the way."

There was no answer while, for a moment, both men stood listening.

"Sure; it's wheels, pard—let's skedaddle."

The leader came quickly back to the wagon. "We've concluded not to bother you, seein' as it's a holiday," he said, politely. "Much obliged for this," he added, flourishing her little pearl-handled pistol. "I'll take it as a remembrance of the season. Merry Christmas!" And, lifting his hat as jauntily as if it had been a brand-new tile, he followed his comrade, who had in the meantime jumped the fence and disappeared in the underbrush beyond.

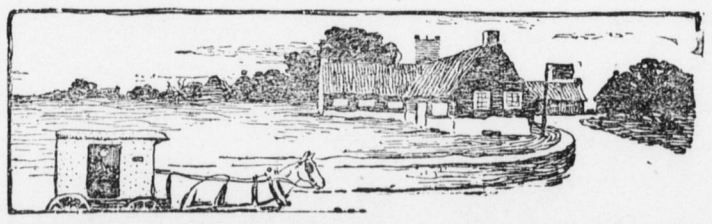
Miss Barney threw a cape hastily about her shoulders.

"Matilda is so late, mother, and I'm impatient for the mail. I'll go and meet her," she said; and she tripped out of the house and down the sodden path to the gate. Still no sign of the mail.

From the gate post she lifted the iron hoop, stubborn with frost, and, slipping through the gate, peered down the road. At the moment around the turn came the wagon, swinging this way and that as the horses trotted along, the lines dangling limp over the dashboard.

"Where is Matilda?" thought Miss Barney, with a sudden sinking of the heart. For the rosy face of the postmistress invariably peeped out, and she usually waved a cheery greeting. And then a panic seized the waiting girl, as the horse came to a full stop at the accustomed post, and still no sign of its driver. She flew to the wagon and peeped in. In a little heap, on the floor, lay Matilda, her eyes closed, lips open, her whole face white as the worsted hood she wore. Where it had fallen from her limp fingers, lay a small box addressed to Miss Fay Barney. All this the girl noticed, then she flew for help, and Matilda was promptly carried into the house, and cuddled in a big chair by a blazing fire. The warmth, the cheer revived her.

But the new glow in her veins, the sparkle in her eyes, came from a fire within, kindled by Miss Barney's words: "He addressed the ring to me, 'Tildy, but of course it is for you. I was to give it to you Christmas day, 'with his love,' he said, 'and best wishes for a Merry Christmas.'"



CHRISTMAS CHEER IN RHYME.

Christmas Chimes.

Hark! The Christmas chimes ring clear
Through the frosty midnight air.
Chant they news of wondrous cheer
Of the birth of God's great heir.
Kling, klang, ding, dong, klang, kling!
And the seraphs forget, as they listen, to sing.

Christ is come this wondrous night
As He came so long ago.
Stars swing low to glimpse the sight;
Earth grows warm with magic glow.
Kling, klang, ding, dong, klang, kling!
God's wide realm to its utmost ring
Reechoes the tones that the glad chimes sing.

All the world grows young to-night,
For the Christ is come again.
Breaks the dawn of love and light;
Sounds the word: "Good will to men."
Kling, klang, ding, dong, klang, kling!
The bells chime out, and the cherubs swing
On the big bronze clappers—a wondrous thing—
In the belfries of earth, while the great bells ring.
Kling, klang, ding, dong, klang, kling!
—Lizzie D. Curtis, in People's Home Journal.

The Bachelor's Christmas.

Nay; spare your pity, thoughtless one;
I have my share of joy,
Although, like you, I miss the fun
I had when but a boy.

Let all make merry as they will—
Though I may sit apart,
There is for me a pleasure still,
A Christmas in my heart.

I am not lonely, dreaming here,
For I, in fancy, see
A home where there is Christmas cheer
And children 'round a tree.

I hear their shouts of glad surprise;
I note their laugh rings true,
That happiness beams in their eyes,
And I am happy, too.

I know just where St. Nick has paid
An unexpected call—
A hovel, where they were afraid
He would not come at all.

Though nothing tangible be mine,
There is no need to grieve;
I have a joy almost divine—
In giving I receive.
—Chicago Evening Post.

Christmas.

Rejoice! for Christmas Eve is here once more,
With all its charm of mirth and Eastern lore.
Although you see no star not seen before,
Nor laden Magi wending by your door;
Although two thousand years have almost passed
Since in the fields, that dim and distant night,
The shepherds saw the herald-angel bright,
And mystic music heard from heights downcast;
Pile up the fire, spread forth the festal board,
Dig out the roadway from the drifted snow,
And bring in holly, bay and mistletoe,
That we may keep the birthday of our Lord.

Rejoice! I trust Joy, Peace and Love will be
Among the guests who share the feast with thee.
—Sarah Wilson, in Chambers' Journal.

An Old Aunt's Gift.

Many long, long years ago
Upon a Christmas day,
Among a wealth of gifts received
A tiny package lay.
It was so very, very small
It scarce had caught my eye;
So modest that, the truth to tell,
I near had passed it by.

A scented pin-ball lay within
The wrapper coarse and brown;
And with it in a shaking script,
The lines a-running down,
A little, neatly folded note
This message had to tell:
"Dear laddie, though the giftie's small,
Ye ken I love ye well."

Ah, that was long, long years ago,
I cannot now recall
A single costly gift that lay
Beside that scented ball.
The very givers, I must own,
Are gone from out my mind;
They gave to me that I return
The compliment in kind.
—T. W. Burgess, in Good Housekeeping.

The Paternal Hope.

Some day old Santa Claus perchance
Will get the time to take a glance
At one poor person who, as yet,
He's somehow managed to forget.
He never forgets the girls and boys
With choice confections and with toys.
The family's fair ones all admire
His taste in feminine attire.

And all are merry, all save one,
Who finds reward in duty done,
And tries to think it but a joke
That he is now completely "broke."
But some day maybe even he
A Christmas glad surprise may see;
And while the rest with gay refrain
Note what their various hose contain,
He'll find that Santa Claus at last
A look upon his needs has cast,
And when his pocketbook he shakes
As one who from bad dreams awakes
He'll see, with an ecstatic thrill,
Another twenty-dollar bill.
—Washington Star.

My Christmas Gift.

My Christmas gift—or properly,
The gift I would were given to me—
Reveals such greed within my soul,
As proves me mad beyond control—
A victim of fond fantasy.

For I would ask monopoly
Of fairest sight the eye may see;
Earth's greatest treasure would enroll
My Christmas Gift.

I claim not in the least degree
To merit what I ask of thee.
Know thou art distant as the pole;
That I but play the motley role:
Yet, tell me, Doris, will you be
My Christmas Gift?
—Truman Roberts Andrews, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Christmas Blessing.

Beside the fire this wintry night,
My fancies sweet confessing;
Your red, sweet lips—your eyes of light
My Christmas blessing!

That face—of earthly faces fair—
To me, sweetheart, the fairest;
A little wreath of golden hair
Of gifts the dearest!

And still this thought my soul uplifts
To holiest endeavor;
Your love, your life, my greatest gifts,
Sweetheart, forever.
—F. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.

Unfortunate.

The boy will hang his stocking up,
And hope for some small gift.
A toy, a book, a pretty cup
Will serve all gloom to lift.

But when he's grown—this life is rough—
The custom is forgot.
A stocking isn't big enough.
He wants a house and lot.
—Washington Star.

The Season's Greeting.

Through all the shops, from end to end,
We seek rare tokens for each friend;
But, with the gift, still fond and true
Old wishes shine as good as new.
—Chicago Daily Record.

Through the glistening glory of moonlit air
When frost through the night was stealing,
I rode to the rush of a glorious pair
One night long ago, with my beautiful Claire,
As the Christmas bells were pealing.

The night was sparkling, sharp and still,
The snow held the earth in its keeping,
While under its mantle o'er vale and hill,
By the banks of each river and ice-bound rill
The unblossomed flowers were sleeping.

Roy Griffith was out with his dappled grays,
And Fanny Cremorne in his cutter,
And wild Willie Ford with his blooded bays,
And that dashing beauty, Miss Kate Du-Pays,
A trifle too utterly utter.

Now a gray grows white and a bay horse fades,
But mine showed beauty and breeding,
For Ronald was black as the queen of spades,
And Lais still blacker by several shades,
And bred with a view to speeding.

And the face by my side was the lovellest far,
Like a dream, through its fur wraps showing.
Ah, never shone sun, nor moon, nor star,
And never broke wave over crystalline bar
With the light in those dark eyes glowing.

And never sang seraph a sweeter strain
Than the song of her rippling laughter;
And never a field of golden grain
Followed the breeze like a soft refrain
As her echoing smile followed after;

And never breathed spirit of light and air
With a grace so winning and tender;
And never dwelt soul so white and fair,
With the sweetness to love and the courage to dare,
In a form so fragile and slender.

I had loved little Claire since long ago
But never a word had spoken;
The dear, winsome creature, she frightened me so,
For I feared that, perhaps, she might answer me, No,
And the charm of my life be broken.

I scarcely could fancy it really true
That there at my side she was sitting,
In my gay little cutter all fresh and new
With its golden striping, and built for two,
Through the Christmas moonlight flitting.

I was driving along in a quiet way
With never a thought of speeding,
Trying to think of something to say,
Though the horses were fresh and full of play,
And the blacks, as usual, leading.

The lights shone out on the glittering snow
With Christmas cheer and greeting,
Giving a glimpse, in the firelight's glow,
Of silvery heads and heads of tow
O'er Christmas bounties meeting.

We were just turning into the Norfolk Pike
Where it joins the road to Pentlever,
Where it stretches away to the Cambridge dike,
Broad and level and arrow-like,
And smooth as a frozen river.

I was furtively watching the radiant flush
Up into Claire's cheek come creeping,
When the bays and the grays drew up with a rush,
And the six all abreast, for a bit of a brush,
Came into the wide road sweeping.

• • • • • • • • • •

Hi, Ronald! Come down from that dance in the air!
Hey, Lais! Have done with your frolicking there!
Come! show us your best for the Lady Claire!

Gently, there! gently! Now steady! So, so!
Ah, grandly, my beauties! We'll let the boys know
What it means to come up with a pair that can go.

Ha! Ha! Lady Claire! the bays are in air!
They never could trot with the blacks, fair and square;
And there go the grays off their feet, over there.

Great Scott! but they're both coming up on the run!
Hold tight, little Claire, this thing's just begun;
They shall have all the running they wish ere they're done.

Go, Ronald!—Go! Go, Lais!—Away!
Great heavens! Just see Willie Ford's cutter sway.
Get on, my black beauties! Get on there, I say!

Hi, Lais! Look out! Look out or you'll slip!
As I live, Lady Claire, it's a two-minute-clip;
And see! do you see? Roy's using the whip!

Ah, steady there, Ronald! Cling close, little one,
We're making a beautiful, beautiful run,
And the blacks' blood will tell before we are done.

I told you! I told you! Will's out of the race;
My soul! little one! that was a bad place;
Those bays cannot run when the blacks set the pace.

Now carefully, Claire; mind, child, how you sit,
I'm going to touch up the blacks just a bit.
Not afraid, my brave girl? Not a whit?—not a whit?

Hi! you black phantoms! Get away!—Get away!
My life! how they go! This has passed beyond play.
I hope—I—yes, Claire—that this cutter—will stay!

See! little one—see! Look back at that gray!
He's done, and hurrah! we've carried the day.
Hurrah, you wild beauties! Hurrah, there, I say!

• • • • • • • • • •

We had won, we had won, with my brain all aswirl,
But my heart most blissfully singing;
For through all the desperate rush and whirl
I knew that that dear little, sweet little girl
Was close to me, close to me clinging.

Of course, I was tired after the race,
And my heart in a terrible flutter.
So I pulled down the blacks to a moderate pace
And sat, while my right hand held them in place,
With my left on the back of the cutter.

And then, as the heavens were not quite clear,
And the chains of love were clanking,
My arm crept along on the seat, by the rear,
And slyly, with doubting and many a fear,
Strove to capture my captor, by flanking.

But Claire was awake with her videttes out
And soon had the enemy routed.
'Twas merely a whisper, I have no doubt,
But it seemed as if earth and air about
With a thousand voices shouted.

"Do you think it quite safe" (in a tone very grand),
"Single handed to drive with a lady?
I'm sure, sir, you'd better take two—and—and
I think that perhaps—I could—lend you a hand,
As I see you have only one ready."

As that last low whisper flew off into space
And my darling grew scared into coldness,
I read in the beautiful, blushing face,
Its story of trust and of loving grace,
And my heart thrilled up into boldness.

"And what happened then in the soft moonlight?"
Well, I certainly did not borrow.
Is it anyone's care if I seized that night
That dear little hand by my love's strong might
And kept it through joy and through sorrow?

And never a one to-night shall know
That those bells to my thought seem weeping,
With a sobbing cry, as they swerl to and fro,
Over the beautiful, silent snow,
Where the unblossomed souls lie sleeping

Ah, me!—how I long for the years by gone!
Alas! that their glory is ended—
When horses were horses, and knew how to run;
When the girls, pure and true, were not like a nun,
By a she-dragon always attended.

My Willie goes out with his girl, goes he,
And his coachman fine as a fiddle,
And his footman arrayed most gorgeously
In a sleigh that was built with a seat for three,
And a chaperon sits in the middle.

Oh, my heart and my temper both are wrung
For the ancient days so golden,
When life was royally sweet and young,
And love was never a trio sung,
With the third part cracked and olden.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

WHERE IS THE BOER GENERAL?

GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY.

Rules and Regulations That Govern Officers and Men of That Country.

Army and navy officers in Germany are not allowed to marry unless they have a certain private income and must make a deposit of 30,000 marks cash ($7,500) with the government before the marriage can take place, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. This is deposited to their credit in the public treasury, and they receive three per cent. interest a year. At the death of the officer the principal is refunded to his family. The purpose of this rule is to protect the government from the burden of destitute officers' families, and also to protect the officer against court-martial, for the regulations prohibit him from incurring debts. When an officer gets into debt he must resign or go before a court-martial, and if he cannot show that his misfortune was unavoidable and due to circumstances over which he had no control, he will be dismissed from the service. If the debts have been incurred for reasons which he could not prevent, they are paid out of the deposit to his credit and the amount is deducted from his pay in installments.

The privates in the German army get no pay at all. By the constitution of the empire every German capable of bearing arms is enrolled in the standing army or navy for six years from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh year of his age, although he is liable to be called upon at the completion of his seventeenth year. Of these six years, two must be spent in active service in the infantry and artillery, and three in the cavalry, and the remaining years in the army of the reserve. During this time the soldier receives allowances for food and clothing and the other necessaries of life. He is also given beer and tobacco from the commissary, and if he is economical can commute his rations into cash and thus acquire a little spending money. The soldiers of the United States army, who receive $13 a month, are the best paid in the world. Those of the British army, who receive a shilling a day, are next.

The pay of the officers of the German army is very small, and no one can obtain a commission unless he has a sufficient private fortune to yield him an income of at least 500 marks ($125) a year. Captains receive about the same compensation as second lieutenants of infantry in the United States, and officers of the lower grades even less in proportion. A second lieutenant in the German army receives less than a commissary sergeant or a hospital steward in the United States. The Germans get marks where our officers get dollars—a mark being 25 cents. Army officers in Germany, however, have privileges that civilians do not enjoy. They are entitled to half fare for themselves and their families on all the railways, like clergymen in the United States; they are given half rates at most of the hotels and restaurants, and a discount from the regular prices at the shops, usually from 10 to 30 per cent. They have half rates at the theaters and operas, but at the royal opera no officer is allowed to appear in uniform unless he occupies a box or seat in the parquet or in the first row of the first balcony.

The regular garrison of Berlin is 20,000 troops, which, with the general staff and the various bureaus, gives the city a large military population, and nearly every third person you meet on the street wears a uniform. During an hour's walk on the principal streets the other day I met 28 generals.

MILES OF JOB-LOT BOOKS.

Vast Numbers of Volumes in London Library Storerooms That Are a Drug.

One of the most curious sights in London is that provided by the cellars and storerooms of the great circulating library firms, who have literally miles—nearly 20 miles in one case—of shelves of once more or less fashionable books that may be bought now for a few coppers apiece, says the New York Herald.

To show how uncertain is the fate of any book that may be issued, it may be said that in a vast number of cases there are often in these catacombs hundreds of copies of one book, the latter less than three years ago having been read by thousands of people, though absolutely a drug in the market now.

In a great number of instances, too, the books now offered at a few coppers—published at £1 12s. 6d. originally—have never been issued by the library or read by a single being, although written by a supposedly noted author.

The libraries throughout the country, from second down to twentieth rate, having been supplied from these many miles of shelves, millions of novels issued during the last few years remain, and tons of them are periodically carried off to the paper makers, to reappear as bright, virgin sheets, and very likely to revisit once again the literary dead house of one of the libraries. Sometimes, however, these catacombs yield treasures.

An author, hitherto unrecognized, writes a book that goes with a swing, and that brings him fame at once, and then people discover that many unread stories by him are mouldering in library cellars.

World's Largest Picture.

The largest picture in the world is "Paradise," by Tintoretto. It hangs in the Doge's palace at Venice. It is 84 feet wide and 34 feet high.—N. Y. Herald.

HAD WATER IN HIS SYSTEM.

Sockless Feet—Wat's de mattter wit Willie?

Brewser—He run so hard gittin' away from a wood pile dat he sweat reel water. It almost give him a bath. Dere's de result—a fit.

SLOT MACHINE CHARMED HER.

She Had Been Bitterly Opposed to Gambling Until Her Husband Won a Dollar.

"One of the most decided and quickest changes from a pronounced stand that ever came to my attention I noted in the case of my wife while we were on a vacation trip recently," remarked a well-known local official. "Ever since we have been married Mrs. G—— has been unalterably opposed to gambling in any form. The mere mention of the word caused her to shudder. While strolling about a summer resort a few weeks ago we passed one of those machines that bear a sign inviting all who pass to drop a nickel in the slot. The inducement is the possibility of the coin dropped striking a channel that will result in the dropper receiving an amount varying from one dollar to $2.50 in nickels as a return from the investment. But the dropped coin follows a winning passage about once in a lifetime.

"More for the sake of witnessing my wife experience a momentary chill than for any other reason I suddenly halted in front of the machine I spoke of and parted with a five-cent piece. Vastly to my surprise, 20 nickels slipped from the machine. The event of a lifetime had actually come to pass. But more remarkable was the transformation of Mrs. G——. Without a word she took possession of my winnings, deposited them, and when they were gone borrowed a dollar more in small change from me and placed all of it in the slot. She next called for more. Thereupon I protested.

"But I'll surely win $2.50 if I keep on trying," she expostulated.

"'You won't try with my money, though," I declared. Since this little occurrence, says the Washington Star, Mrs. G—— has not discoursed on the evils of gambling.

CELTICISMS ON THE STAND.

Funny Sayings of Irish Witnesses While Undergoing the Customary Examinations.

Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald Isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the legal technicalities of a case. A gentleman who has been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for some time relates the following anecdotes, says the Baltimore Sun. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivial offense.

"Phat are yees there for but to foind out?" was the quick rejoinder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She wuz, sor, now an' then; but she ginerly used th' potaty masher."

A witness testifying in a murder case was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sir, if ye shtand at th' bottom they run up, an' if ye shtand at th' top they run down."

KITCHEN WALLS.

Should Be Covered with Tile Paper to Be Kept Constantly in Good Order.

I want to speak a word for the desirability of enameled or tile paper for bathrooms and kitchen walls, says Anne Warner, in Good Housekeeping. The friend who recommended it to me is still enjoying her kitchen paper in its ninth year of service, and mine is in its fourth and has been washed twice every year. The secret is this: When it is first put on have a coat of good varnish laid over it. This will render it impervious to water along the edges and the line where the paper is matched and where it soon shows wear without this bit of "know how." In washing, use warm water and soap, or a little soda, if the walls are badly smoked, and a soft flannel. Clean, a spot at a time, quickly and lightly and wipe dry before proceeding. Do not wet a large surface and leave soaking and expect good results. The original expense, and the outlay of strength and patience in care, are considerably less than an oil paint finish exacts. I prefer not to have the ceiling papered, but calsomined when necessary, until some one invents and applies to humanity the facilities enjoyed by flies for keeping a comfortable working position upon it.

A Helpful Hint.

If your woolen dresses look dreadfully creased and wrinkled after packing, try the following plan, and don't, however, if you are tempted, try to iron the creases out. Instead dip a clean piece of stuff of the same material as the dress, if you have it, in hot water. Wring it slightly and sponge the creased places with it. Then hang the dress in the open air, but not in the sun, and the creases will disappear as it dries.—Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint.

He—I love you more than words can tell!

She (shyly)—Well—there are other ways.—Summerville Journal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Statistics of Atchison county, Kan., show that of the 16,501 people living there 12,143 have never atended Sunday school.

Rev. Samuel Scoville, the son-in-law of Henry Ward Beecher, has become associate pastor with Dr. Hillis, of the Plymouth church in Brooklyn.

The bishop of London said recently in talking of the poverty of the clergy that 4,566 livings average $750 a year, and no fewer than 1,341 benefices were worth only $325 per annum.

Rev. Richard Lewis Howell, one of the best known Episcopal clergymen of Washington, D. C., has a project for the erection of a magnificent edifice in that city to serve as a meeting place for the communicants of all religious denominations.

Nearly 1,000 men and women are employed to conduct summer vacation schools and playgrounds in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Last summer more than 100,000 boys and girls were in more or less constant attendance.

In the future Boston's public school buildings are to contain well-appointed bathrooms. The impulse was given two years ago, when the Paul Revere school was erected, and now bathrooms are to become a regular adjunct of the public school system.

Carrie Nation the other evening lectured to a large audience in Marietta, O., under the direction of H. J. Conrath, a saloon keeper, and Joe Bruner, a pugilist. In answer to criticisms on her appearance under such management Mrs. Nation said: "Neither the W. C. T. U. nor the churches would bring me here, but these men did, and I am grateful to them."

President Eliot, of Harvard, insists that the school-teachers spend altogether too much time trying to teach arithmetic to young children. In his Twentieth Century club lecture he told of a naughty boy who was told by his mother that he must either do as she told him or leave the room. The boy thought for a moment and then remarked: "That's fair." "I would give more for that judicial comment for its effect on the boy's later life," said President Eliot, "than for any amount of accurate figuring."

A WEAPONLESS HUNTER.

Woodsman Who Chokes Bears and Wildcats to Death, and Hunts Small Game with Stones.

Bob Brown, of Fox Hollow, is a woodsman who gets much game, yet uses neither gun nor knife, nor any other weapon except occasionally a club or a stone, says the New York Sun.

He has a record of choking bears to death, and even a wildcat is among his trophies that he bagged in that way. His manner of hunting bears is to trail one to its feeding grounds, get to the windward of it, creep stealthily upon it, and, when near enough, throw a horse blanket or sometimes his coat over its head.

While the bear is blinded and its forepaws entangled in it, Brown jumps in, finds the bear's windpipe with his right hand, clutches it with a grip like a vise, and actually chokes the bear to death. At least, he has succeeded in killing two in this way. One of them weighed over 200 pounds and one was a 110-pounder.

The wildcat that Brown choked to death leaped at him from a hollow stump where she had kittens concealed. Brown, who is a powerful man, seized her by the throat while she was still in the air and held her at arm's length until she was dead, with her hind legs drawn clear up to her breast.

He killed a wildcat once with a single blow of his fist, crushing the animal's skull.

Ruffed grouse, or partridge, as they are called by the natives, will tree when flushed if they hear the barking of a dog. Brown hunts partridges by imitating the bark of a whiffet, when the birds rise.

When they tree he brings them down with stones, with which his aim is almost unerring. He is said to be able also to kill a running rabbit by stone throwing.

Hunting the Fog Germ.

The London city council have tunneled under the Thames, reconstructed bridges, demolished many streets, provided parks and music for the masses, and are anxious to add a service of free steamboats and hope to buy up all the water companies whenever parliament will grant the requisite powers. Not satisfied with these enterprises, it is now suggested that the fog fiend should be localized, run to earth and deprived of his asphyxiating terrors. As a commencement it is only proposed to spend £250 on an experimental investigations. When preliminaries are completed fogs may cease as soon as the Essex marshes are reclaimed, the river diverted and smoky chimneys suppressed. These cannot be called trifling obstacles, but with ambitious counsillors on the job there is sure to be a big effort made to overcome them.—N. Y. Sun.

Mustaches of Old.

Men with enormous mustaches really have nothing to be proud of. Rather are they to be pitied. Those of high rank among the Gauls and Britons, according to Caesar and Diodorous, shaved the chin, but wore immense forests of hair on the upper lip. The mustaches of the inhabitants of Cornwall and the Sicily isles hung down upon their breasts like wings.—N. Y. Press.

Poverty Not the Worst Thing.

Poverty may sidetrack a man, but it never blows him up.—Chicago Daily News.

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I rode to the rush of a glorious pair
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Army and navy officers in Germany are not allowed to marry unless they have a certain private income and must make a deposit of 30,000 marks cash ($7,500) with the government before the marriage can take place, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. This is deposited to their credit in the public treasury, and they receive three per cent. interest a year. At the death of the officer the principal is refunded to his family. The purpose of this rule is to protect the government from the burden of destitute officers' families, and also to protect the officer against court-martial, for the regulations prohibit him from incurring debts. When an officer gets into debt he must resign or go before a court-martial, and if he cannot show that his misfortune was unavoidable and due to circumstances over which he had no control, he will be dismissed from the service. If the debts have been incurred for reasons which he could not prevent, they are paid out of the deposit to his credit and the amount is deducted from his pay in installments.

The privates in the German army get no pay at all. By the constitution of the empire every German capable of bearing arms is enrolled in the standing army or navy for six years from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh year of his age, although he is liable to be called upon at the completion of his seventeenth year. Of these six years, two must be spent in active service in the infantry and artillery, and three in the cavalry, and the remaining years in the army of the reserve. During this time the soldier receives allowances for food and clothing and the other necessaries of life. He is also given beer and tobacco from the commissary, and if he is economical can commute his rations into cash and thus acquire a little spending money. The soldiers of the United States army, who receive $13 a month, are the best paid in the world. Those of the British army, who receive a shilling a day, are next.

The pay of the officers of the German army is very small, and no one can obtain a commission unless he has a sufficient private fortune to yield him an income of at least 500 marks ($125) a year. Captains receive about the same compensation as second lieutenants of infantry in the United States, and officers of the lower grades even less in proportion. A second lieutenant in the German army receives less than a commissary sergeant or a hospital steward in the United States. The Germans get marks where our officers get dollars—a mark being 25 cents. Army officers in Germany, however, have privileges that civilians do not enjoy. They are entitled to half fare for themselves and their families on all the railways, like clergymen in the United States; they are given half rates at most of the hotels and restaurants, and a discount from the regular prices at the shops, usually from 10 to 30 per cent. They have half rates at the theaters and operas, but at the royal opera no officer is allowed to appear in uniform unless he occupies a box or seat in the parquet or in the first row of the first balcony.

The regular garrison of Berlin is 20,000 troops, which, with the general staff and the various bureaus, gives the city a large military population, and nearly every third person you meet on the street wears a uniform. During an hour's walk on the principal streets the other day I met 28 generals.

MILES OF JOB-LOT BOOKS.

Vast Numbers of Volumes in London Library Storerooms That Are a Drug.

One of the most curious sights in London is that provided by the cellars and storerooms of the great circulating library firms, who have literally miles—nearly 20 miles in one case—of shelves of once more or less fashionable books that may be bought now for a few coppers apiece, says the New York Herald.

To show how uncertain is the fate of any book that may be issued, it may be said that in a vast number of cases there are often in these catacombs hundreds of copies of one book, the latter less than three years ago having been read by thousands of people, though absolutely a drug in the market now.

In a great number of instances, too, the books now offered at a few coppers—published at £1 12s. 6d. originally—have never been issued by the library or read by a single being, although written by a supposedly noted author.

The libraries throughout the country, from second down to twentieth rate, having been supplied from these many miles of shelves, millions of novels issued during the last few years remain, and tons of them are periodically carried off to the paper makers, to reappear as bright, virgin sheets, and very likely to revisit once again the literary dead house of one of the libraries. Sometimes, however, these catacombs yield treasures.

An author, hitherto unrecognized, writes a book that goes with a swing, and that brings him fame at once, and then people discover that many unread stories by him are mouldering in library cellars.

World's Largest Picture.

The largest picture in the world is "Paradise," by Tintoretto. It hangs in the Doge's palace at Venice. It is 84 feet wide and 34 feet high.—N. Y. Herald.

HAD WATER IN HIS SYSTEM.

Sockless Feet—Wat's de mattter wit Willie?

Brewser—He run so hard gittin' away from a wood pile dat he sweat reel water. It almost give him a bath. Dere's de result—a fit.

SLOT MACHINE CHARMED HER.

She Had Been Bitterly Opposed to Gambling Until Her Husband Won a Dollar.

"One of the most decided and quickest changes from a pronounced stand that ever came to my attention I noted in the case of my wife while we were on a vacation trip recently," remarked a well-known local official. "Ever since we have been married Mrs. G—— has been unalterably opposed to gambling in any form. The mere mention of the word caused her to shudder. While strolling about a summer resort a few weeks ago we passed one of those machines that bear a sign inviting all who pass to drop a nickel in the slot. The inducement is the possibility of the coin dropped striking a channel that will result in the dropper receiving an amount varying from one dollar to $2.50 in nickels as a return from the investment. But the dropped coin follows a winning passage about once in a lifetime.

"More for the sake of witnessing my wife experience a momentary chill than for any other reason I suddenly halted in front of the machine I spoke of and parted with a five-cent piece. Vastly to my surprise, 20 nickels slipped from the machine. The event of a lifetime had actually come to pass. But more remarkable was the transformation of Mrs. G——. Without a word she took possession of my winnings, deposited them, and when they were gone borrowed a dollar more in small change from me and placed all of it in the slot. She next called for more. Thereupon I protested.

"But I'll surely win $2.50 if I keep on trying," she expostulated.

"'You won't try with my money, though," I declared. Since this little occurrence, says the Washington Star, Mrs. G—— has not discoursed on the evils of gambling.

CELTICISMS ON THE STAND.

Funny Sayings of Irish Witnesses While Undergoing the Customary Examinations.

Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald Isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the legal technicalities of a case. A gentleman who has been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for some time relates the following anecdotes, says the Baltimore Sun. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivial offense.

"Phat are yees there for but to foind out?" was the quick rejoinder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She wuz, sor, now an' then; but she ginerly used th' potaty masher."

A witness testifying in a murder case was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sir, if ye shtand at th' bottom they run up, an' if ye shtand at th' top they run down."

KITCHEN WALLS.

Should Be Covered with Tile Paper to Be Kept Constantly in Good Order.

I want to speak a word for the desirability of enameled or tile paper for bathrooms and kitchen walls, says Anne Warner, in Good Housekeeping. The friend who recommended it to me is still enjoying her kitchen paper in its ninth year of service, and mine is in its fourth and has been washed twice every year. The secret is this: When it is first put on have a coat of good varnish laid over it. This will render it impervious to water along the edges and the line where the paper is matched and where it soon shows wear without this bit of "know how." In washing, use warm water and soap, or a little soda, if the walls are badly smoked, and a soft flannel. Clean, a spot at a time, quickly and lightly and wipe dry before proceeding. Do not wet a large surface and leave soaking and expect good results. The original expense, and the outlay of strength and patience in care, are considerably less than an oil paint finish exacts. I prefer not to have the ceiling papered, but calsomined when necessary, until some one invents and applies to humanity the facilities enjoyed by flies for keeping a comfortable working position upon it.

A Helpful Hint.

If your woolen dresses look dreadfully creased and wrinkled after packing, try the following plan, and don't, however, if you are tempted, try to iron the creases out. Instead dip a clean piece of stuff of the same material as the dress, if you have it, in hot water. Wring it slightly and sponge the creased places with it. Then hang the dress in the open air, but not in the sun, and the creases will disappear as it dries.—Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint.

He—I love you more than words can tell!

She (shyly)—Well—there are other ways.—Summerville Journal.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Statistics of Atchison county, Kan., show that of the 16,501 people living there 12,143 have never atended Sunday school.

Rev. Samuel Scoville, the son-in-law of Henry Ward Beecher, has become associate pastor with Dr. Hillis, of the Plymouth church in Brooklyn.

The bishop of London said recently in talking of the poverty of the clergy that 4,566 livings average $750 a year, and no fewer than 1,341 benefices were worth only $325 per annum.

Rev. Richard Lewis Howell, one of the best known Episcopal clergymen of Washington, D. C., has a project for the erection of a magnificent edifice in that city to serve as a meeting place for the communicants of all religious denominations.

Nearly 1,000 men and women are employed to conduct summer vacation schools and playgrounds in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Last summer more than 100,000 boys and girls were in more or less constant attendance.

In the future Boston's public school buildings are to contain well-appointed bathrooms. The impulse was given two years ago, when the Paul Revere school was erected, and now bathrooms are to become a regular adjunct of the public school system.

Carrie Nation the other evening lectured to a large audience in Marietta, O., under the direction of H. J. Conrath, a saloon keeper, and Joe Bruner, a pugilist. In answer to criticisms on her appearance under such management Mrs. Nation said: "Neither the W. C. T. U. nor the churches would bring me here, but these men did, and I am grateful to them."

President Eliot, of Harvard, insists that the school-teachers spend altogether too much time trying to teach arithmetic to young children. In his Twentieth Century club lecture he told of a naughty boy who was told by his mother that he must either do as she told him or leave the room. The boy thought for a moment and then remarked: "That's fair." "I would give more for that judicial comment for its effect on the boy's later life," said President Eliot, "than for any amount of accurate figuring."

A WEAPONLESS HUNTER.

Woodsman Who Chokes Bears and Wildcats to Death, and Hunts Small Game with Stones.

Bob Brown, of Fox Hollow, is a woodsman who gets much game, yet uses neither gun nor knife, nor any other weapon except occasionally a club or a stone, says the New York Sun.

He has a record of choking bears to death, and even a wildcat is among his trophies that he bagged in that way. His manner of hunting bears is to trail one to its feeding grounds, get to the windward of it, creep stealthily upon it, and, when near enough, throw a horse blanket or sometimes his coat over its head.

While the bear is blinded and its forepaws entangled in it, Brown jumps in, finds the bear's windpipe with his right hand, clutches it with a grip like a vise, and actually chokes the bear to death. At least, he has succeeded in killing two in this way. One of them weighed over 200 pounds and one was a 110-pounder.

The wildcat that Brown choked to death leaped at him from a hollow stump where she had kittens concealed. Brown, who is a powerful man, seized her by the throat while she was still in the air and held her at arm's length until she was dead, with her hind legs drawn clear up to her breast.

He killed a wildcat once with a single blow of his fist, crushing the animal's skull.

Ruffed grouse, or partridge, as they are called by the natives, will tree when flushed if they hear the barking of a dog. Brown hunts partridges by imitating the bark of a whiffet, when the birds rise.

When they tree he brings them down with stones, with which his aim is almost unerring. He is said to be able also to kill a running rabbit by stone throwing.

Hunting the Fog Germ.

The London city council have tunneled under the Thames, reconstructed bridges, demolished many streets, provided parks and music for the masses, and are anxious to add a service of free steamboats and hope to buy up all the water companies whenever parliament will grant the requisite powers. Not satisfied with these enterprises, it is now suggested that the fog fiend should be localized, run to earth and deprived of his asphyxiating terrors. As a commencement it is only proposed to spend £250 on an experimental investigations. When preliminaries are completed fogs may cease as soon as the Essex marshes are reclaimed, the river diverted and smoky chimneys suppressed. These cannot be called trifling obstacles, but with ambitious counsillors on the job there is sure to be a big effort made to overcome them.—N. Y. Sun.

Mustaches of Old.

Men with enormous mustaches really have nothing to be proud of. Rather are they to be pitied. Those of high rank among the Gauls and Britons, according to Caesar and Diodorous, shaved the chin, but wore immense forests of hair on the upper lip. The mustaches of the inhabitants of Cornwall and the Sicily isles hung down upon their breasts like wings.—N. Y. Press.

Poverty Not the Worst Thing.

Poverty may sidetrack a man, but it never blows him up.—Chicago Daily News.

Democracy In Switzerland.

The Swiss girl is taught to be humble and practical from the moment when, at four, she enters the infants' school until, at eighteen, she returns finished from the pension. There is absolutely no difference between the treatment of the masses and the classes. They sit together at school, are taught the same subjects by the same masters, receive the same punishments and the same praises. Little cares the daughter of the millionaire if her bosom friend is the daughter of her own father's coachman. They have been brought up together and remain together without let or hindrance. The Swiss girl is never ashamed of being seen at her work, be that work of the most humble description.

Hydrophobia and St. Hubert.

It is well known that St. Hubert (died A. D. 727) was reputed to cure hydrophobia by touch, as kings cured the "king's evil." The saint was a father before he was a saint and left a son, from whom descends a family, the Lavernots, still flourishing in Picardy. This family claims, and the claim is admitted throughout Picardy, to have inherited the magical powers of the saint and exercises them regularly to this day. The neighbors still prefer their treatment to that of the Pasteur institute.

The Kind She Was After.

"Lounges!" echoed the salesman. "Yes, ma'am. This way, please. What kind of lounge would you like?"

"I'd like one," said the sharp featured woman, "that can get right up and kick a man out of doors when he comes home and throws himself down on it with his muddy feet and growls and scolds because he has to wait two minutes for his supper. That's the kind I'd like, but I'll have to take what I can get, I reckon. What's the price of this one with the green cover?"—Chicago Tribune.

Bishop Whipple as a Dentist.

On one of the first of his journeys to the west one of the Indians came to Bishop Whipple and said, "Wi-bid-akosi" (My tooth is sick), and asked for relief. Bishop Whipple was unable to give it and was greatly distressed. Accordingly, upon his first visit to Chicago he went to a friend who was a dentist and asked to be shown how to extract teeth. He was told to separate the ligaments around the tooth, to take a firm grip and then to pull.

Equipped with an old pair of dentist's forceps, he went back to his work, and when, after the service at Whitefish lake, an Indian came to him with his hand to his face and asked for relief the good bishop produced his forceps and started upon his career as an unregistered dentist.

The "sick tooth" was a large upper molar, but the bishop never blanched. Neither did the Indian. With stolid indifference to the pain the red man submitted to the operation, which, Bishop Whipple confessed, must have been a bungling one at best, and the tooth was finally twisted out, and the bishop had the satisfaction of hearing the old chief afterward telling his people, "Kichimekadewiconaye great medicine man!"—Boston Transcript.

Fascinating Old Silver.

Teapots and coffeepots do not go back very far, since tea and coffee were not introduced into Europe until the seventeenth century, and no silver tea pot or kettle is known of earlier than 1709. Festoons and medallions are characteristic ornaments of teapots of the time of the early Georges. Not until the middle of the eighteenth century, however, do we find silver urns, tea strainers and tea caddies. Cream jugs followed the fashions of the larger pieces.

The first English sauceboat in silver belongs to the year 1727. Silver candlesticks are older, being found first, with square bases and fluted columns, in the reign of Charles II. Medallions, festoons and drapery characterize later candlesticks, and the Corinthian column pattern, so great a favorite, was first introduced about 1765. Cake baskets of the beautiful cut silver in which Paul Lamerie so excelled as a maker belong also to the eighteenth century. Many trays and salvers were made in this cut silver, which now, by the way, is again in fashion, and deservedly so. —Harper's Bazar.

One Exception.

Joakley — Speaking of Lincoln, I heard a humorous anecdote the other day that was the most remarkable—

Coakley—Oh, pshaw! Everybody who has a funny anecdote to tell swears it on Lincoln.

Joakley—Exactly, and that's the remarkable thing about this one. No one has ever yet attributed it to him.—Philadelphia Press.

He Went.

She—What are you thinking of, Mr. Boreley?

He—I was thinking it was time to go home.

She—Now, here is the difference between men and women: I arrived at that conclusion long ago, and you have only just worked it out.

Tart Retort.

A lawyer once said to a countryman in a smock frock who was undergoing an examination in the witness box, "You in the smock frock, how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," was the reply, "or you would be in a smock frock too."—London Fun.

Trees In Churches.

Two English churches possess trees growing within their walls. One is at Ross, the other at Kempsey, in Worcester. The latter tree is well developed and grows from the tomb of Sir Edmund Wilde, which stands on the left side of the chancel.

Long and Short Hair.

Homer wrote of the long haired Greeks by way of honorable distinction. Subsequently the Athenian cavalry and all Lacedæmonian soldiery wore long hair. The Parthians and ancient Persians wore long, flowing hair. The Franks and ancient Teutons considered long hair a mark of high birth. The Goths looked on long hair as a mark of honor and on short hair as a mark of thraldom. So did the Gauls, for which reason Julius Cæsar, when he subdued them, obliged them to cut their hair short in token of submission.

In England judges, the speaker of the house of commons and at one time the bishops wore long hair, while criminals and paupers wore short hair. On the other hand, Jewish priests during their time of service had their hair cut once a fortnight, and Roman slaves wore their hair and beard long, but shaved their heads when manumitted. Sailors who escaped from shipwreck shaved their heads as if manumitted from the sea. In Ezekiel v, 1, there is mention of a "barber's razor," with instructions to "thou, son of man, take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard."

Poetry and Hogs.

This particular practical wife looks like a dream, but she is right up to the mark in business. One day just as the frost was on the pumpkin he came in. "Darling," he began, "I have just been thinking this is a most memorable day in our lives, both yours and mine. Do you know what it recalls?"

"No," she declared.

"What! Not remember this particular date?" he asked in horror and reproach. "Oh, surely you must."

She said again that she didn't, though to oblige him she would if she could, and he bowed his head and looked sorrowfully out of the window at the swaying trees loaded with red leaves.

"Don't say it!" he exclaimed. "Don't tell me you have no recollection of the serious import of this day. Think! See how I am impressed by the recollection. Surely you recall it."

A dawning light spread over her face. "I believe I do," she cried joyously. "Yes, it was just this time we killed hogs last fall."

He gave a hollow groan and left the room of his too, too practical wife. It was their wedding anniversary.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Good Bargain.

Sheridan, the celebrated playwright, who was no sportsman, having gone one day on a shooting excursion, everything flew before him and his gun, despite his effort to secure something for his bag. On his return home with an empty bag he saw a man, apparently a farmer, looking at a flock of ducks in a pool.

"What will you take," said Sheridan, "for a shot at those ducks?"

The man looked at him with astonishment.

"Will half a crown do?"

The man nodded and Sheridan gave him the half crown, taking his shot at the ducks. About half a dozen fell dead. As he was preparing to bag them he said to the man: "I think on the whole I made a good bargain with you."

"Why," said the man, "they're none o' mine."

Russian Peasant Weddings.

A peasant wedding in Russia means a festival for the whole village and often for the young people from neighboring villages as well.

Weeks before the eventful day the young girls assemble at the home of the bride to help her sew. The bridegroom comes with his men friends to treat them to nuts and sweets. Appropriate songs are sung, and the bridegroom's generosity is put to the test. One of the girls holds out to him a plate, and if he puts down a silver coin they sing him a song full of compliments, but if he gives copper and is known to be able to afford more mockery follows. The whole village is invited to the marriage ceremony, which is performed with all the ancient superstitious rites and solemnities.—Youth's Companion.

A Peculiar Custom.

At Venice when any one dies it is the custom to fix a placard before the dead person's house, as well as in adjacent streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth and the illness from which he died, affirming also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian and requesting the prayers of the faithful.

Plaint of the Landlady.

"Poets are queer birds," said the landlady. "I had one here who could hear grass growing and understand what crickets were talking about, but I never could get him to hear me when I asked him to pay his bill or understand a hint that he'd better move, even though it was spoken in plain English."—Harlem Life.

Altogether Too Honest.

"By Jove! I left my pocketbook under my pillow."

"Well, your servant girl is surely an honest person."

"That's just the trouble. She will give the pocketbook to my wife."—Fliegende Blatter.

Hopeless.

First Golfer—He doesn't play very well, but he says he's too busy to give any more time to practice.

Second Golfer—Oh, well, if a man neglects golf to attend to his business what can he expect?

The bows of the North American Indians were usually made from a species of osage orange.

After a man reaches fifty a year seems to be about three weeks.—Atchison Globe.

SECOND

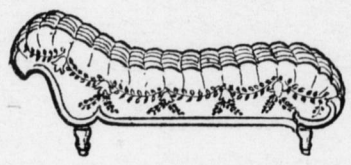
ANNIVERSARY.

TWO years ago we opened our store to the public. Our stock was entirely new and up-to-date. The People quickly saw the sudden drop in prices and of course, patronized us liberally. The result is, that we have been forced to build a large ware-house to hold a reserve stock for this sale. We thank you for your generous patronage and hope to merit your future favors, and to show our appreciation of same, we are going to make this ANNIVERSARY SALE long remembered in Cameron county. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We will now quote you prices that will certainly surprise and please you:

IT IS CONCEDED WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR SUITES, SIDEBOARDS AND ODD DRESSERS. WE MANUFACTURE THEM.

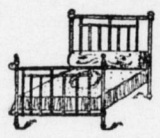
GOLDEN OAK BED ROOM SUITE, 24 x 30 BEVEL GLASS. **$18.00.**



BEAUTIFUL COUCHES LIKE CUT, Six Rows Deep Tufting, **$10.00.**

BARGAINS Like Cut at **$9.00.**

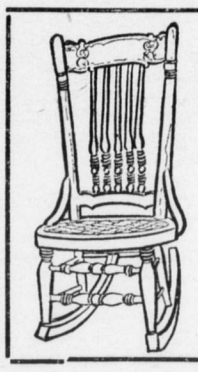
Very Fine Side Board, 14 x 24 Bevel Glass, Top Drawers Double Swell, **$7.00.**



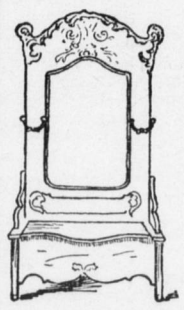
STEEL Beds, Brass top rail Like cut, **$4.50.**

IRON Beds, Like cut **$2.50.**

Ladies Desk, Like Cut, **$3.75.**



Solid Oak, like cut, Cane or Cushion, **$1.50.**



Golden Oak Hall Rack. Very Fine. Only **$6.00.**

Quartered Oak Stand Like Cut. **$1.00.**

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FINE BROOCHES AND GOLD NOVELTIES.

Beautiful gold designs in plain and enamel effects. Also set in Diamonds, Pearls, Opals, etc.

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RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAIL ROAD DIVISION.

In effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM EASTWARD

8 15 A. M.—Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.23 P. M., New York 9.30 P. M., Baltimore .00 P. M., Washington 7.15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:2 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 20 P. M.—daily for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 A. M., New York 7.13 A. M, Baltimore, 2:30 A. M. Washington, 4:05 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M.

10 25 P. M.—Daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7.22 A. M., New York 9.33 A. M., weekdays, (10.33 A. M. Sunday; Baltimore 7.15 A. M., Washington 8.30 A. M. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie, Buffalo and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Buffalo, Williamsport to Washington. Passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 A. M. (Emporium Junction), daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:22 a. m.; New York, 9:33 a. m., week days; (10:33 Sundays); Baltimore, 7:15 a. m.; Washington, 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars and Passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 A. M.—Emporium Junction—daily for Erie, Ridgway, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 25 A. M.—Daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6 23 P. M.—Week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

RIDGWAY AND CLEARFIELD R. R. CONNECTIONS.
(Week days.)

SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWARD		
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
.....	8 55	4 00	....Renovo....	.....	5 00	11 45
.....	9 44	4 38	...Driftwood...	.....	4 00	11 05
.....	10 20	5 10	Emporium Junc	.....	3 23	10 30
.....	11 08	5 53	...St. Marys...	.....	2 41	9 45
3 25	11 15	6 00	.....Kane.....	12 20	3 05	8 25
3 43	11 33	6 22	...Wilcox.....	11 59	2 45	8 04
3 56	11 48	6 36	..Johnsonburg..	9 55	2 33	7 49
.....	.....	.....		.....	.....	.....
4 15	12 10	7 00	...Ridgway,....	9 35	2 15	7 30
.....	.....	.....		.....	.....	.....
4 25	12 20	7 10	..Mill Haven...	9 25	2 04	7 20
4 35	12 30	7 21	.. Croyland....	9 15	1 54	7 09
4 39	12 33	7 25	..Shorts Mills..	9 11	1 51	7 05
4 42	12 36	7 28	...Blue Rock...	9 07	1 47	7 01
4 46	12 40	7 33	.....Carrier.....	9 02	1 43	6 57
4 56	12 50	7 43	.Brockwayville.	8 53	1 33	6 47
4 59	12 54	7 47	...Lanes Mills..	8 47	1 28	6 43
		7 51	.McMinns Sm't.	8 43		
5 07	1 03	7 54	.Harveys Run..	8 39	1 19	6 35
5 15	1 10	8 00	..Falls Creek...	8 35	1 15	6 30
5 30	1 25	8 15	....DuBois.....	8 25	1 05	6 10
5 17	1 20	8 10	..Falls Creek...	6 58	1 13	6 30
5 39	1 32	8 23	.Reynoldsville..	6 41	12 52	6 15
6 00	1 59	8 50	...Brookville...	6 10	12 24	5 39
6 45	2 38	9 30	New Bethlehem		11 47	4 50
7 30	3 20	10 10	...Red Bank....	.....	11 10	4 05
10 15	5 30	12 35	....Pittsburg...	.....	9 00	1 30
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.

BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Leave Emporium Junction for Port Allegany, Olean, Arcade, East Aurora and Buffalo.

Train No. 107, daily,.....4:05 A. M.

Train No. 115, daily,.....4:15 P. M.

Trains leave Emporium for Keating, Port Allegany, Coudersport, Smethport, Eldred, Bradford, Olean and Buffalo, connecting at Buffalo for points East and West.

Train No. 101, week days,.....8:25 A. M.

Train No. 103, week days.....1:45 P. M.

Train No. 103 will connect at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Bradford, Salamanca Warren, Oil City and Pittsburg.

LOW GRADE DIVISION.

EASTBOUND.

STATIONS.	109	113	101	105	107	901
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	P. M	A. M.
Pittsburg,..Lv.	.....	†6 15	†9 00	†130	*505	‡ 9 00
Red Bank,.....	.....	9 28	11 10	4 05	7 55	11 10
Lawsonham, ..	.....	9 40	§1122	4 18	8 07	11 22
New Bethle'm.	.....	10 13	11 47	4 50	8 37	11 55
Brookville, ...	†6 10	11 00	12 24	5 39	9 22	12 41
Reynoldsville,	6 44	11 32	12 52	6 15	9 50	1 14
Falls Creek....	6 58	11 48	1 13	6 30	§605	1 29
DuBois,.....	7 05	§11 55	1 25	6 40	1010	‡ 1 35
Sabula,.....	7 17	.....	1 37	6 52	*	
Pennfield, ...	7 35	.....	1 55	7 10	*	
Bennezette, ...	8 09	.....	2 29	7 44	*	
Driftwood,....	†8 45	.....	†3 05	†820	*	
via P. & E. Div						
Driftwood.. Lv.	†9 44	.....	†3 45			
Emporium, Ar.	†10 25	.....	†4 10			
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M	P. M	P. M.

WESTBOUND.

STATIONS.	108	106	102	114	110	942
Via P. & E. Div	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Emporium, Lv.	.....	.....	†8 15	.....	†3 20	.....
Driftwood, Ar..	.....	.....	†9 00	.....	†4 00	.....
Via L. G. Div	.....			.....		.....
Driftwood, Lv.	.....	†6 15	†1120	.....	†5 50	.....
Bennezette, ...	.....	6 50	11 55	.....	6 26	.....
Pennfield, ...	.....	7 25	12 30	.....	7 00	.....
Sabula, ...	.....	7 43	12 49	.....	7 18	.....
DuBois, ...	*8 20	8 00	1 05	†5 10	7 35	‡4 10
Falls Creek,....	6 27	8 10	1 20	5 17	7 42	4 17
Reynoldsville,..	6 44	8 23	1 32	5 30	7 58	4 30
Brookville.	7 15	8 50	1 59	6 00	†8 30	5 00
New Bethle'm.	8 01	9 30	2 38	6 45	.....	5 45
Lawsonham, ..	8 31	9 57	†3 06	7 18	....	6 18
Red Bank, Ar..	8 45	10 10	3 20	7 30	.....	6 30
Pittsburg, Ar...	*11 15	†1235	†5 30	†1015	....	‡9 30
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Note—Train 107 on Sundays will make all stops between Red Bank and DuBois.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

§Flag Stop.

For Time Tables and further information, apply to Ticket Agent.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Agt. Gen'l Passenger

TIME TABLE No. 27.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R

Taking effect May 27th, 1901.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.		10	8	4	6	2
		P. M.	.....	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Port Allegany,..	Lv.	3 15	.....	7 05	.....	11 36
Coleman,		*3 23	.....	○○	.....	*11 41
Burtville,		*3 30	.....	7 16	.....	11 47
Roulette,		3 40	.....	7 25	.....	11 55
Knowlton's,		*3 45	.....	○○	.....	*11 59
Mina,		3 59	.....	7 35	.....	12 05
Olmsted,		*4 05	.....	*7 38	.....	*12 09
Hammonds,		○○	.....	○○	.....	*12 13
Coudersport.	Ar.	4 20	A. M.	7 45	.....	12 15
	Lv.		6 10		6 00	1 00
North Coudersport,		.....	*6 15	.....	○○	*1 05
Frink's,		.....	6 25	.....	*6 10	*1 12
Colesburg,		.....	*6 40	.....	*6 17	1 20
Seven Bridges,		.....	*6 45	.....	*6 21	*1 24
Raymonds's,		.....	*7 00	.....	*6 30	1 35
Gold,		.....	7 05	.....	6 36	1 41
Newfield,		.....	○○	.....		1 45
Newfield Junction,		.....	7 37	.....	6 45	1 50
Perkins,		.....	*7 40	.....	*6 48	*1 53
Carpenter's,		.....	7 46	.....	○○	*1 57
Crowell's,		.....	7 50	.....	*6 53	*2 01
Ulysses,	Ar.	.....	8 05	.....	7 05	2 10
			A. M.	.....		P. M.

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.		1	5	3	
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Ulysses,	Lv.	7 20	2 25	9 10	.....
Crowell's,		*7 27	*2 32	* 9 19	.....
Carpenter's,		○○	*2 34	* 9 22	.....
Perkins,		*7 32	*2 37	* 9 26	.....
Newfield Junction,		7 37	2 42	9 32	.....
Newfield,		*7 41	2 46	○○	.....
Gold,		7 44	2 49	9 40	.....
Raymond's		*7 49	2 54	* 9 47	.....
Seven Bridges,		*8 01	*3 06	*10 02	.....
Colesburg,		*8 04	3 09	*10 10	.....
Frink's,		*8 12	*3 17	*10 20	.....
North Coudersport,		○○	*3 26	*10 35	.....
Coudersport,	Ar.	8 25	3 30	10 45	.....
	Lv.			P. M.	.....
		8 28	6 00	1 20	.....
Hammonds,		○○	○○	○○	.....
Olmsted,		*8 33	*6 05	*1 31	.....
Mina,		8 37	6 10	1 37	.....
Knowlton's,		○○	*6 17	○○	.....
Roulette,		8 47	6 21	1 51	....
Burtville,		8 54	6 28	2 01	.....
Coleman,		○○	*6 31	○○	.....
Port Allegany,		9 08	6 49	2 25	.....

(*) Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop.
(†) Telegraph offices. Train Nos. 3 and 10 carry passengers and 8 and 10 do not.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Ansonia. At Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R

Time Table taking Effect April 15th, 1901.

Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

"The Grand Scenic Route."

READ UP.

		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	.....	P. M.
ar.	K'ting Smt...	8 45	7 10	.....	12 25	.....	.....
....	Austin,.....	8 00	6 43	.....	11 58	....	8 45
....	Costello,.....	.....	6 31	.....	11 49	.....	8 36
...	Wharton,.....	.....	6 24	.....	11 39	.....	8 24
Cross Fork Jct,		.....	5 49	.....	10 58	.....	7 40
....	Corbett,.....	.....	5 15	.....	10 34	.....	7 15
...	Germania,.....	.....	5 07	.....	10 26	.....	7 07
dp.	Galeton.....	P. M.	5 00	.....	.....	.....	.....
ar,	"	7 00	.....	1 00	10 20	.....	7 00
...	Gaines, ...	6 47	.....	12 47	10 00	.....	6 47
...	Westfield, ...	6 11	.....	12 11	8 16	....	6 11
..	Knoxville ...	5 55	.....	11 55	8 00	.....	5 55
....	Osceola, ...	5 46	.....	11 46	7 51	.....	5 46
...	Elkland, ...	5 41	.....	11 41	7 46	.....	5 41
Lv	Addison, ...	5 10	.....	11 10	7 15	.....	5 10
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	.....	P. M.

READ DOWN.

		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	.....
Lv	K'ting Smt...	.....	12 40	7 30	9 10	.....
.....	Austin.....	6 50	1 05	8 00	9 50	.....
....	Costello.....	7 00	1 14	.....	.....	.....
....	Wharton.....	7 12	1 26	.....	.....	.....
Cross Fork Jct.		7 56	2 09	.....	.....	.....
....	Corbett.....	8 23	2 36	.....	.....	.....
....	Germania.....	8 33	2 47	.....	.....	.....
Ar.	Galeton,.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv.		8 43	2 53	.....	.....	.....
.....	Gaines.....	8 55	3 06	.....	.....	.....
...	Westfield.....	9 33	3 43	.....	.....	.....
...	Knoxville.....	9 46	3 56	.....	.....	.....
....	Osceola	9 57	4 06	.....	.....	.....
....	Elkland	10 02	4 11	.....	.....	.....
Ar.	Addison.....	10 34	4 43	.....	.....	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....	.....

Read down. Read up.

P. M.	A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	.....
	9 40	8 20	lv..Ansonia..ar	9 22	7 45	.....
	9 54	8 35	.. Manhatten...	9 06	7 29	.....
	9 57	8 39	.South Gaines,.	9 02	7 25	.....
P. M.	9 59	8 42	..Gaines Junc...	9 00	7 23	.....
.....		8 55	ar Galeton lv		7 10	.....
	6 30	1 05	lv ar	10 10	5 00	.....
.....	6 47	1 24	....Walton.....	9 51	4 41	.....
.....	7 13	1 50	Newfield Jct...	9 27	4 17	.....
.....	7 30	2 08	West Bingham,.	9 09	3 59	.....
.....	7 41	2 18	.... Genesee....	8 58	3 48	.....
.....	7 46	2 24	.... Shongo	8 53	3 43	.....
.....	8 06	2 46	dp Wellsville ar	8 30	3 20	.....

STATIONS.

P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	ar		dp	A. M.	P. M	P. M.
3 05	2 00	7 45	Cross F'k Junc.			11 00	6 35	3 00
3 55	1 00	6 45	ar Cross Fork dp			11 55	5 45	2 10

A. M.		A. M.
4 10	Lv. Sinnamahoning, Ar	8 30
5 20	ar.....Wharton.....lv	7 15

All trains run daily except Sunday.

Sundays only.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating Summit with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. for all points north and south.

At Ansonia with Fall Brook R. R. for all points north and south.

At Newfield Junction with C. & P. A. R. R, west for Coudersport, east for Ulysses and points on Cowanesque Valley branch of Fall Brook R.R.

At Genesee for points on the New York & Pennsylvania R. R.

At Addison with Erie R. R., for points east and west.

At Wellsville with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

At Sinnamahoning with P. R. R.—P. & E. Div.

H. H. GARDINER, Gen'l Pass'r Agt. Buffalo, N.Y
W. C. PARK, Gen'l Supt. Galeton, Pa.
J. McMAHON, Div. Pass's Ag't., Galeton, Pa.
F H. GOODYEAR, Ass't Gen'l Supt., Austin, Pa.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.—CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

In effect Nov. 3, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME Leave	4	6	8	14	2
	a m	a m	p m		p m
Pittsburg				p m	10 00
Allegheny		*9 00		†4 10	
Butler.....	.....	10 12		5 21	11 22
Craigsville.....	.....	.....		5 55	11 57
West Mosgrove.....	.....	.....		6 20	
Echo.....	.....	.....		6 39	
Dayton.....	.....	.....		6 50	12 49
Punxsutawney, Ar.....	a.m.	12 08	p m	7 30	1 20
Punxsutawney, Lv.....	†5 15	12 10	†1 45	7 30	1 22
Big Run.....	5 30	.....	2 00	7 46	1 35
C. & M. Junction.....	5 53	.....	2 23	8 06	
DuBois.....	6 03	12 50	2 30	8 15	2 05
Falls Creek.....	6 09	12 57	2 47	p m	2 12
Brockwayville.....	6 26	1 10	3 05		2 28
Ridgway.....	7 00	1 42	3 43		3 06
Johnsonburg.....	7 14	1 54	4 16		3 19
Mt. Jewett.....	8 06	2 45	5 06		4 14
Newton.....	8 24	3 04	5 28		
Bradford, Ar.....	8 55	3 30	6 00		5 00
	a m	P.M.	p m		
Buffalo, Ar.....	1150	6 30	——	——	7 15
Rochester.....		7 50		——	8 45
Arrive	a m	p m			a m

Additional train leaves Butler for Punxsutawney at 7:30 a. m., daily except Sundays.

SOUTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME Leave	13	9	3	5	7
Rochester.....	a m	am	a m	pm	p m
			*7 45		*900
Buffalo, Lv.....			900	†3 15	10 15
		am	p m	pm	a m
Bradford, Lv.....		†7 45	12 10	6 15	12 45
Newton.....		8 20	12 39	6 53	
Mt. Jewett.....		8 42	12 55	7 12	1 32
Johnsonburg.....		9 27	1 42	8 00	2 21
Ridgway.....		9 55	2 56	8 15	2 37
Brockwayville	a m	10 30	2 30	8 52	3 11
Falls Creek.....		10 49	2 47	9 09	3 25
DuBois.....	†640	11 00	2 55	9 15	3 34
C. & M. Junction.....	6 47	11 07		9 22	
Big Run.....	7 13	11 31		9 45	4 03
Punxsutawney, Ar.....	7 28	11 45	3 33	10 00	4 18
Punxsutawney, Lv.....	7 30	a m	3 35		4 20
Dayton.....	8 11				4 50
Echo.....	8 22			p m	
We Mosgrove.....	8 45			.....	
Craigsville	9 09			.....	5 40
Butler.....	9 47		5 34	.....	6 15
Allegheny	11 00		6 45	.....	7 30
Pittsburg				.....	
Arrive	a m		pm	.....	am

Additional train leaves Punxsutawney for Butler 4:35 p. m., daily, except Sundays.

CLEARFIELD DIVISION.

EAST BOUND	70	72	–
Leave	a m	p m	p. m
Reynoldsville		†2 20	
Falls Creek	†6 55	2 43	
DuBois.....	7 03	3 25	
C. & M. Junction.....	7 10	3 32	
Curwensville.....	7 48	4 17	
Clearfield, Market St...	8 00	4 32	
Clearfield, N. Y. C. Stn.	8 10	4 45	
Arrive	a m	p m	p m
WEST BOUND	73	75	
Leave	a m	p m	
Clearfield, N. Y. C. Stn.	† 11 30	†7 10	
Clearfield, Market St...	11 38	7 18	
Curwensville.....	11 49	7 31	
C. & M. Junction.....	12 28	8 11	
DuBois.....	12 45	8 20	
Falls Creek	1 05	8 30	
Reynoldsville.....	1 25		
Arrive	p m	p m	

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

Trains 3 and 6 are solid vestibuled, with handsome day coaches, cafe and reclining chair cars. Trains 2 and 7 have Pullman Sleepers between Buffalo and Pittsburg and Rochester and Pittsburg.

EDWARD C. LAPEY
Gen. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
CURES INDIGESTION.

"For Ways That Are Dark," Etc.

"Some years ago," says the advertising agent of a tobacco firm quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "I wished to introduce among the Chinese a two for five cigar that my people were heavily interested in, and I decided to draw up a little card extolling this cigar in Chinese characters.

"I sought out Lo Hen Wong in San Francisco, a very intelligent fellow, and got him to write me a few sentences in praise of my article. I had what he wrote lithographed and distributed the cards by thousands in all the Chinatowns of the United States. They were inscribed with a picture of the cigar, and below were the words: 'Smoke this cigar. It is the best on the market, and two for five is its price.'

"That, at least, is what I thought was the meaning of the Chinese characters. I found out, some six months later, my mistake. The words Lo Hen Wong had written and which I had had lithographed were: 'Don't smoke this cigar. It is not good. But the Gong company's cigarettes, for sale in every Chinatown at 3 cents a package, are excellent.'

"Lo Hen Wong had got $10 from me for his work, and I don't know how much he got from the Gong company. We distributed many thousands of the cards before we got on to the trick that had been played on us."

Old Names In London.

If London street names are not always what they seem, the names of the great parishes usually are. Take Lambeth, for instance. That vast district has retained its name practically unaltered since the days of Edward the Confessor, who granted a charter in which it is styled Lambehith. Some illiterate scribe, who helped in the making of "Domesday," did, indeed, make an effort to obliterate its real name by calling it Lanchei, but his efforts were, fortunately, in vain. William Rufus in another charter named it Lambeth, since when it has kept its title unsullied.

In the old days Lambehith (from hithe, a haven) was the great river port whence agricultural produce was ferried across the Thames to the more populous country opposite. There are still many "hithes" left us, such as Queenhithe and Rotherhithe, and, although their original functions have gone, there still remains a shadow to remind us of their departed glory.—London Chronicle.

How to Make Chop Suey.

For those who like or who think they would like the famous Chinese dish, chop suey, the following recipe, which any intelligent housewife can follow, was given by W. E. S. Fales, for several years vice consul at Amoy:

"For four persons two chickens' livers, two chickens' gizzards, one pound young, clean pork cut into small pieces, half an ounce of green root ginger and two stalks of celery. Saute this in a frying pan over a hot fire, adding four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce, half a teaspoonful of salt, black and red pepper to taste and a dash of cloves and cinnamon. When nearly done, add a small can of mushrooms, half a cupful of either bean sprouts or French green peas or string beans chopped fine or asparagus tips. The see-yu sauce which is eaten with this delectable dish can be procured at any Chinese grocery."

Be Prepared.

Daniel Webster once told a friend that his great speech in reply to Hayne, which is the high water mark of modern eloquence, but which at the time was supposed to have been delivered without preparation, had been substantially prepared long before. When called upon suddenly to reply to the fiery Carolinian's attacks, which so alarmed the New Englanders at the capital, he was entirely at ease and ready for the fray, for, as he said, he had "only to turn to his notes tucked away in a pigeonhole," and refresh his recollection. "If Hayne," he said, "had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit them better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."

Left and Right Limbs.

Physiologists and scientists in general have been making some curious experiments with a view to determine the relative length and strength of "right and left limbs." Fifty and nine-tenths per cent of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left, 16.4 per cent had the two arms of equal length and strength, and 32.7 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right. Of women, 46.9 per cent had the right arm stronger than the left, and 24.5 per cent had the left stronger than the right.—London Family Doctor.

Where Smoking Is a Crime.

There is one country in the world where it is considered a crime to smoke. Abyssinia is the region, and the law forbidding tobacco dates from the year 1642. It was at first merely intended to prevent priests from smoking in the churches, but it was taken too literally, and nowadays even foreigners have to be careful not to be seen smoking.

An Unusual Race.

An unusual race was advertised to be run at Ripon, in Yorkshire, in 1725: "The Lady's Plate, of £15 value, by any horse that was no more than five years old the last grass. Women to be the riders. Each to pay a guinea entrance. Three heats and twice round the common for a heat."

Ireland has 408 ablebodied persons to 1,000 inhabitants, Scotland 424 and England 432.

The hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle.

STORIES OF SINGERS

TIMES WHEN THEIR VOICES WERE OF MORE WORTH THAN MONEY.

Santley's Adventure With a Band of Mexican Bandits—Some Experiences of the Tenor Mario—How Lablache Put a Bear to Flight.

Many years since, when traveling with some friends in Mexico, Charles Santley was captured by halfbreed bandits and, being unable to pay the large ransom demanded, carried off to the mountains. Over supper the singer, by no means weighed down by his mishap, chanced to break into song, which so delighted the brigand chief that he demanded an encore.

Santley saw his chance and expressed his willingness to comply on condition that he and his companions were granted their release. The suggestion was accepted, and for over two hours was the singer's voice raised in such exquisite melody that the bandits, true to their word, allowed him and those with him to depart.

The late Joseph Maas had a somewhat similar experience. Years back, when with a companion buffalo hunting on the American prairies, he was captured by Indians and carried to their camp. When at his wits' end how to extricate himself from the dilemma, his friend suggested the power of song. Forthwith he commenced an operatic selection that so delighted his captors that they loosened his bonds and urged him, at the point of their spears, to continue.

Luckily his voice had a soporific effect upon the Indians, who one by one dropped asleep until, just as he was on the point of stopping from exhaustion, the last passed into the realms of dreams. Then he and his companion quietly stole away.

His wonderful voice on one occasion placed the great tenor Mario in a somewhat invidious position. When traveling with some companions in Spain, he fell into the hands of a party of marauding gypsies, who demanded the customary ransom. Mario, tickled at the situation, answered their request in impromptu song, which he delivered with such exquisite mock dignity that his captors with unanimous acclamation elected him captain of their band. The singer diplomatically acquiesced in their decision, but in the course of the following day contrived to make his escape with his friends.

On another occasion in Madrid the same singer, as he was returning late one night from the theater where he was engaged, was arrested by the police in mistake for a political discontent. In vain he asserted his identity. He was carried before their chief, who likewise smiled incredulously at the captive's asseverations.

Greatly angered, Mario vehemently demanded that his friends should be forthwith communicated with, but the official shook his head and remarked that if indeed he were the great tenor he possessed in his voice a sure means of proving the truth of his words. Ten minutes later Mario was bowed out with many regrets and profuse apologies.

When traveling to Paris with some other ladies, Mme. Grisi had a thrilling adventure. At a small wayside station a man entered the carriage, and it soon became evident from his threatening gestures and eccentric behavior that he was a dangerous lunatic.

Though her companions were panic stricken, Mme. Grisi retained complete presence of mind and with the utmost composure began to sing. At once the maniac was quiet; his whole attention was riveted on that magnificent voice, and he remained the most appreciative of listeners until the train reached the next station, where he was secured. It transpired subsequently that he was a maniac with homicidal tendencies who had escaped from an asylum.

An amusing story is told of Lablache, the celebrated bass singer. One day as he was strolling leisurely through a French fair a cry was suddenly raised that a bear had escaped from the menagerie. The crowd fled in every direction—all save the singer, whose massive proportions precluded the idea of rapid motion. Amid the general commotion he among them all stood unmoved, calmly awaiting the advent of the ferocious beast, which sure enough came slouching rapidly toward him. When within a few feet, it halted as though to gather itself together for a final rush, when Lablache stepped forward and from the lowest depths of his immense chest sent forth such a thunderous roar that the terrified animal turned and fled.

When Will a Man Be Too Rich?

What will eventually be the limit of individual wealth? Half a century back "ten thousand a year" was considered to be a vast fortune. Then "fifty thousand a year" was the phrase commonly used to describe the income of fabulously rich men or women. Later we took to speaking of "millionaires." In quite recent times the "multimillionaire" with twenty millions had reached the limit of private wealth; then forty millions. Now the limit has risen to a hundred millions, and already the word "billionaire" has come into use in the United States. Will the multibillionaire ever replace the multimillionaire?—London Standard.

The Birthplace.

No matter where a man was born, he swells up and claims to be proud of it. There is no way of knowing if the favored spot reciprocates the feeling.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Painful All Around.

Dumleigh—It was an awful trial for me to make that speech tonight.

Mildmay—Don't mention it, old boy; just think what the rest of us suffered.

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Dry Goods Our Dry Goods and Notion Department is well stocked with the latest Dress Goods, Linings, Corsets, Gloves and in fact everything that can be bought at a first class Dry Goods Store.

We are agents for the DEMOREST Sewing Machines which are conceded by competent judges to be the equal of any high priced machine on the market. When thinking of buying a machine call and see our Demorests and you will have us send one to your home.

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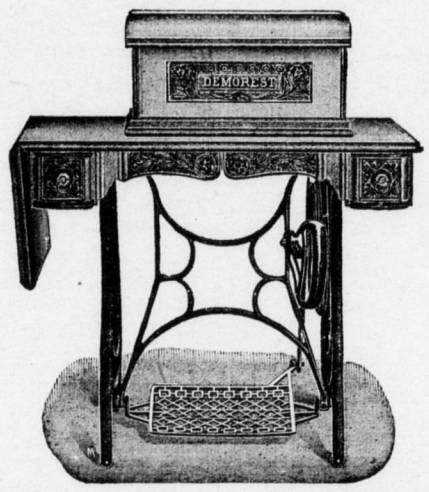

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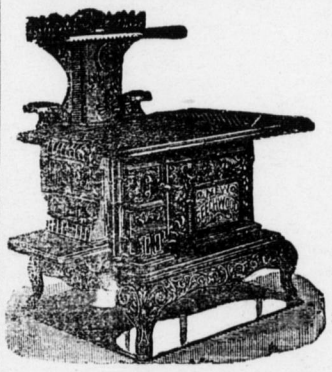
LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE!

We extend our compliments to the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties for their rapidly and increasing patronage. We would invite all to see our large display of GENERAL HARDWARE and BUILDERS' MATERIAL. We would call especial attention to our

COOKING. HEATING AND GAS STOVES



Comprising the best in the world. Our old and popular Store is headquarters for many useful articles and house-keepers should call and see what we have.

We again desire to call attention to our OIL and GAS STOVES. The Ladies delight.

THE WELSBACH LIGHT.

This popular light the great gas saver, is growing in popular with our people. All who desire to economize in gas bills should use these burners. Call and see them.

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.

THE DEACON'S CALL.

THE stars were bright, the air was crisp, when from his ample farm
Good Deacon Jones walked down the road, a basket on his arm.
While on his shoulder carelessly a cedar bush he bore,
And thus equipped he made his way to Widow Nelson's door.

"I've come," he said, "—thank you, no chair, it's gettin' pretty late—
To bring a little truck to help the children celebrate;
For Christmas comes but once a year, and somethin' should be done
To make for every livin' child the day a happy one.

"An' lately I've been thinkin', an' the thought has come to me,
When Christmas should come round again how things down here might be;
Of course, I don't pretend to say that you can't do enough,
An' still I felt I'd like to just bring down this little stuff.

"So here's a pair o' skates for John, a doll for Mary Jane;
For toddlin' Tim, to help him walk, a big striped candy cane;
Here's nuts an' raisins, pictur' books, an' I can't tell the rest,
But take 'em all and fix 'em up just as to you seems best.

"An' then to make the Christmas day seem like it used to be,
Along here with this other truck I've brought a Christmas tree;
The children had one every year, for which their father planned.
But now he's gone—an' they're so young they might not understand.

"For Santa Claus is real to them, an' they don't know that we
Provide the toys an' other things that load the Christmas tree;
To them the reindeer team is real that speeds from town to town,
An' real the fairy saint who climbs the chimneys up an' down.

"An' that's the reason why I've come; my gifts is nothin' great,
But just a little truck to help the children celebrate;
Tut, tut, no thanks, don't mention it, nor tell 'em it was me,
But let 'em think 'twas Santa Claus that brought the Christmas tree."

—G. B. Torrey, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

MR GENNISTER'S CHRISTMAS.

The Conversion of a Dry old Bachelor.

"WISH you a pleasant journey," Mr. Gennister, and a merry Christmas!"

Mr. Gennister turned slowly toward his new clerk—a fair, sunny-faced young fellow—with a cold and stony stare. "I do not expect to have a pleasant journey," he said. "And I do not believe in Christmas."

Young Mortimer, the new clerk, looked blankly at his employer and said no more. When the door closed behind Mr. Gennister's departing figure, Tom, the office boy, laughed. "Say, Mr. Mortimer, when you've been with him as long as I have, you won't be wishing him a pleasant journey—or a merry Christmas, either!"

"I'll wish him both!" young Mortimer said, sturdily. "And I hope he'll have a merry Christmas, in spite of himself."

Mr. Gennister's journey from the city to the suburbs of that small New England town was no more pleasant than he had foreseen. It was a long and tiresome journey, followed by a cold drive through the darkness, for it was nearly eight o'clock before he reached the lonely, old-fashioned house which once had been his home. For some reason, Mr. Gennister had never cared to part with this house, which through the entire year was left in charge of an old servant, who kept it always ready for his immediate return, though every year he went back to it for shorter periods and at longer intervals. But he had chosen to come to it now on the night before Christmas, to get away from the annoyance of the holiday fuss and the air of general festivity which he disliked so much, and which for some days would pervade the entire city. It was a nuisance, a foolishness, an interruption to business, and he would have none of it! And the sooner that Young Mortimer learned his opinions about such things, the better!

As Mr. Gennister approached his old home he noted with satisfaction the flare on the window panes, which told of a blazing log fire in his particular den. But his satisfaction was marred when he was greeted in the hallway by his old servant, all cloaked and bonnetted and with a tearful face.

"How are ye, Mr. Gennister, it's well ye are lookin', sir. But to think of yer havin' come home just when me duty is callin' me two ways I don't know what ye'll say to me, sir,—but me daughter over to Westley has been took ill suddintly an' Lem has drove over to fetch me, an' is waitin' at the back door this minute, sir—so I must be goin' at once. I've set out yer supper, sir, an' yer breakfast, too—all but the coffee—if ye'll just be good enough to make that for yerself? An' me niece, Ellen, will be over in the mornin', sir, for I've sent her a postcard in the mail, an' she'll take care of ye an' the house, sir, till I return."

"Very well, then, go," said Mr. Gennister. "I'll get along. Well, what else is the matter, Jane?" as he saw the tearful woman was not yet ready to depart.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but there's the bye! I wouldn't a had it happen for a good deal, for ye don't like childer, I know. But yer telegraph was delayed, an' I didn't know ye was comin' till—with all I had to do to git ready for ye, sir, it was too late to git the bye home. An' ye'd never a knowed that he was here, sir, if I hadn't been called so sudden away. An' I can't take him along wid me, sir, for over to Westley all the childers is down with the measles—"

"Who and what is he?" Mr. Gennister demanded, sternly.

"Me son John's littlest bye, sir, goin' on four year old—an' come over afore I knowed ye was comin' home, to spind Christmas day wid his granny. An', poor little soul, I've been that hurried an' upset that I've niver a thing to put in his stockin'—which he'll break his heart over in

"OH, SANTA CLAUS, FILL UP MY 'TOCKING."

the mornin' whin he wakes up an' finds it impty!"

"Stop rambling and tell me what you expect me to do," Mr. Gennister said, grimly.

"Nothin' in the world, sir, for he's abed an' asleep, till in the mornin' he wakes an' finds stockin' impty an' his granny gone! Then he may cry a bit, but not for long. He can dress hisself—he's a smart little bye—an' if ye'll give him jist a bite of bread an' sup o' milk, he'll be all right till Ellen gits over, an' then she'll know what to do, an' ye'll niver dream, sir, there's a little bye in yer house. An' I humbly hope, sir, ye'll pardon me, an'—"

"Yes, yes, good-night," said Mr. Gennister, impatiently, cutting her short and turning on his heel.

He went up to his room to remove the stains of travel. And before he came down again he had heard the back door shut and a wagon drive away, and he knew he was alone in his house—alone, with the exception of a strange child!

Certainly Mr. Gennister was much annoyed, yet he was just enough to see that Jane was really not to blame. She could no more have foreseen being called away by her daughter's sudden illness than that he would telegraph her at the last moment before starting, instead of on the day before, as hitherto he had done.

He put on his comfortable lounging robe and went downstairs to find a bountiful supper spread out on a neat table before the open fire. Short as her time had been Jane had provided amply for his comfort. She had not neglected one thing which she knew he liked, although she had found no time to run to the village store for a top for her grandchild's stocking!

By the way, where was the boy? It might be as well to know in what part of the house he was sleeping in case anything should happen in the night.

So when Mr. Gennister had finished his supper he arose, a feeling of annoyance again coming over him, and because the back part of the house was usually cold, he put on a cap before he took up the lamp and started upon his quest.

He had poked his head into three empty bedrooms before he came to Jane's, in the middle of whose ample featherbed a wee figure was curled up, fast asleep. At the bed's foot a limp little stocking hung empty and forlorn.

While Mr. Gennister was looking at it the little figure squirmed and suddenly sat up. Two little fists rubbed open two sleepy eyes and then the small boy crept rapidly on all fours to the foot of the bed and felt the stocking—empty!

There was a surprised and pitiful quiver on the lip. Then the child raised his head and caught sight of Mr. Gennister's short, stout figure, clad in long lounging robe and cap, and the boy no longer felt either grief or doubt.

"O Santa Claus, fill up my 'tocking!" he cried, tossing up his arms. "Willie been good boy!"

Instantly—for some unknown reason—Mr. Gennister blew out the lamp. The silence was broken by a sleepy chuckle from the bed as the child snuggled back among the warm coverings. Then there was a mixed-up murmur of "Santa Claus—'tocking—good boy," followed by a contented, sleepy sigh, after which, with noiseless step, Mr. Gennister withdrew.

Back again in his warm sitting-room he sat staring at the fire. He—he of all men on earth—had been mistaken for Santa Claus! He laughed grimly—it was so strange a joke! Queer that even a child could believe such nonsense. What fools grown people were to teach them such rubbish—or to countenance it! How many children would be disappointed in the morning, how many heartaches would be caused by that ridiculous myth—that cruel deceit of "Santa Claus." Now, there was that little chap upstairs—

And Mr. Gennister felt sorry, felt positively uncomfortable as he thought of the bitter grief which would come to that child on his awakening.

At last he got up and put on his coat and overcoat. It was not a long walk to the village and he felt, since he had given Jane such short notice of his coming, that he owed it to her to get a few toys for the youngster — who was really in no way to blame for being there. But Mr. Gennister did wish that Jane had been less conscientious and had attended to providing for the little chap's Christmas — even if she had been obliged to leave those fragrant mince pies unmade!

He strode rapidly along and soon reached the small block of gayly-lighted shops. But he had not expected to find so great a crowd of shoppers and for a moment he was inclined to turn about and go back empty-handed—as he had come. Then he thought of the child's delight when he—Joel Gennister—had been so absurdly mistaken for Santa Claus, and he went in.

Mr. Gennister submitted to the pushing and hustling of the holiday-humored crowd until he had succeeded in buying a Noah's ark, a box of ten-pins and a flag. Then to add to his discomfort the sudden thought came to him—suppose the child had awakened and was screaming himself into fits? or suppose a spark from the blazing logs should set fire to the house? Thereupon he made his way out and hurried home, feeling much relieved when he had let himself in and found all as quiet and as safe as when he had gone out, an hour before.

And now he really had to do the work of Santa Claus. Again he visited Jane's room, and having possessed himself of the little limp stocking, he returned to the fireside to fill it, when he discovered that even now he had nothing suitable to put in! It was absurd! What sort of things did they put into stockings, anyway!

So he thrust in the flag, with its stick extending far up in the air, and he poked Noah and some other of the ark's inhabitants into that seemingly bottomless abyss, and then he took back the still limp stocking to its hanging place, put the ark and box of ten-pins near it on the foot of the big bed, after which Mr. Gennister himself retired.

When he awakened next morning Mr. Gennister heard vague sounds of unmistakable delight, and presently when he went over and looked in at the door of Jane's room he saw a comical sight.

A very small boy in a flannel night "Johnnies," surrounded by Noah, his family and all his animals, was vainly trying to stand on his head—presumably for joy! But when he saw Mr. Gennister he regained an upright position.

"Gamma?" he said, inquiringly.

"Your grandma's gone away, but it's all right. I'll look out for you till Ellen comes. You know Ellen?"

The boy stared hard. "Who is oo?" he said at last.

"I'm Mr. Gennister—this is my house. Say, can you dress yourself? Well, then, get dressed and I'll give you some breakfast."

The boy jumped up and down. "Mitter Dennitter, Mitter Dennitter, Santa Claus bringed Willie all dese!"

"Yes, I see. Hurry, now; get your clothes on and come downstairs."

But the child was too wildly excited to be able to dress himself that day—and Mr. Gennister actually had to play the nurse!

Afterward Mr. Gennister played cook and made the coffee. Then the two breakfasted together with Noah and his wife, for guests, standing between them on the table.

But it was after breakfast that the fun really began. Evidently Willie had never seen tenpins before, so Mr. Gennister set them up and showed him how to play with them. And Willie enjoyed the companionship so much that after that he would not play alone with anything!

As long as Mr. Gennister sat on the floor and rolled the balls, Willie would fetch and carry and set up the pins and chatter in perfect delight. But when Mr. Gennister drew his chair up by the fire and tried to read, Willie insisted upon climbing on his knee and putting his chubby face between the reader's eyes and the printed page. Commands and persuasions were of no avail, and at last Mr. Gennister gave in and went back to his place upon the floor, and so it was that Ellen found them.

She was amazed, of course, and aghast that Mr. Gennister should have been so bothered by "the bye." And she immediately carried the child away to her own domain—the kitchen. But Willie had no mind to give up his new-found playmate, and watching his opportunity he slipped away from Ellen and reappeared at "Mitter Dennitter's" side.

Mr. Gennister put down his book and looked with some amusement at the persistent child. But Ellen had missed him, and quickly arrived upon the scene, whereupon Willie set up a howl and clung to Mr. Gennister with all his force.

"There, there—leave him with me, Ellen. He'll be good in here, and you go get the dinner," said the master. And the maid departed, marveling.

Oh, but Willie had a royal time that day, and Mr. Gennister had some good exercise—and some new sensations, too! They dined together as they had breakfasted, with Noah and his family. And then, after Ellen had everything washed up and put away, she appeared, all cloaked and ready to take Master Willie home.

It was difficult to persuade him to "be good bye" and go; he evidently was well content to stay where he was. But finally the idea of showing all the beautiful toys which Santa Claus had brought him, to "mommer, popper an' the chiller" prevailed, and Willie consented reluctantly to have them packed up and to go.

"Goo'-by, Mitter Dennitter; Willie come soon aden!" was his shrill farewell. Then silence settled on the bachelor's home, and with a sigh of relief Mr. Gennister picked up his book and settled himself before the fire.

But somehow he could not fix his mind on what he read, and his eyes would wander from the printed page.

"Hello! there's poor old Noah or one of his family! I wonder if you feel lonely, too?" he said as he picked up the forlorn little figure and set it before him on the mantelpiece.

"Welcome back, Mr. Gennister, and I hope you've had a merry Christmas!" was young Mortimer's greeting to his employer upon Mr. Gennister's return.

Tom, the office boy, laughed silently and looked up to see young Mortimer "annihilated;" but to his amazement Mr. Gennister, after his first habitual frown, smiled and actually seemed amused.

"Well, most unexpectedly, I did have, rather!" was the enigmatical reply.

Later in the day he said to young Mortimer: "You have children in your family, I imagine?"

Young Mortimer laughed.

"Well, sir, there are nine of us, and I'm the eldest of the lot!"

"Ah," Mr. Gennister said, thoughtfully, "that explains it. That makes the difference. I see now why you think so much of Christmas. I never had brother or sister—I grew up without having any young companions. And I see now that I have missed something out of my life."—Judith Spencer, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

JOY OF CHRISTMAS.

Spirit That Accompanies the Little Gifts That Bring Gladness to the Heart.

A good part of the joy of Christmas consists in the thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice that go into the preparation of the gifts for that happy day. If you could look into hundreds of thousands of homes this week you would see fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters planning how to make the gifts that will gladden the hearts of those dear to them, says the Boston Watchman. More often than not the expenditures that parents make for these purposes involve self-denial on their part. They have to give up something they would like to have in order to make the children happy. And how the little ones who have managed to save a trifle during the year calculate upon spending it to the best advantage. "Oh, dear!" they often think to themselves, "how many presents I should like to make, but how hard it is to make the dollar go around." Some of the gifts, however, that bring the utmost gladness to a parent's heart are the little things wrought with love by the hands of the children—the bookmark, or the crochet work, that the girls work on in secret, or the toolbox or shelf that the boys make in their spare moments. Such gifts frequently have a quality that the most costly presents lack. The aroma of some gifts cannot be bought with gold.

[Published by Permission of Judge, New York.]

A TRAP FOR ST. NICK.

Young Mechanic—"Yer see, it's a trap. It jes' fits our chimbly, an' Sandy Claus kin git down all right; but when he climbs back he can't git out, an' I gits all his pack."

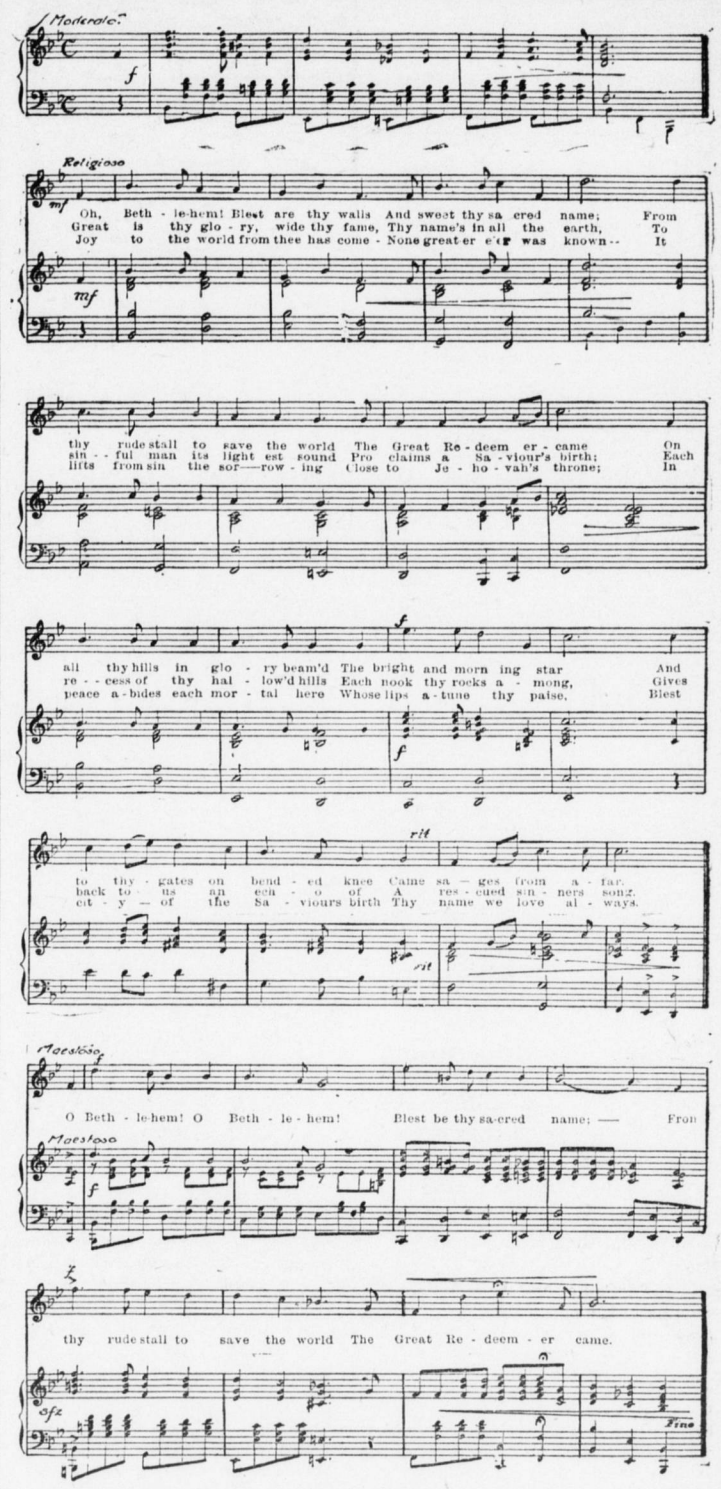
Big Siberian River.

The Irtish river, in Siberia, is 2,200 miles in length, and drains 600,000 miles of territory.

BETHLEHEM A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Words by FRANK B. WELCH, Author of "An Easter Anthem," Etc.

Music by PAUL P. ARMSTRONG, Composer of "Salvation," "Light of My Life," Etc.



Some Memorable Christmas Seasons in American History

CHRISTMAS, the birthday of the Prince of Peace, has, in many ways, been a remarkable day in American history. Not that it has been a day remarkable for its history-making events, for almost any other holiday of the year would probably show a greater number of important happenings to take them throughout the historical period of the American colonies and the American nation, but the historical events of Christmas have helped to make the peace history rather than the war history of our country.

In our hundred and a quarter years of existence as a nation we have had our full share of war, but throughout all of our wars we have fought scarcely one battle, that might be called an important engagement, upon Christmas day. Of the few Christmas-day battles the most important one was the bombardment of Wilmington, S. C., by the combined forces of Admiral Porter and Gen. Butler, on December 24 and 25, 1864. In that battle the attacking force was repulsed.

Beginning away back in the early colonial days and following the history of the day down to recent years we find many incidents that mark Christmas as a day of peace, a day celebrated by the American people in keeping with the life and work of Him for whom it is kept, and whose birth it commemorates.

The Pilgrims at Plymouth did not land on Christmas day, but four days before Christmas, in order that they might better keep the holy festival and give thanks upon that appropriate occasion for their arrival in the new land to which they had come. They were a peace-seeking people; they had crossed the ocean in quest of peace, and it was at the Christmas season that they first found it in the new land.

Another memorable Christmas season in American history that proclaimed "peace on earth, good will to men," was that of 1783, when on December 23 Gen. Washington reported to congress at Annapolis the completion of the task assigned him, and surrendered his commission as general in chief of the American armies. It was the final act in that long struggle for our independence, and it came at an appropriate time, at a time when the thoughts of the world turn naturally to peace. Significant and impressive as was the simple ceremony in which the great soldier and patriot figured as the central figure, it was made the more so because of the time of the year at which it was enacted. Peace came as a blessing to the nation, and it came virtually upon the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

In the following year, in the same state of Maryland, but at Baltimore instead of Annapolis, came another incident in the peace history of America when on Christmas day was formed the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States. Previous to that time the church had been represented by ministers of the Gospel scattered throughout the different colonies, but they had no central organization. It was this organization, an organization that has since carried the message of "peace and good will" to nearly all the nations of the world, which was perfected December 25, 1814. It was an appropriate day for such an event, and it was an appropriate event for the day.

As the surrender by Washington of his commission was practically the last incident of the revolutionary war, so did the signing of the peace treaty at Ghent, Belgium, mark the close of our second war with England. The second, like the first, came at an appropriate time, December 24, 1814. Thus two of our great wars closed just as the Christmas bells were proclaiming to the world.

Practically the final act of our great civil war was the announcement of amnesty to all those who had waged war against the government. President Lincoln had issued two proclamations of amnesty that restored but certain portions of the members of the southern armies and the southern governments to citizenship, and the final, and general one, came from the hand of President Johnson on December 25, 1868. It was an appropriate observation of the day, and an epoch marking event in American history.

And so it is that Christmas has been to us as a nation a day of peace as it should be for all time, and to all the world.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.